
Class No.....

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PUNCH

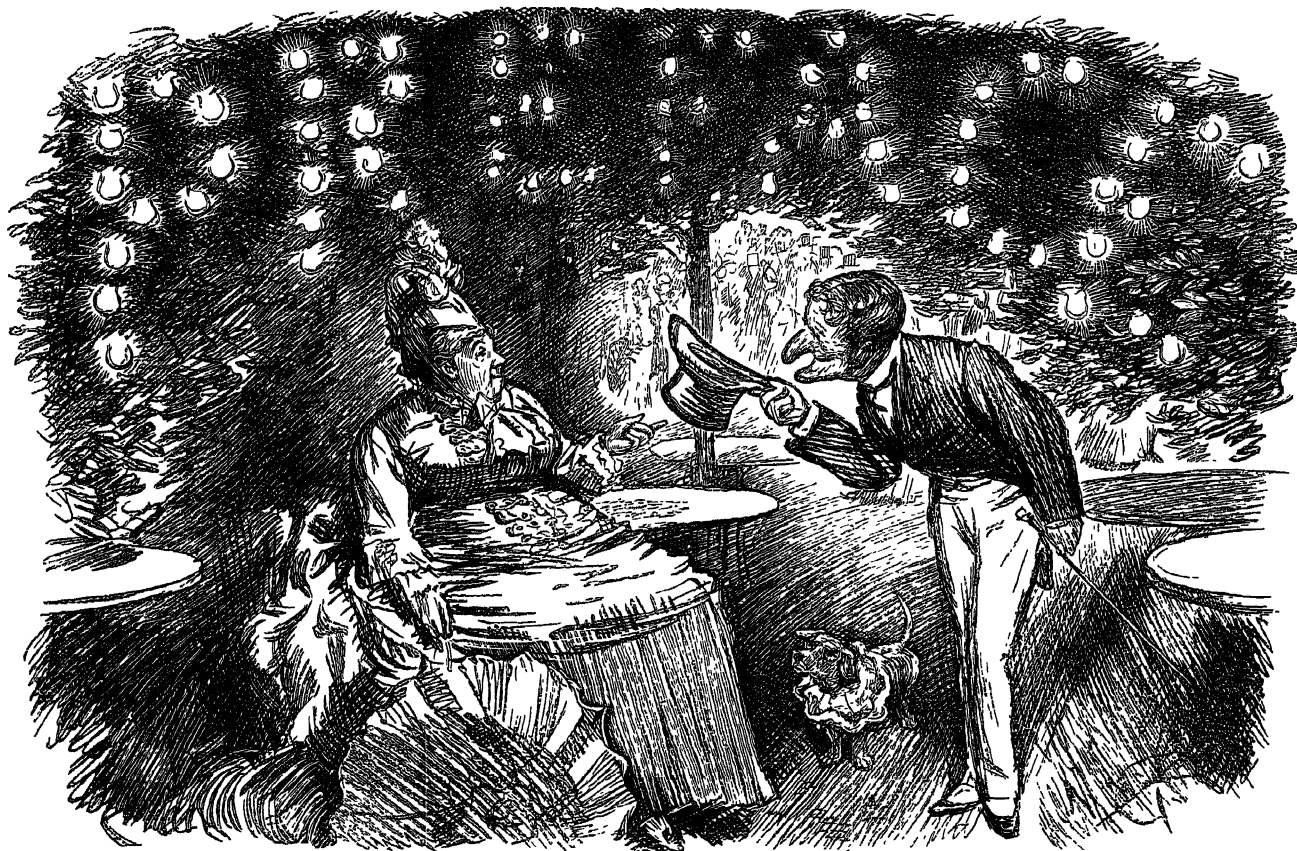


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1886.

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A COLLOQUY AT "THE COLINDERIES."

Mrs. Britannia. Ah! this leafy nook is particularly snug, this tea is singularly refreshing, and the sound of GODFREY's strains alternately soothing and stirring.

Mr. Punch. "*Rule, Britannia,*" played perfectly, in a sort of scientifically-illuminated Fairy Land, amidst surroundings so stimulating to your imperio-maternal pride and affection, can hardly fail, my dear and much-honoured Madam, to strike gratefully on those ears—extremely pretty ones—wearied as they must be with prolonged Party shindying.

Mrs. Britannia (sipping and sighing). Ah-h-h! Party Spirit, my dear Mr. PUNCH, is precisely the antithesis of this vastly pleasant Pekoe; it is *not* piquant, and it *does* upset the nerves.

Mr. Punch. Well, Madam, after all, the nerves of your numerous progeny are remarkably strong ones, and soon steady themselves into patriotic firmness, even after the wildest indulgence in the political absinthe-topping of Party-warfare.

Mrs. Britannia. Why, yes, thank goodness, and their stout Saxon stock! This is a sight to gladden my matronly heart, is it not, Mr. PUNCH?

Mr. Punch. Imperial philoprogenitiveness could hardly desire a fuller satisfaction. What a year of home-coming reunion and far-gathered family muster! Queen Victoria's Jubilee Year, which I have already celebrated in my *Almanack* Cartoon. How eagerly everyone, from the ever-genial Prince to the usually stolid Civic Policeman, welcomes the home-comers! The City Fathers, in all the ways open to them, at Cathedral Service, Memorial-Stone Ceremonial, Banquet, Ball, *Conversazione*, and *Fête*, are doing their agreeable duty to "Our Boys." Pleasant to see the old Corporation and the young Colindians hobnobbing at Tower Bridge, Guildhall, Mansion House, and Crystal Palace! It is indeed a case of "Hands All Round," which must be deeply gratifying to patriots in general and the Poet-Laureate in particular.

Mrs. Britannia. Yes. There are those who say I am getting old and *passée*, Mr. PUNCH, and perhaps, appearing—as at present—without my classical Amazonian arms, with a bonnet instead of the time-honoured helm, and the umbrella of private life in place of a trident (which in haunts of peace and Pekoe like this might attract needless attention, although mightily useful for toasting a muffin or crumpet), perhaps, in such matronly mufti I *may* look a little less Minerva-like, and more buxomly redundant than in those more heroic moments selected by the designers of penny-pieces and of your patriotic and classic Cartoons for my portraiture. Fact is I am bound to be in mufti here, or I should be lovingly mobbed. But I assure you that, surrounded thus by "my family," I feel as young as ever, and as war-proof as BOADICEA or BRITOMART.

Mr. Punch. Of course you do, as your cantankerous critics will speedily find, if they put you to it. Years, my dear Madam, years that bring the philosophic mind, and also the—ahem! rational uncorseted costume—incline the wise, and

weighty, to counsels of peace. But they who fancy we have pursily and pusillanimously outgrown, or abandoned, our arms, will find themselves mightily mistaken, will they not, TOBIAS, my dog?

Toby (fortissimo). Wack-wow-wow-wow-wow! (*Anglicé*—"I believe you, my sempiternal Boy!")

Mrs. Britannia. Nice dog—and unmuzzled!

Mr. Punch. Because attached to his master, and entirely under control.

Mrs. Britannia. Let him have one of these pretty little jugs of cream, for my sake, Mr. PUNCH.

Mr. Punch. With pleasure. Lucky dog! How the lamps glitter, how the fountains flash! Hark! "*Home, sweet Home.*" Do you not *feel* the thrill that runs through the huge assembly, as you did when the divine ALBANI stirred the hearts in us with the dear old ditty on that memorable Opening Day?

Mrs. Britannia. Yes. Even the Party Portent, Home Rule, has small terrors for me whilst my sons are ruled by this passion for Home.

Mr. Punch. Excellently put, Madam.

Mrs. Britannia. But, do you know, Mr. PUNCH, I feel most seriously the weight of my immense responsibilities. Not exactly in the mood of MATTHEW ARNOLD's much-quoted "Wearied Titan," who, if wearied of anything, must be wearied of being eternally trotted out by profoundly philosophising patriots, like my dear old *Spectator*. (That journal, by the way, I must really ask Mr. GLADSTONE to look into again, as he is reported to have said that it is a paper he never reads. It isn't quite fair to cut his old, old worshipper now that it has turned candid friend.) But to train and teach *such* a family in liberty and in law, in self-dependence, and in fraternal friendship, is a tremendous task.

Mr. Punch. It is, my dear Madam. Do you suppose for a moment that your loyal and devoted PUNCH has forgotten it? He is a Titan who is *never* weary. Let me refill your cup. More cream? The modesty of Genius is—Truth; and I tell it when I say that I have made arrangements to furnish you with an a'l-embracing and unerring Guide, Counsellor, and Friend, which will lighten your burden as it will enlighten your "Boys."

Mrs. Britannia. How *very* nice and thoughtful of you, dear Mr. PUNCH.

Mr. Punch. I am always thoughtful, and never other than nice—to the nice. To others I can, on occasion, be particularly "nasty." Ha! the strains of "*God Save the Queen*" die away, the exit bell booms through the big treasure-stored Imperial Emporium. We must part, but my *alter ego*, my spiritual quintessence I will leave with you, an abiding and ever-helpful presence. Therein you will find the Imperial Oracle, the Patriot's Principia, the Party Purge. The "vast orb of your fate" will not loom—as mellifluous MATTHEW seems to fear—*too* vast, viewed in its fog-dispersing, darkness-dispelling irradiance. Take, dear Madam, as my best boon and blessing for "BRITANNIA and her Boys," the bright Beacon-Star of our collective "Colinderies" here, and the wide world round, your faithful and unfailing Punch's

Nineteenth Volume!



December 7, 1885.]

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1886.



De Zodiac Knights of King Punch's Rounde Table.



ART!

Chatty Passenger. "TO SHOW YER WHAT CHEATS THEY ARE, SIR, 'FRIEND O' MINE,—LOTS O' MONEY, AND FUST-RATE TASTE,—GIVE THE HORDER TO ONE OF 'EM TO DECORATE HIS NEW 'OUSE IN REG'LAR SLAP-UP STYLE!—SPARE NO EXPENSE!—WITH ALL THE FINEST 'CHROMIOS' THAT COULD BE 'AD! YOU KNOW WHAT LOVELY THINGS THEY ARE, SIR! WELL, SIR, WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT!—AFTER THEY WAS SENT, THEY TURNED OUT NOT TO BE 'CHROMIOS' AT ALL!—BUT DONE BY 'AND!'"—(with withering contempt)—"DONE BY 'AND, SIR!!"

A BLESSING ON
(ALL) BANK-HOLIDAYS.

OH, what a boon is the
People's Bank-Holi-
day,
Whether the weather
is fine or it pours!
They that think proper
go out for a jolly day;
Those who had rather
remain within-
doors.

When the sun shines and
the skies are un-
clouded all,
Pleasing, the various
excursions to see;
Trains and boats though
by the Masses o'er-
crowded all,
What's the odds, happy
provided they be?

Art - Exhibitions, Mu-
seums, and Palaces,
Hampton Court, Cryst-
tal, Kew Gardens,
and "Zoo,"
Crammed give a con-
course no room for
analysis,
None, whatsoever Col-
lection they "do."

Treasures of skill,
science, natural his-
tory,
Plenty of elbow-room's
needful to scan;



PROGRESS.

Young Rustic. "GRAN'FA'N, WHO WAS SHYLOCK?"
Senior (after a pause). "LAUK A' MUSSY, BO', YE'OU GOO TO SUNDAY SKEWL, AND
DON'T KNOW THAT!"

So that some sense of
their beauty and
mystery
Truly may elevate all
whom it can.

Places like those to the
Millions accessible
Only on holidays, four
in the year,
They, getting squeezed
in as close as com-
pressible,
Each in the crush in-
commodates his com-
peer.

Meanwhile a holiday,
next day to Satur-
day,
Comes once a week,
when secure from a
squeeze,
Open the right resorts
thrown on the latter
day,
All might frequent, to
find culture with
ease.

MAY DAY.—Annual
Festival of Bank of Eng-
land officials. Reporters
allowed to take notes all
day. Every note signed
MAY.

PHYSIOGNOMICAL TIP.
—What to do when you
cannot "keep your Coun-
tenance." Change it.

MALEDICTIONS ON
MINE ENEMIES.

(By *Ernulphus, Minor.*)

BLEST be all people who
behave
Towards me as they
should,
And comfort give, and
trouble save,
And try to do me good,
Who lend me money at
my need,
Ne'er ask me to repay,
And prove themselves
my friends indeed
In every kind of way.
Blow him that doth as
bad as smite
My cheek, or kick my
shin ;
To wit, deride, or snub
and slight,
Defraud, or take me in!
That wretch, that ribald,
rogue, and thief,
That scamp, that snob,
confound !
And may his kindred
come to grief,
Mine enemies all
round !
Foul fall him as he
wends his way,
O'ertaken by the rain ;
No cab nor 'bus his call
obey,
• So may he miss the
train.



"A GOOD JOB OF IT!"

Optician. "AND HOW DO YOU FIND THE GLASS EYE I PUT IN FOR YOU, SIR?
SATISFACTORY, I HOPE—"
Old Gent (gleefully). "SATISFACTORY! 'Po' MY LIFE, SIR, I—I FREQUENTLY CAN'T
TELL WHICH IS THE GLASS ONE WITHOUT TAKING IT OUT!!"

And that betide him,
whether weep
The skies, or chance
to shine,
Whene'er he should ap-
pointment keep,
Particularly to dine.

The while, before the
general eye,
He danceth in the
hall,
His braces break, his
buttons fly,
And down his waist-
band fall !
Let him, when striding
o'er a stile,
His trousers, at the
back
Too tense, spectators by,
the while,
O'erstretch them, that
they crack !

Oft, for an evening party
dress,
Let him his glass
o'erfill :
And, on the white ex-
panse his vest
Reveals, the claret
spill.
Let him become a laugh-
ing-stock,
So comical to see ;
Let everyone that mimic
mock
Who maketh fun of
me!



"BEATI POSSIDENTES."

Sir Digby (going round to the News, finds his new Coachman's Children playing about, and introduces h'mse'f). "WELL, MY LITTLE MAN,
AND DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?"
Boy. "YES; YOU'RE THE MAN AS RIDES IN FATHER'S CARRIAGE!"



ÆSTHETICS.

Indiscreet Sister. "WHY, HARRY, YOUR LEGS ARE GETTING MORE CHIPPENDALE THAN EVER!"

DICTUM OF A DARWINITE.

"EARTH-HUNGER," we're told, curses all, save TOM-NODDY.
Well, that, after all, is a question of terms;
For there's *one* earth-hunger that helps everybody,
And that is—the Worm's!

SONG OF THE ARTIST IN MAY.

FOR months I've gazed upon my work with pride,
For I was aiming high!—and now 'tis "skied!"

ROBBERY BY A WRITER.—Taking Notes.

HOUSE-HUNTING.

THERE is pleasure in hunting of every sort,
Be the quarry a fox or a mouse;

Yet hunting itself
becomes very poor
sport
When the object
pursued is a
house.

To course the fleet
hare with two
grey-hounds well
matched
Is excitement
enough for a
residence semi-
detached.
Is a totally differ-
ent thing.



To ride a good horse,
that knows well
how to go,
With the pack in
full chorus, is
sweet;
But you can't, with
propriety, shout
"Tally-ho!"
In a quiet respect-
able street.

I have chased the
wild villa through
crescent and
square,
Through terrace and quadrant and place;



Yet my heart leaps not high—nay it sinks in
despair—
When I think of that wearisome chase.



Here the walls be-
come damp when it
rains;
Now the house seems in
every way perfect;
but, no—
There is something
gone wrong with the
drains.

One day I discovered a
sweet little den,
With thirteen nice
rooms and a bath;
A beautiful garden and greenhouse; but
then
The place was all plaster and lath.

For there is not a
dwelling, from
mansion to hut,
That I've gone far
and wide to in-
spect,
Which has not been
described as "desir-
able," but
Has been marked by
some fatal defect.

Here the rent is too
high; there the
site is too low:



A pretty old house, I was told, had a charm
That very few dwellings could boast;

But, the neigh-
bours declared,
to my utter
alarm,
It was haunted
by somebody's
ghost.



Another was full of
quaint corners
and nooks,
So snug for fir-
tations and
chats;

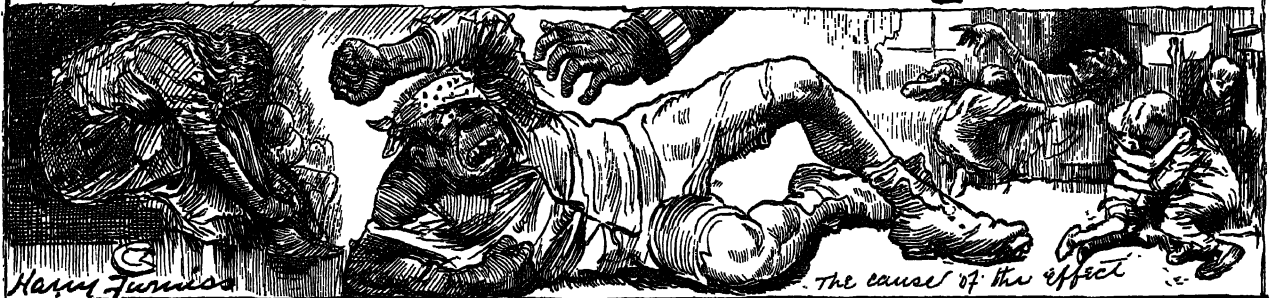
A place that you read of in poetry books:
It was also infested with rats.

But at last a
way out of
my troubles
I've found:
I have pur-
chased a
waterproof
tent,

Which I've
pitched on
a piece of
unoccupied
ground,
And I pay neither taxes nor rent.



A COMMON DENOMINATOR.—Kleptomania:
—A person subject to fits of abstraction.



"EXTREMES MEET;"

OR, BRINGING TOGETHER EAST AND WEST BY THE LATEST METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENT.



"IS IT LIKELY?"!

Porter (Dover Station, L. C. & D. Railway, to Passenger, just arrived by boat, after a considerable "dusting" in the Channel). "SMOKING CARRIAGE, SIR?"!

PROGRESSIST'S
CALENDAR FOR 1886.

JANUARY. FEBRUARY.
MARCH.

JANUARY 15TH.—Dis-establishment Agitation commences. Westminster Abbey invaded by a Nonconformist Mob on Sunday afternoon, the Dean escaping from the building through the west window.

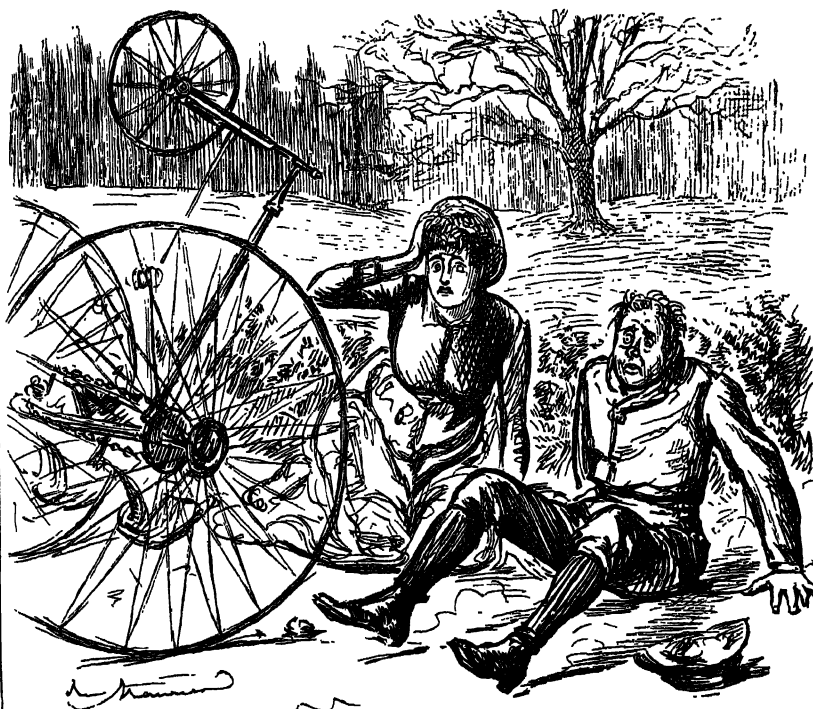
19TH.—Church of England Disestablishment and Disendowment Bill passed the Third Reading amidst a scene of the wildest enthusiasm in the Commons.

FEBRUARY 3RD.—Monster Meeting of Starving Country Clergy held at Charing Cross, and eventually dispersed by the Police.

11TH.—St. Paul's first opened as a Sunday Winter Garden.

24TH.—Canterbury Cathedral put up to auction, and after a hot contest, eventually knocked down to the New Methodist Connection for £3,241 16s. 6d.

MARCH 5TH.—A bevy of folorn and tattered Bishops parade the



THE SOCIABLE.

"WE FELL OUT, MY WIFE AND I!"

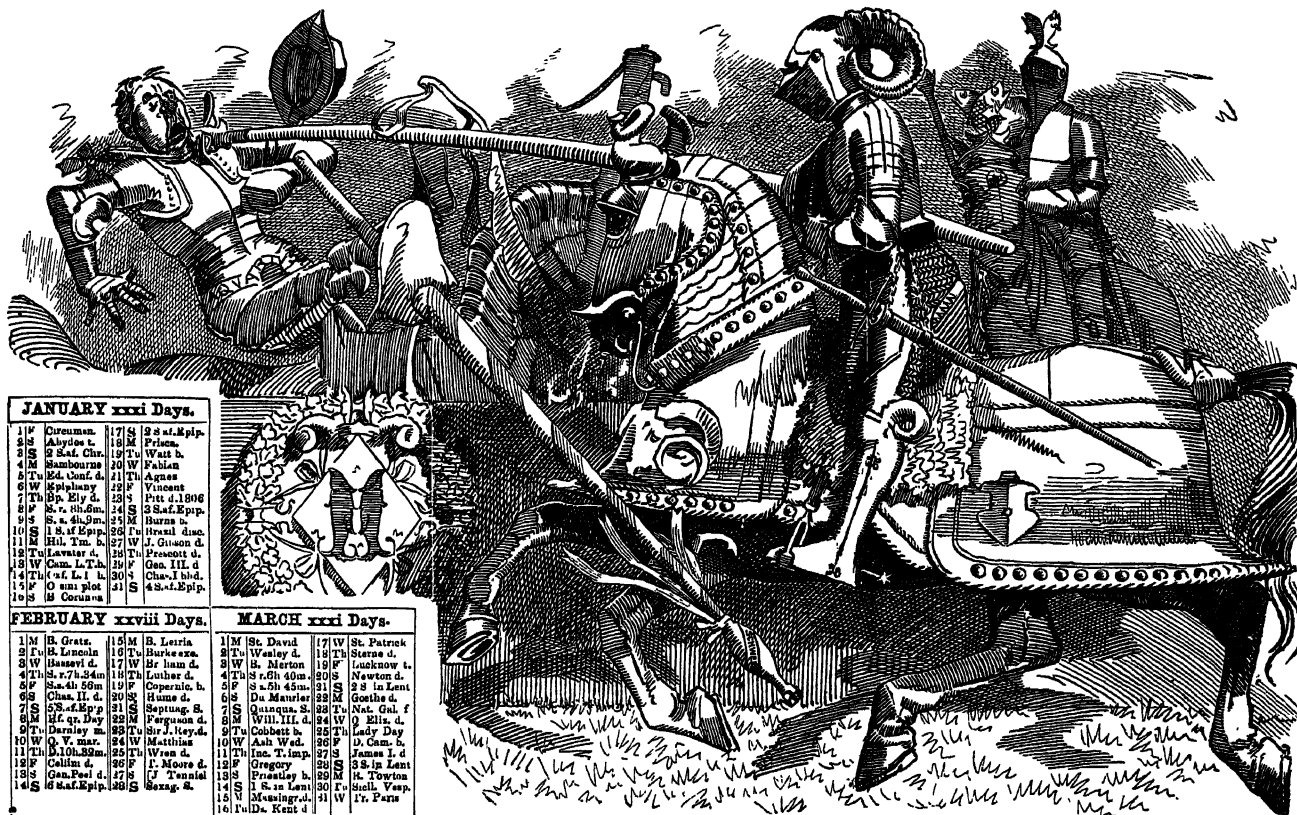
(With Mr. Punch's apologies to the Laureats.)

streets of the Metropolis singing "We've got no work to do," in chorus.

17TH.—Lambeth Palace Secularised and thrown open for Penny Dinners. The Archbishop of CANTERBURY, with the assistance of the Emigration Society, starts for New Zealand.

26TH.—Serious riot during Great Liberationist Gala Fête, held in Westminster Abbey. The nave being illuminated with coloured lamps and a full string band playing dance-music, the Ex-Dean endeavours to interfere, but is chased into the organ-loft by members of the Committee, and forcibly expelled from the building and turned out into the cloisters amid a scene of the greatest excitement.

LITERARY.—In consequence of recent indiscretions, journalistic, fictional, and poetic, it is thought desirable to appoint a Public Bowdleriser. It is believed that he will be attached to the Excise Department.



JANUARY xxxi Days.

1P	Discuman.	17S	2 d st. Kip.
2S	Abydos t.	18M	Price.
3S	2 S.A. Chr.	19T	Wait b.
4M	Banbourne	20W	Folien
5T	Ed. Conf. d.	21Th	Agnes
6W	Epiphany	22F	Vincent
7Th	Ep. Day	23S	1st d. 1886
8F	S. a. 4th. Sun.	24S	2 S.A. Kip.
9S	S. a. 4th. Sun.	25M	Burns b.
10S	1 st. d. Kip.	26T	Hevel. dno.
11M	Hil. Tm. b.	27W	J. Gison d.
12T	Lavater d.	28Tu	Present d.
13W	Can. L. Tm.	29F	Geo. L. L. d
14Th	1st. L. L. b.	30S	Chas. f. bid.
15F	O sun. plot	31S	43. d. Kip.
16S	18 Coruna		

FEBRUARY xxviii Days.

1M	B. Greta.	15M	B. Lucia
2T	B. Lincoln	16T	Burke exa.
3W	Bassett d.	17W	B. lann d.
4Th	B. 7th. 54m	18Th	Lothar d.
5F	B. 4th. 56m	19F	Copernic. b.
6S	Chas. II. d.	20S	Hume d.
7S	S. A. Kip.	21S	Septing. S.
8M	H. q. Day	22M	Ferguson d.
9T	Darwin m.	23T	Sir J. Heyd.
10W	O. V. mar.	24W	Matthias
11Th	B. 10th. 58m	25Th	Wren d.
12F	Callim d.	26F	J. Moore d.
13S	Gan. Peel d.	27S	J. Tennel
14S	1st. Kip.	28S	George S.

MARCH xxxi Days.

1M	St. David	17W	St. Patrick
2T	Wesley d.	18Th	St. Peter d.
3W	B. Alerton	19F	Lucretia t.
4Th	S. 5th. 45m	20S	Newcom d.
5F	S. 5th. 45m	21S	2 d. 1st Lent
6S	Da Maurier	22M	Gothic d.
7S	Quinque. S.	23T	Nat. Gal. f
8M	Will. H. d.	24W	O. Ellis. d.
9T	Cobbett b.	25Th	Lady Day
10W	Ash Wed.	26F	J. Cam. b.
11Th	Im. T. imp.	27S	James I. d
12F	Gregory	28S	3 d. 1st Lent
13S	Prinsley b.	29M	H. Tontin
14S	S. 2nd. Lent	30T	Wh. Vesp.
15W	Messingr. d.	31W	1st. Pars
16Th	1st. d. Kent d		

L. S. 1885

QUAKERS ought all to be professional writers. Have they forgotten their history, and what they owe to their able PENN taken up in defence of freedom of opennion.

SONGS OF THE M.P. KEPT IN TOWN AT GROUSE-SHOOTING TIME.
—"How happy could I be with Heather!" To finish with "Sure such a Pair!"



FRIENDLY.

Hunting Man (thrown out, on very fresh Mount). "WHERE TH' HOUNDS, BOY?" Rustics, "YEAU KEEP UP ALONG O' WE-US 'LL SHOW 'EE!"



APRIL xxx Days.

1	ALL Fools.	10	F. Biffon d.
2	Low Sun.	11	S. B. Callahan
3	Low Sun.	12	S. Palm Sun.
4	S. in East.	13	S. J. J. J. J.
5	Nap. abd.	14	Tu. Spa. d. des.
6	Tu. O. Lady-day.	15	W. Rocas d.
7	W. Fire in air.	16	Th. O. O. O. O.
8	Th. Savona.	17	F. Good 2nd.
9	Fr. L. Bacon d.	18	S. L. Landree
10	S. Mazzini d.	19	S. Easter Sun.
11	S. S. in East.	20	M. Bk. Holiday
12	M. Young d.	21	Tu. Ghison b.
13	Th. B. B. d.	22	W. B. T. T. T.
14	W. Fr. B. B. d.	23	Th. B. B. d.
15	Th. B. B. d.	24	F. B. B. d.

MAY xxxi Days.

1	S. 4th 33m.	17	M. Talley d.
2	Low Sun.	18	Tu. B. B. d.
3	S. 4th 33m.	19	W. Dunstan
4	Th. B. B. d.	20	Th. B. B. d.
5	W. Nap. d.	21	F. A. A. d.
6	Th. B. B. d.	22	S. B. B. d.
7	Fr. B. B. d.	23	S. B. B. d.
8	S. B. B. d.	24	M. Q. V. d.
9	S. B. B. d.	25	Tu. P. B. d.
10	Tu. B. B. d.	26	W. A. A. d.
11	Th. B. B. d.	27	Th. B. B. d.
12	W. D. B. d.	28	F. W. P. d.
13	Th. B. B. d.	29	S. B. B. d.
14	Fr. B. B. d.	30	S. B. B. d.
15	S. B. B. d.	31	M. B. B. d.

JUNE xxx Days.

1	Tu. B. B. d.	16	W. J. J. J.
2	W. B. B. d.	17	Th. B. B. d.
3	Th. B. B. d.	18	F. B. B. d.
4	Fr. B. B. d.	19	S. B. B. d.
5	S. B. B. d.	20	M. B. B. d.
6	Tu. B. B. d.	21	W. B. B. d.
7	Th. B. B. d.	22	Th. B. B. d.
8	W. B. B. d.	23	F. B. B. d.
9	Th. B. B. d.	24	S. B. B. d.
10	Fr. B. B. d.	25	M. B. B. d.
11	S. B. B. d.	26	Tu. B. B. d.
12	Tu. B. B. d.	27	W. B. B. d.
13	Th. B. B. d.	28	Th. B. B. d.
14	W. B. B. d.	29	F. B. B. d.
15	Th. B. B. d.	30	S. B. B. d.

A TIGHT FIT.—A gentleman returning from a dinner was walking along rather unsteadily. "Tight, evidently," said some one walking behind him, to a companion. The Unsteady One stopped and turned

round. "Scuse me," he replied, politely; "perf'kly 'ware I'm not walking straight. But I'm not 'tight'; my boots are." And he went on again.

PROGRESSIST'S CALENDAR FOR 1886.

APRIL. MAY. JUNE.

APRIL 1ST.—The Land Compulsory Division Bill becomes Law.

13TH.—Hyde Park divided into three-acre allotments among the London roughs, each of whom is provided with a cow out of the rates.

MAY 3RD.—Great Agricultural Distress among Country Gentlemen. Several former owners of property in the Midland Counties are reduced to using their dining-room furniture as fuel.

19TH.—General Foreclosure of Mortgages throughout Great Britain, placing the entire land in the hands of speculative attorneys.

JUNE 9TH.—Alarming rise in the price of bread. The quartern loaf sold for 1s. 9½d.

17TH.—Mass Meetings of Agricultural Labourers to protest against the retention of house property, in any shape, by Landlords, at which are passed unani-



SOMETHING LIKE A PEDIGREE!

Sir Snookson de Wardour Street. "THEY—A—BELONGED TO AN ANCESTOR OF MINE. WE CAME OVER WITH THE CRUSADERS, YOU KNOW!"

[No doubt he meant Normans.]

mously resolutions in favour of the "Country and Manor House Equal Division Act."

27TH.—Further rise in the price of bread. The quartern loaf touches 2s. 7d. Mr. JESSE COLLINGS burnt in effigy at Barnstaple.

HANDS ALL ROUND.

MUGGINS'S hand shakes limp, and cold, and damp,

Like a stale lettuce or old woman's gamp.

BUGGINS'S clasp is hearty, but not nice;

'Tis hard and bony, grips one like a vice.

JUGGINS'S squeeze is warm, and close, and firm,

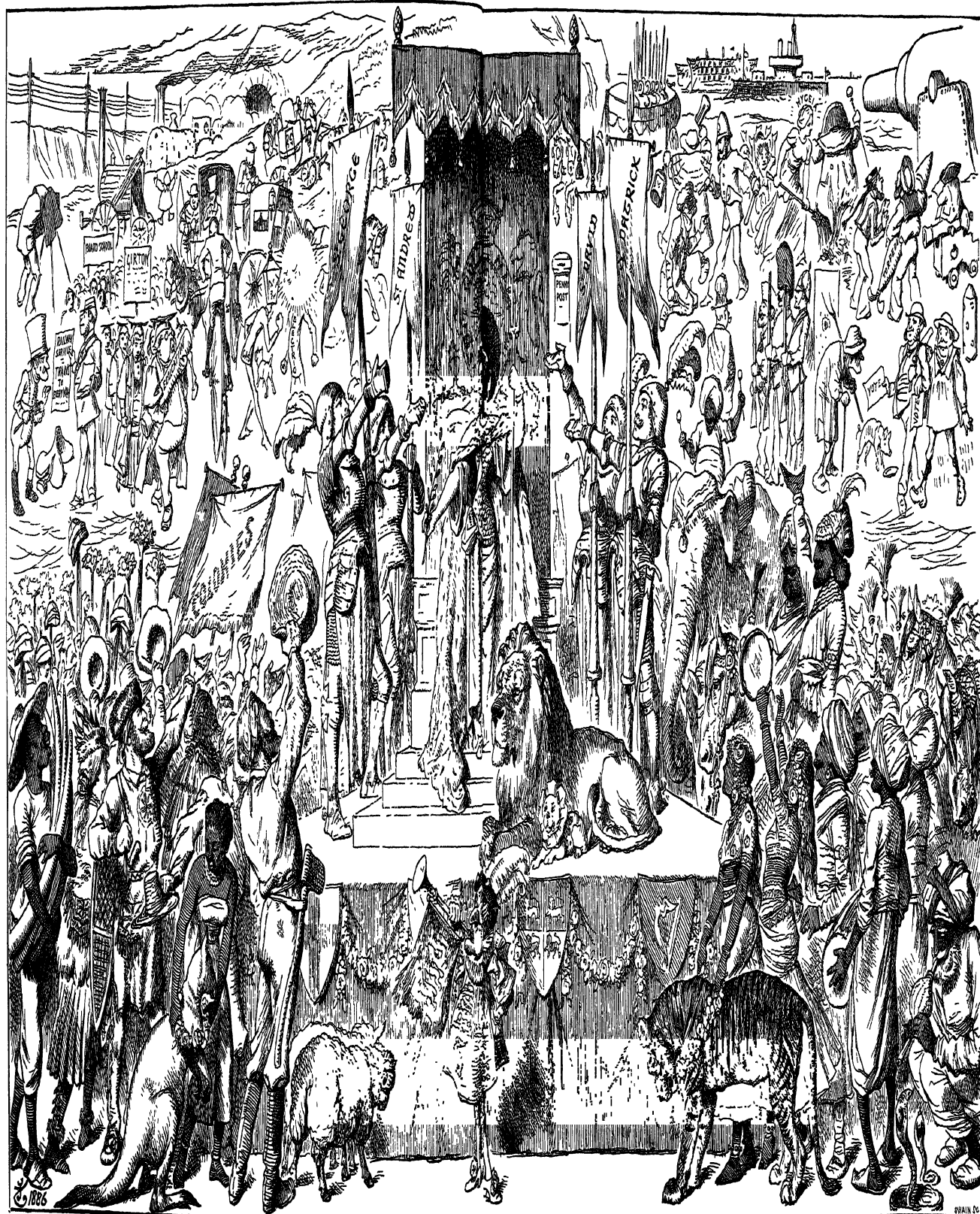
But, like an Aesthete's glance, it makes one squirm.

LUCY'S is frank, pure, soft, a mute caress.

Friendship's hand-pressure's pleasant, but I guess

Much hangs upon the "Spirit of the Press"!

MILITARY MOVEMENT.—First of April. March past.



MR. PUNCH'S CELEBRATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S JUBILEE, 1886.

(BY HIS OWN ROYAL PERMISSION AND FREE PERMISSION)



JULY xxxi Days.

1	St. John's	17	Punch's
2	St. John's	18	St. John's
3	St. John's	19	St. John's
4	St. John's	20	St. John's
5	St. John's	21	St. John's
6	St. John's	22	St. John's
7	St. John's	23	St. John's
8	St. John's	24	St. John's
9	St. John's	25	St. John's
10	St. John's	26	St. John's
11	St. John's	27	St. John's
12	St. John's	28	St. John's
13	St. John's	29	St. John's
14	St. John's	30	St. John's
15	St. John's	31	St. John's

AUGUST xxxi Days.

1	St. John's	17	Punch's
2	St. John's	18	St. John's
3	St. John's	19	St. John's
4	St. John's	20	St. John's
5	St. John's	21	St. John's
6	St. John's	22	St. John's
7	St. John's	23	St. John's
8	St. John's	24	St. John's
9	St. John's	25	St. John's
10	St. John's	26	St. John's
11	St. John's	27	St. John's
12	St. John's	28	St. John's
13	St. John's	29	St. John's
14	St. John's	30	St. John's
15	St. John's	31	St. John's

SEPTEMBER xxx Days.

1	St. John's	17	Punch's
2	St. John's	18	St. John's
3	St. John's	19	St. John's
4	St. John's	20	St. John's
5	St. John's	21	St. John's
6	St. John's	22	St. John's
7	St. John's	23	St. John's
8	St. John's	24	St. John's
9	St. John's	25	St. John's
10	St. John's	26	St. John's
11	St. John's	27	St. John's
12	St. John's	28	St. John's
13	St. John's	29	St. John's
14	St. John's	30	St. John's
15	St. John's	31	St. John's

MEM. FOR GOOD YOUNG MEN.—Make a point, at a party, if possible, of dancing with the oldest and ugliest woman you see. By this amiability many have got to marry Fortunes unforeknown.

CON. FOR A CONDUCTOR.—Q. What's the difference between Apollo and "Twopence all the way"? A. One is a Phœbus, the other a 'Bus fare, to be sure.

PROGRESSIST'S
CALENDAR FOR 1886.JULY. AUGUST.
SEPTEMBER.

JULY 13TH.—Third Reading of the Free and Compulsory Education Bill passes the Commons. Complimentary banquet to Mr. MUNDELLA, during which, in returning thanks for the drinking of his health, he says:—"I knew it would come. Now, you only watch, and you'll see—what you'll see."

29TH.—Serious riot of Ratepayers suppressed by the Military. The School Board rates having risen to 13s. 9d. in the pound, they attack the official premises on the Embankment, and subsequently proceed to wreck the School buildings in various parts of the Metropolis.

AUGUST 7TH.—Renewed disturbances of Ratepayers, who, hearing that Persian Calisthenics are about to be taught in the Lambeth Board School, break into the building, and carrying off the Professor, immerse him in the basin



EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

Brown (Lieutenant Royal Superb). "NOT TAKE MY CHEQUE? WHY, HANG IT! LOTS OF OUR FELLOWS HAVE STOPPED AT THIS HOTEL!"
Hotel Keeper. "YES, SIR, AND THEY'VE NONE OF THEM EVER PAID!"

of the Charing Cross fountains.

SEPTEMBER 11TH.—"Free Education" extended to Public Schools. The entire expenses of Eton come upon the Windsor Ratepayers, and oblige them to emigrate.

17TH.—Scheme extended to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, with the result that the Slade Professor delivers his lecture on Art to a mixed audience of Coalheavers and Undergraduates.

28TH.—Rapid increase of lunacy among the supporters of the Voluntary System. A country clergyman stopped in an attempt to jump from the Whispering Gallery in St. Paul's, with the old Revised Code in his pocket and a slate round his neck.

"MORNING CALLS."—Mackerel! Muffins and Crumpets! Watercresses! Bores.

ECONOMICAL ADAGE.—Meanness never brought Man to the Workhouse.



OCTOBER *xxxi* Days.

1	F	S. r. G. Sun.	17	S	17 S. at Ty
2	S	S. S. Sun.	18	W	St. Luke
3	S	15 S. at Ty	19	Tu	Kneeler d.
4	M	Quint. h.	20	W	St. Novatus
5	Tu	Placidus	21	Tu	Trafalgar
6	W	Paul	22	F	B. Edge Hill
7	Tu	L. Lepato	23	S	Irish Rev.
8	F	St. Aetium	24	S	18 S. at Ty
9	S	St. Denis	25	M	St. Crispin
10	S	16 S. at Ty	26	Tu	Quint. h.
11	M	Old M. D.	27	W	Cap Cook h.
12	Tu	American d.	28	Tu	Meta kin.
13	W	Free Inman	29	F	St. Leonis
14	Tu	B. Senia	30	S	Sheridan h.
15	F	Virgil h.	31	S	19 S. at Ty
16	S	St. Bonifac			

NOVEMBER *xxx* Days.

1	M	All Saints	17	W	Hugh Sp.L.
2	Tu	All Souls	18	Tu	W. Hugh Sp.L.
3	W	Per. Leigh	19	W	W. Hugh Sp.L.
4	Tu	S. 7h. In.	20	S	S. 7h. In.
5	F	S. 4h. 54m.	21	S	S. 4h. 54m.
6	S	Leonard	22	M	S. 4h. 54m.
7	S	20 S. at Ty	23	Tu	S. 4h. 54m.
8	Tu	C.M.T. div.	24	W	S. 4h. 54m.
9	Tu	Prof. W. h.	25	F	S. 4h. 54m.
10	W	M. L. h. h.	26	S	S. 4h. 54m.
11	F	St. Martin	27	Tu	S. 4h. 54m.
12	S	St. Martin	28	W	S. 4h. 54m.
13	Tu	St. Martin	29	F	S. 4h. 54m.
14	W	St. Martin	30	S	S. 4h. 54m.
15	F	St. Martin	31	Tu	S. 4h. 54m.

DECEMBER *xxxi* Days.

1	W	S. 7h. 40m.	17	F	St. Nuta '70
2	Tu	S. 7h. 40m.	18	S	St. Nuta '70
3	W	S. 7h. 40m.	19	Tu	St. Nuta '70
4	Tu	S. 7h. 40m.	20	W	St. Nuta '70
5	F	S. 7h. 40m.	21	S	St. Nuta '70
6	S	S. 7h. 40m.	22	M	St. Nuta '70
7	Tu	S. 7h. 40m.	23	Tu	St. Nuta '70
8	W	S. 7h. 40m.	24	W	St. Nuta '70
9	F	S. 7h. 40m.	25	S	St. Nuta '70
10	S	S. 7h. 40m.	26	Tu	St. Nuta '70
11	Tu	S. 7h. 40m.	27	W	St. Nuta '70
12	W	S. 7h. 40m.	28	F	St. Nuta '70
13	Tu	S. 7h. 40m.	29	S	St. Nuta '70
14	W	S. 7h. 40m.	30	Tu	St. Nuta '70
15	F	S. 7h. 40m.	31	W	St. Nuta '70

SPORTING ODDS AND ENDS.

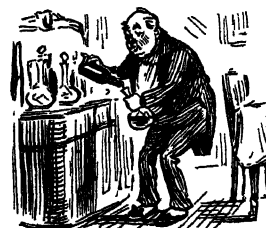
(By Dumb-Crambo Junior.)



Finished at the First Flight.



Showed a good Turn of Speed.



Preliminary Canter.

PROGRESSIST'S CALENDAR FOR 1886.

OCTOBER. NOVEMBER. DECEMBER.

OCTOBER 10TH.—The Bill for Abolishing the House of Lords comes into operation.

11TH.—The Bishops refusing to vacate their seats, are forcibly removed by Black Rod, assisted by the servants of the House, and are conveyed to their respective destinations in two omnibuses provided for the purpose.

25TH.—Public Sale of the "contents and effects" of the House. The Woolsack fetches £1 13s. 4d., being purchased, after a spirited contest for that sum, by a well-known advertising firm of mattress makers.

NOVEMBER 5TH.—Taking advantage of the date, several Noble Dukes and Earls are carried about in their robes and coronets, in chairs, in the hope of enlisting public sympathy in their behalf.

19TH.—The Duke of WESTMINSTER, availing himself of the clause authorising the sale of titles, puts up his own to auction, and finding no bidders, buys it in for £23 10s. 6d.

DECEMBER 3RD.—Things being bad at home, a select party of "Lords" sign an agreement with a well-known American *entrepreneur* to appear, for a given number of nights, in the United States, in a "variety entertainment" in which they will introduce characteristic business descriptive of their old life and order before the passing of the Bill.

21ST.—Lord ROSEBURY's windows broken by a mob of turbulent Peers after a commemorative dinner at the Carlton.

VEXED QUESTIONS.

Why *did* I waltz with this great clumsy fellow?
 What *does* make my complexion look so yellow?
 Why *must* I with that foolish speech affront her?
 Why *did* I venture on this prancing hunter?
 Why *will* he dangle after that Miss PANTER?
 Why *didn't* I think of that retort instantler?
 When *will* this 'ere merstache come on less spiky?
 Which of you Johnnies says I can't play "Psyche"?
 What made the Chief look so confounded solemn?
 Why must they cut me down to half a column?

KING STEPHEN.—According to the Divine WILLIAMS, deposed for wearing unpopular apparel. "His breeches cost him but a Crown."

SPORTING ODDS AND ENDS.

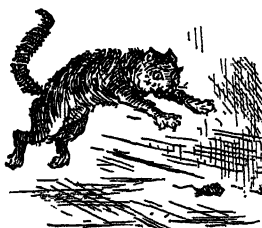
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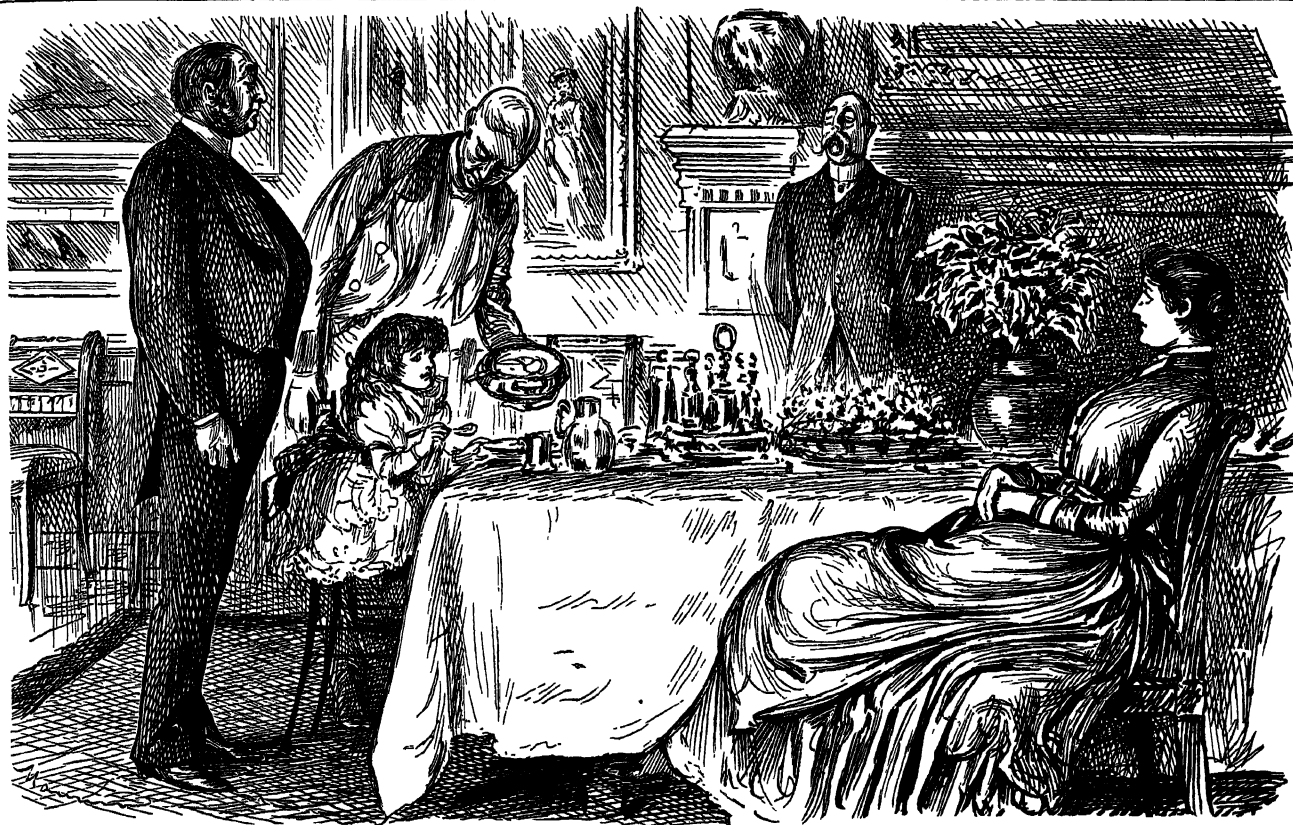
Failed to Stay.



'Eavin' Weights.



Bound to Win.



THE CHILD OF THE PERIOD.

"AND DID YOU HAVE GOOD DINNERS AT LABURNUM VILLA, MARGARET?"

"OH, VERY INDEED, MOTHER. BUT, ONLY FANCY! AUNT MATILDA HAS GOT A *WOMAN* FOR A COOK!"



Seedy Old Flyman. "NICE-LOOKING MARE THAT, SIR. DO NICELY FOR OUR WORK, SIR!"



SOCIETY'S NEW PET—THE ARTIST'S MODEL.

"AND HOW DID YOU AND MR. SOPLEY COME TO QUARREL, DEAR MISS DRAGON?"—"WELL, YOUR GRACE, IT WAS LIKE THIS: I WAS SITTING TO HIM IN A *CHESTUS* FOR 'THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS,' WHEN SOMEONE CALLED AS WANTED TO SEE HIM MOST PARTICULAR; SO HE SAID, 'DON'T YOU MOVE, MISS DRAGON, OR YOU'LL DISTURB THE *CHESTUS*!'—'VERY GOOD, SIR!' I SAID, AND OFF HE WENT; AND WHEN HE CAME BACK IN AN HOUR AND A'ARF OR SO, HE SAID, 'YOU'VE MOVED, MISS DRAGON'—'I 'AVEN'T!' I SAID.—'YOU 'AVE!' HE SAID.—'I 'AVEN'T!' I SAID,—AND NO MORE I 'ADN'T, YOUR GRACE!—AND WITH THAT I OFF WITH HIS *CHESTUS*, AND WISHED HIM GOOD MORNING, AN' NEVER BEEN NEAR HIM SINCE!"

[Chorus—"What a shame!" "Serve him right!"]

THE MONTHS.



Jan knew 'Arry.



"Fair brew, werry!"



March.

LITTLE TOMMY ON GHOSTS.

THESE Ghostes, it seems, are like little boys, who they say, "should be seen and not heard." That is, they don't *speak*, but they stomp and clank chains, which seems regular right down absurd. For if they can glare, and goggle, and make shindies, and rattle among doorways and dishes, Why can't they speak up like spirits of spirit, and just tell us their wants and their wishes? That's why I don't believe in 'em, though they frighten me awfully! This does seem ri-dik-u-lus, rather; But I find it's precisely the same with the grown-ups. For instance, there's BILLY BUMPS's father, He pooh-poohs all Ghostes, in a big bouncing voice, and says they're all nerveses and liver; Yet when Uncle JACK was a telling of 'em, on Christmas Eve, I could see that he was all of a shiver, Mr. BUMPS, I mean, and his face went the colour of a pan of skim-milk in our dairy, And when he was a-going he run against someone in the passage, and he shrieked, and it was only our MARY. That's how it seems with everyone. These Ghostes are too stupid to believe in, but they *do* make you creepy, And—I'm almost quite afraid to go to bed after all this, though I'm awfully, awfully sleepy!

OVERHEARD AT A CONCERT.

First Victim. Eugh! That tenor's top notes are simply atrocious.
Second Ditto. I call them *criminal*.
First Ditto. Do you mean that he is chargeable with "uttering false notes"?
Second Ditto. Worse than that: with committing "murder on the high C's!"

THE "CHOKE BORE."—A bread-crumb going the wrong way.

THE MONTHS.



Ape-rill.



"Mais!"



Jette.



ZOOLOGY.

(It appears to be coming to that at the Board Schools.)

Examiner (to Small Aspirant to the Twenty-Fourth Standard). "CAN YOU TELL ME ANYTHING PECULIAR ABOUT THE CUCKOO, IN REGARD TO NESTING?" Student. "YES, SIR. PLEASE, SIR, HE DON'T LAY HIS OWN EGGS HISSELF, SIR!!"

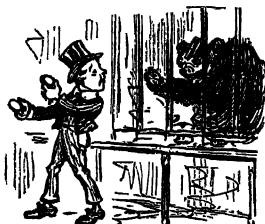
THE MONTHS.



Jew'le eye.



"Au-gust!"



"Capt 'em, Bear!"

THE WEATHER.

Bard (at work in his top-coat). Eugh! How cold it is! Call this July? What shall I write about? Ha! Telegram from Editor. (Reads.) "Something smart about this blazing weather, 90° in shade, iced drinks, &c. You know." Blazing weather? Why the man's mad. But stop! Sent off 9-30. Ah! an hour ago! It was hot then. Well, here goes. Nip of "Irish hot" first, though, and MARY, just bring that tiger-skin to wrap round my feet. (Writes.)

"Ho! bring me iced Claret-cup, cold as you can
A Cabbage-leaf hat, and a Japanese fan!"

(Pauses. Enter Mary with the articles.) Eh! what! Fan—Cabbage-leaf—ice? Take them away, girl! I asked for them? Pooh; I was invoking the Muse, not you. Stay, though, that Cup does look tempting. How's this? Oh, I see. Thermometer has suddenly risen 60°. Phew! it's torrid. (Kicks off wraps and drinks deeply.) That's better. Now I can write, *con amore*. (Writes.)

"For Phoebus is up, so is Mercury too
The thermometer's marking a hundred and —"

Eh? What? Another telegram? (Reads.) "10 A.M. Thermometer frozen. Turn off torrid tap. Something Arctic." Oh, hang it! Just as I was getting into swing. H'm! h'm! Let's see! (Writes.)

"Sing Songs of Summer? By Phoebus, there's no metre
Whose variations may match the thermometer."

Not a bad rhyme, that!

"If there's a god who's more false than a Turk, you're he,
Cruel, capricious, and changeable Mercury!"

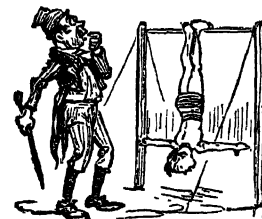
Another good 'un. I'm in fine antiphonetic form—

"Sunbeams and zephyrs, and leaflets soft quivering!
Pah! my teeth chatter, my limbs are all shivering!"

By Jove, they are, too! Ah! another fall! Claret-cup frozen solid. Well, all the more conducive to "Arctic" stanzas. Shall satisfy the Inexorable this time. Stay! Another telegram! (Reads.) "Tremendous thunderstorm. Heat tropical. Write something about 'sherbet sublimed with snow.' Amaryllis in shade, &c. Let me have it by four o'clock at latest." And it's 3-30 now! Yah! See him dephlogisticated first! Can't play see-saw with the Muse in this shocking way. Thinks Pegasus is a dashed rocking-horse, I suppose! Bah!

[Goes wrong.]

THE MONTHS.



"Och! Toe-Bar!"



"Know of 'em, Burr?"



"Dis ember!"



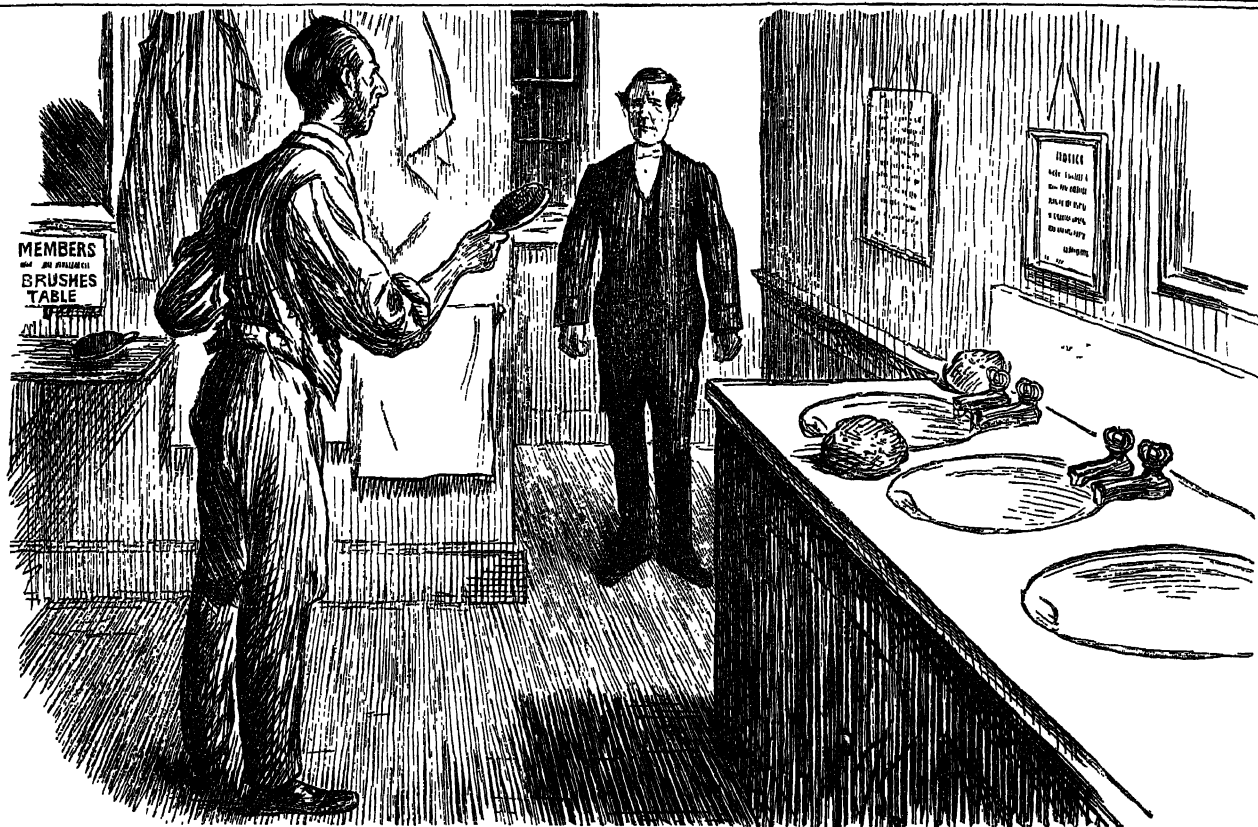
W. MORRIS.
"SOUND IN WIND," &c.

Indignant Purchaser (riding in). "I'VE BROUGHT THIS HORSE BACK. HE MAKES A NOISE WHEN HE GALLOPS. HE'S A CONFIRMED ROARER!"
Dealer. "WELL, I NEVER SAID HE WASN'T!"
Indignant Purchaser. "THEN, SIR, I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHAT THE DEUCE YOU MEANT BY WARRANTING HIM QUIET TO RIDE?"



A MATTER OF QUALIFICATION.

The Squire. "HAVE YOU ENGAGED YOUR NEW CURATE YET, MRS. WHIPPINGHAM?"
The Rectress. "NO, IT'S RATHER DIFFICULT. YOU SEE, MAUD AND ETHEL INSIST ON HIS BRING A REALLY GOOD LAWN-TENNIS PLAYER, AND THEY WON'T STAND WHAT THEY CALL A 'DUFFER'!"



THE DRAMA.

Mr. M'Christie (in the Washing-room of the Minerva Club). "LOOK HERE, WAITER, WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? THESE BRUSHES ARE AS BEASTLY GRIMY AS IF THEY'D BEEN BLACKING BOOTS——!" Waiter. "YES, SIR; IT'S THEM MEMBERS FROM THE 'JUNIOR THRESHPIAN,' SIR—AS ARE 'ERE NOW, SIR. THEY DO DYE THEMSELVES TO THAT DEGREE——!" [Mr. M'C. rushes off and writes furiously to the Committee!]



SOCIAL AGONIES. (Scene—Mrs. Leo Hunter's Drawing-room after Dinner.)

Mrs. Sopely (always anxious to show her intimacy with the Great). "MY DEAR DUCHESS, I HAVE ALWAYS SAID THAT YOUR BEAUTIFUL DRAWING-ROOM AT STILTON HOUSE WOULD LOOK SO MUCH BETTER—EXCUSE THE SUGGESTION—IF LIGHTED WITH CANDLES OR LAMPS INSTEAD OF GAS!" Her Grace (frigidly). "I HAVE NOT BURNT GAS IN MY DRAWING-ROOM FOR THE LAST FIFTEEN YEARS!"



LATE FOR DINNER.

Mary Jane "THEY'VE SAT DOWN SOME TIME, SIR!"

Ffin. "OU, NEVER MIND! YOU COME ON THE STAIRS WITH US, AND HAVE THE THINGS AS THEY COME OUT!"

STANZAS BY A NON-SINGER.

(Who is perpetually being plagued to oblige the Company)

I CANNOT sing the old Songs.

They are too hard for me;

Nor can I sing the new one,

They run so high, you see!

I'd sing them both with pleasure,

But there's something in my throat.

A kind of chronic huskiness,

Which hampers every note.

Yet old and new they'd make me sing;

To please them I'd rejoice,

But I cannot sing a song at all,

Because — I have no voice!

SUITABLE MUSIC FOR A CITY FEED.—"Short swallow flights of song" (TENNYSON).

STAGE COACHING.—Education for Actors.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

"WILL YOU DANCE WITH ME, MISS LEDBITTER?"—"THANK YOU. BUT I AM NOT DANCING TO-NIGHT!"—"WELL, I AM UNLUCKY! I'VE POSITIVELY ASKED EVERY LADY IN THE ROOM, AND CAN'T GET A PARTNER OF ANY SORT OR DESCRIPTION!"

COMPARATIVE CRAM.

(By a Bad Elton Boy.)

How much more delightful is eating and drinking

Than reading and learning, observing and thinking!

If equal enjoyment I only could find

In bodily feeding and feeding my mind,

Full as fat I'd have grown, I should also

grow clever,

And go on getting wiser for ever and ever!

BETTER THAN NONE.

— A man charged with stealing Securities excused himself on the ground that he was only "taking Stock."

MONETARY MEM.

CONSISTENCY with comfort to conjoin, A "Plum" should be received in current coin.

THE REAL "REPARATORY DUTY."—Good for evil.

RAT-TAT!

LONG since, of Life yet
new in
The hubbub and the
hum,
When I had, like young
Bruin,
My troubles all to
come,
O then, a gay, light-
hearted,
Unthinking, careless
chap,
I never jumped or
started
When came the Post-
man's rap.
It brought an invitation
Perhaps, and that to
dine;
Some welcome infor-
mation
'Twas ninety-nine to
nine.
Or, oft, a note, the sender
One, ere I had passed
my prime,
For whom a feeling
tender
Icherishedatthetime.
To me the Post, at pre-
sent,
Is what it was no
more;
Brings tidings oft un-
pleasant,
And many a mon-
strous bore :



INCONTROVERTIBLE.

"AND HOW OLD ARE YOU, MY LITTLE MAN?"
"I'M NOT OLD AT ALL. I'M NEARLY NEW!"

Tax-papers, begging-
letters,
Advertisements and
bills
Of scheming money-
getters,
Which I tear up for
spills.
Slap-bang! sounds now
dejecting,
So shock me that I
say,
(No legacy expecting.)
"Who's dead and
what's to pay?"
I start, and shriek, and
wonder
Now what's the next
mishap?
Don't mind a peal of
thunder,
But dread that Post-
man's Rap.

"HEARTLESS Irony,"
says an impecunious
Bachelor, "is exem-
plified in the way my
laundress treats my only
two dress shirt fronts.
Wish the fashion would
change to high waist-
coats. Lucky fellows
clergymen are!"

"MAKING A DEAD
SET."—Manufacturing
a row of artificial teeth.



ADVERTISING IN EXCELSIS.

Mrs. Blokey, Junior (who is of a romantic turn). "MY! AIN'T THE MOON LOVELY, GLITTERIN' ON THE WYVES! IT DOES ONE'S HEART GOOD TO SEE IT!"
Mr. B. (Blokey and Son). "AH! AND WOULDN'T IT DO ONE'S 'ART GOOD TO SEE 'BIOKEY AND SON'S PICKLES' PRINTED RIGHT ACROSS IT IN CAPITAL LETTERS, BIG ENOUGH FOR ALL THE WORLD TO READ WITH THE NAKED HI!"

THE WALNUT SEASON.

"ALL cracked!" Ah, surely, surely 'tis the commonest of disasters,
For which of us is wholly sound in this "Mad World, my Masters"?
How many, many mortals are—upon some subject—mad, Sirs,
Hot devotees of crotchet, and half-frenzied thralls of fad, Sirs!
All cracked! A sample basket-full, conspicuously crazy,
In fancy vastly flighty, and in judgment very hazy,
All—from at least one point of view—fit candidates for Bedlam,
From the Bumble-bearding BENNETT to the philanthropic HEADLAM.

There's MORRIS—*place aux poètes!*—who has given up his singing,
Earthly (Fool's) Paradise to shape, in dreamy hope of bringing
Millenniums socialistic; to the practical, a blind man.
Like GEORGE the Free-Land sophist, and his henchman, fiery HYNDMAN.
There's WHITMAN, whose "barbaric yawp"—*vox et præterea nihil*—
O'er the "World's roof-tree" ringing, seems a quite superfluous trial
In such a world of fog and noise. More fads, in fine variety,
The Esoteric Buddhists and the Psychological Society,



"HERE Y' AR! TEN A PENNY! ALL CRACKED!"

Through SINNETT and through MYERS will supply the world *ad libitum*.
Then STEAD and BOOTH, and as extremely "cracked ones" sense must
gibbet 'em.
See BARTLETT, BIGGAR, WARTON, WILFRID LAWSON, — all
fanatical,—
And LUDWIG, of Bavaria, that sovereign enigmatical.
The new Penthesilea's grab at Camberwell may fail, or
The Bradlaugh-bore might be revived with aid of HELEN
TAYLOR.

All cracked! E'en clever WHISTLER, with his art-cranks and queer
smudgery,
Though, seeing what they save him in designing and brush-drudgery,
Perhaps he is less "cracky" than his dupes. Oh, gentles! verily,
Cracked nuts this world is full of, though they often wag so merrily,
So solemnly, so sapiently, the maggots few suspect in them,
But, like the rift within the lute, close scrutiny will detect in them,
What makes the music—no, *not* mute, for there's a lot of life in
it,—
But cranky and cacophonous, as with tones of a cracked fife in it!



UNDER THE HAMMER.

SCENE.—*The Imperial Auction and Mart, Palace Yard.*

Auctioneer (whose hat has the initials, C. S. P., inside). Gen'l-men. I need hardly say, I'm extremely pleased to see such a large attendance at this, one of the most important auctions that ever took place, even in this spot. I needn't dilate on the circumstances that have brought us together, and put the immensely valuable property, which I am instructed to bring before your notice, into the market. Nor need I mention, as you are all aware of it, that if twenty, or even ten years ago, anybody had said that a scene like this *could* have occurred, he would have been called a downright liar, Gen'l-men, if you'll excuse a strong expression. But here *you* are, Gen'l-men, and *here I am!* And what I am this day instructed to offer, without any reserve, by my clients, the Irish People, is all that magnificent estate, described in the catalogue, and situated in the region of their left breasts. I mean their hearts, Gen'l-men. Yes, what I put up for sale to-day, is the gratitude and contentment of the Irish Nation. With that exordium, Gen'l-men, I think I need say no more. *(Cheers.)* Now, what offers? Don't all speak at once!

A Voice (apparently proceeding from a Gentleman who afterwards gave his name as L-rd H-rt-ngt-n). Am I to understand, Mr. Auctioneer, that the *whole* of this property is for sale, and that all the tenants concur in the desire to sell?

Auctioneer. Ah, the Gen'l-man over there no doubt refers to the Ulster portion of the estate. *(Feelingly.)* Gen'l-men, I will not conceal from you the fact that there has been a slight hesitation, I will say more, on the part of the possessors of that part of the property to see the whole put up to auction. But—

The Voice. Twopence halfpenny!

Auctioneer (astonished). Twopence-halfpenny! Gen'l-men, I appeal to you. Only twopence-halfpenny offered for this magnificent property—

The Voice. It ain't worth more, with the Ulster part knocked off.

Auctioneer. I am instructed by my clients that if they are left alone with the Ulster tenants, they will very soon bring them to reason. *(Laughter.)* But, Gen'l-men, why should we delay over so trifling a matter as this? Twopence-halfpenny, I regret to say, is the only bid, so far.

A Stranger (supposed to come from Birmingham, and wearing an

eyeglass, decisively). Five hundred pounds down, five hundred more in notes of hand payable by the British Democracy at some future day, and a fine new Local Government Board.

Auctioneer. Couldn't think of it.

Stranger. I should be willing, in addition, to knock down the old Castle on the estate, and build it up again from a modern design.

Auctioneer (firmly.) Not half enough. *(Pleasantly.)* I am sure, Gen'l-men, that if there is any knocking down to be done, you will agree that *I* am the person to do that. *(Laughter.)* Just think, Gen'l-men, here's this glorious historic estate, never before in the market, offered actually without any reserve, and—

A Youth, with a moustache (mounted on a chair, excitedly). I bid anything you like to ask, Mr. Auctioneer. My political reputation! *(Loud laughter.)* Anything!

[Is pulled off his chair by a person with a black beard, supposed to be his keeper, and taken away.]

Auctioneer. As I was saying, Gen'l-men, when that random interruption—*(laughter)*—occurred, here's an opportunity that *may* never occur again—never!

A Gentleman with a high collar (aside). Don't know if I ought. Perhaps it's imprudent. I thought, too, that black-bearded person would have made a big bid—it's his place to. My previous purchases in same market not been very successful, certainly. Never mind, here goes! *(Aloud.)* I bid a Parliament in Dublin, Mr. Auctioneer.

Auctioneer (cheerfully). Come, this looks like business. And control of the police on the estate?

Same Gentleman. Well—er—perhaps—er—in the dim and distant future—

Auctioneer (peremptorily). Won't do! Now or never's the word. Any more offers? *(Long pause.)* Then *(sadly)* in accordance with my instructions, I am reluctantly compelled to buy in this property myself. The auction is over. Won't the tenants on the estate kick up a shindy, just!

[Descends from his rostrum. Curtain.]

Effects of the Season.

"THESE Christmas decorations are so jolly!"

She cried, zeal shining in her orbs of blue.

"Don't you like Laurel gleaming under Holly?"

He answered: "I love Mistletoe over Yew!"



DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS. THE PORTRAIT PAINTER.

Distinguished Amateur. "YES; WE USED TO BE GREAT FRIENDS ONCE, FITZ-MORRIS AND I; BUT SOMEHOW, NOW, HE NEVER LOSES AN OPPORTUNITY OF DOING ME A BAD TURN!"

Snarle. "DID YOU EVER PAINT HIS PORTRAIT?"

D. A. "YES; AND EXHIBITED IT, AND MADE HIM A PRESENT OF IT AFTER!"

Snarle. "AH, THAT ACCOUNTS FOR IT ALL!"

ROBERT'S ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

I AM a setting quite quiet and cumfural in my nice little room, all alone by myself. The boys is all away, and my better arf is gone out a shopping for a hole sixpennorth of New Year's Cards all the way to Hislinton, coz there they're ony fippence. So as Fryday will be New Year's Day, allus a day for carm refleekshun, I shall at wunce proseed to lay out my derangements, I thinks they calls 'em, for the New Year. I begins, naterally as I thinks, with the feenan-shal department. With £12 14s. in the ouse, and a few trifles owed me by waryous guvverners, I starts clear with about £20. How many can say as mutch? And I am at peace with hall the world. Even that little matter with BROWN is all settled. He suddenly did call me a week-needed Waiter before my feller men; and as an Ed waiter is amost allus on the stares, up or down, it was of coarse a werry sewere blow to my defishency, and I felt it according; but wen he hexplained as he did not mean it fizzically, but ony morally and hinterlekshally, of course I was sattisfide, and we shook both our ands artily.

Well, of course, we begins our New Year, the nite afore, with our customary Swarry, for which I stands in a rotation for Cheerman, and altho our Maynew may be called simpel, our appytites is good, and our speaches short and sharp. There will be jest one clowd a clowding of our manly brows, and that's the distant roomer that again comes home to us in a voice of thunder, namely that the Turtel Farmers of Florrydear have enounced the meloncholy fact that the supply of their sillybrated crop is rappidly deminishing! Wot first strikes the Ed waiter is the startling statement that Farmers grows Turtel. In my total ignorance of natteral histry I thort as

SYMPATHY.

Mr. Punch to two Illustrious Fellow Sufferers.

AN! yes, my ALFRED, WILLIAM, mine,
It is a penalty of greatness!
Small use the crushing word "Decline,"
Still less articulate irateness!
They flow, they flow, and still they flow,
A torrent that no conscience fetters,
No taste restrains; all great ones know
That latest scourge, the Plague of Letters!
The "teacup times of hood and hoop,"
Were happier than our tea-and-toast age,
Its sages were not forced to stoop
To thralldom of the Penny Postage;
But we, my Statesman, we, my Bard,
Are victims to the march of Progress;
Civilisation hits us hard,
And seems sometimes, a cruel ogress.
Because that pen and ink are cheap,
Must every noodle, each Tom Noddy,
Serawled reams of foolscap on one heap,
And crush the life from out a body?
Because Sir ROWLAND HILL was wise,
And HENRY FAWCETT 'cute and clever,
Must questions crass that urge replies,
Rob one of rest and peace for ever?
Alas! it little boots to ask!
To argue with the fool or fribble,
Is just a useless endless task.
Donkeys *will* bray, and dolts *will* scribble.
Pages of twaddle, reams of rot,
Will lade our postmen, pile our tables.
Were sea-wires cheap,—thank Heaven, they're *not*.—
They'd send us epics through the Cables!
They'll not turn off the tap, be sure,—
'Tis mighty little use to ask it.
There's only one effective cure,—
Silence,—and the Waste Paper Basket!

The Tally-ho Muzzle.

SIR,—As muzzles are in fashion just now, and as every dog ought to have his day, why not muzzle the fox-hounds? Yours truly, BRER FOX.

P.S.—Ole Man Otter and Brer Stag would be of my way of thinking, I fancy.

OLD SAW RE-SET (for the use of Party Cabinet-makers).—As the Rad is bent the Whig inclines.

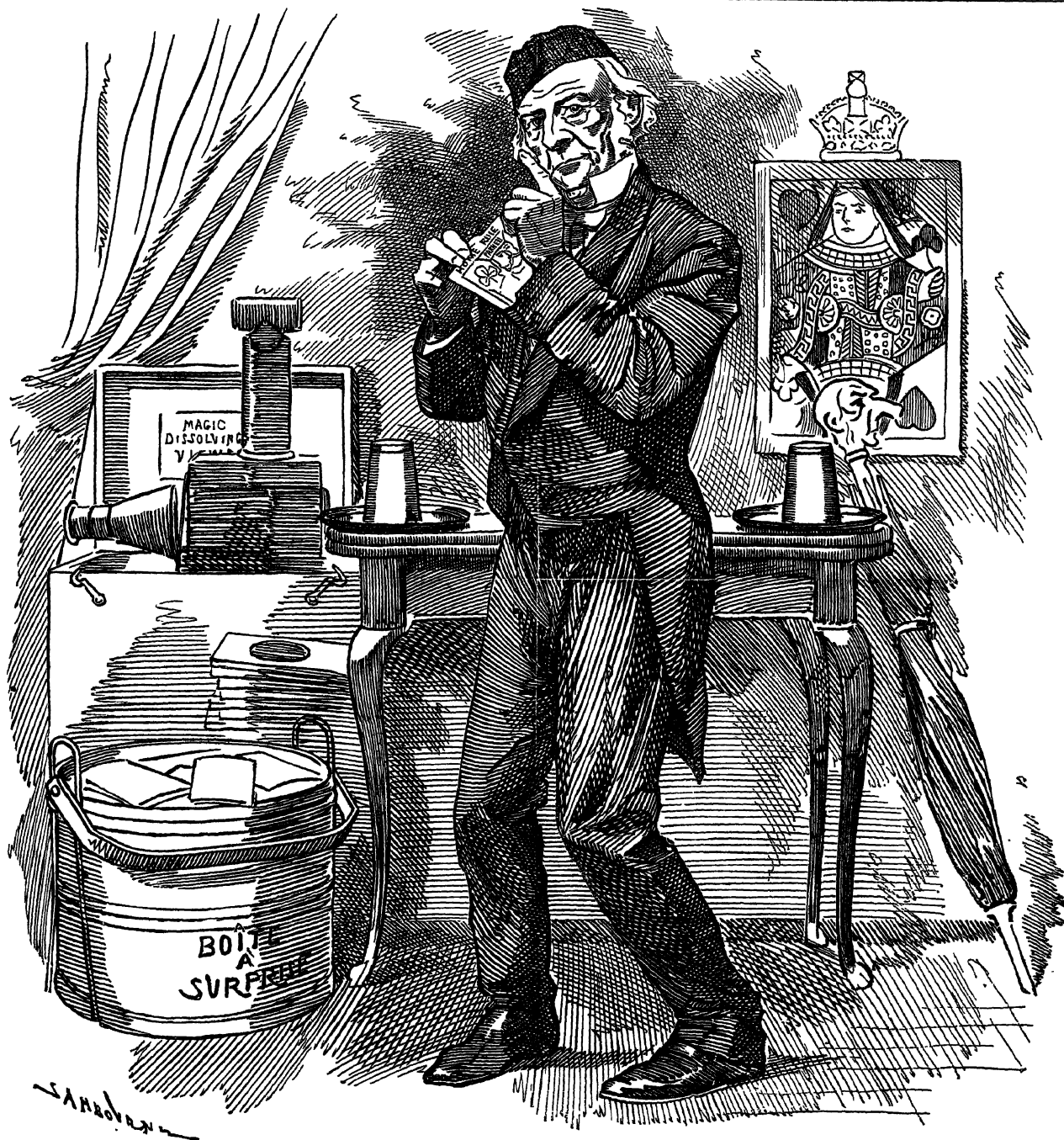
Turtels was fishes, and was cort with strings and hooks like all other fishes; but we all lives and lerns, waiters and all. The next pint is, why can't the farmers grow more? And the final won is, what on erth is to become of the Livvery Compennys and the grand old Coperashun? And larstly, but not leestly, wot's to become of Hus!

But a twreco to these sollem thorts, tho' they will force their wild way in wot shoud be this appy season.

We shall have no less than five young Waiters to inishiate into the missterrys of our craft, but these are of course both private and confidenshal. But I may say as I have seed a yung feller turn quite pail with emoshun shortly after he had drunk his werry larst pledge.

The hurly munse of the year I shall deddicate, as usual, to my City frends. They are a nice stedy set; and weather Mr. PAR-NELL is made King of Ireland, as sum thinks likely, and his 80 yung men sent to Dublin to sit in a Parlyment of their own, which none of us woodn't regret, or weather they all has their desserts, as is ony rite and propper, the currants of their nobel lives wood flow as usual, and they would require our priceless services as usual. About the beginning of May I shall have jest a week or two at Grinnidge, as that's the rite time for White Bate, a dally-cassy to with I am partickler parshal, wen in season. The kind of stuff we has to and round about this time under that honored name is enuff to make the holdest waiter blush. But I quite intends to dewote the principle part of my summer to the Injian Exhibishun. I'm told by them as nose the principle swells as is comming to it, that they are that rich that they never has nothik but gold about 'em, and *never takes no change!* Wat a idear! It fulfils the dream of my hurly manhood, and, as BROWN says, amost realizes the waiter's heven!

To return to my hurly hengagements. I have receeved my usual notices for Twelf Nite, wun for the Children's Fancy Ball at the



THE GLADSTONE NEW YEAR CARD TRICK; OR, ONE UP HIS SLEEVE!

Manshun House, and wun for Twelf Cake at Drewry Lane Theatre after the Pantermine; and if they are ekal to last year's, as they are sure to be, my heavinging will be spent among the hangels, and my nite among the Fairys. Wat a thort! Wat a idear! The werry thort makes me poetical, and I busts into Tennysonian werse!

"I've often herd of Angels in an ouse,
And longed to look upon the little dearies,
But thanks to Lord Mare STAPLES and King HARRIS,
I've gazed with rapahur both on them and Fairys!"

How it brings one down to the werry prose of life wen one has to xplain, in the best way one can, to one's much bigger harf, how it is as fairys keeps sitch werry late hours!

I think, upon the hole, I can fairly look forrard to a Nappy New Year, and a reasonably good continuence of the same all through. I'm told as misscheef is a brewing, but it must be preshus bad misscheef indeed as lets a man go without his dinner. If it's a going for

to be a fite between surtain two gents as both wants to play fust fiddle, witch of course they carnt both do, I shoood wenture, with all becoming unility, to prosefy as that the gent of the two as has the best appytight, and spends the most time over the principle ewent of the day, that is, his dinner, will win in a kanter, with both hands down. And so wishing both them werry respectabel gents; well out of their trubbles, and a Nappy New Year, I begs to jine in the season-abel wish all my werry good frends, and all the werry poor, as wants 'em wust of all, but seldumest gets 'em,
ROBERT.

On the Cards.

How many more? What greater, *dearer* names

Of clever Artists and of jingling Bards?

What is the most expensive of all games?—

Beggar, my Neighbour—played with Christmas Cards!

THE LATEST FAUST; OR, WILLS'S SMOKING MIXTURE.

I SAW the first representation of the Lyceum *Faust*, and considering that it was the first night of *Faust*, it was Faust-rate. But many things have happened since then, and I believe that several effects,



Mephistopheles Movement taken *and-Dante*; or, giving to Ary Scheffer a Local Habitation and a Name.

not shown to the audience then, are on view now. Time works wonders, and so Time was called in to work these which would not move on that eventful evening. For my part, and for the actors' parts, I consider a first representation of any play as only a supremely good rehearsal in the presence of critics who are to suggest improvements. Several things that ought to have been done, as I am informed, were left undone on the first night; and from my own observation, I can affirm that about a quarter of what we saw and heard could very well have been dispensed with. The scene, for instance, between *Mephistopheles* and the *Student* should have been left out altogether, as it is of no value whatever, and simply delays the action without developing character. The "marriage motive"—a concession to respectability on the part of "weak WILLS"—is a mistake; so is *Marguerite's* keen eye to wedlock. The rage of *Mephistopheles* is quite out of character, but it gives Mr. IRVING what is termed "an actor's chance," and, as it was delivered with subtle discrimination and genuine dramatic effect, this is not on the list of things we could do without. Much that Mr. WILLS evidently considers humorous could be omitted with advantage, and this would relieve the play of the bores in the Swizzle-house-and-Cathedral scene, and we should, "come to Hecuba"—that is, *Marguerite*—much sooner than we did on the first night. The climbing *Ghost*, bearing a curious resemblance to Mr. GLADSTONE, who has been going up, up, up, for three hundred years, and who can't "get rest at home, or peace abroad," should be left speechless, as he comes up breathless. The awful Brocken scene, so-called from the fireworks—the scene being a regular "Brock'un,"—might be shortened by the omission of a demoniac laugh or two, which have, what Mr. Mantalini would have described as "a dem'd private-madhouse sort of manner about them." The sounds in the Parrot House at the Zoo are harmonious in comparison with this Chorus of Witches. But short or long, it is a wonderful scenic effect. Mr. IRVING, in his make-up, has imitated the *Mephistopheles* of ARY SCHEFFER, a great temptation to write ARY SCHEFFER,—but I state this "on information received" as I only imperfectly recall the picture; but in imbuing this pictorial conception with stage-life, Mr. IRVING must have foreseen that an audience would at once exclaim on his first appearance in *Faust's* study, "Why, hallo! What's DANTE doing here?"

Mr. CONWAY as old *Faust* was not old enough; but that was full ten days ago, and he is probably older and wiser since then,—but his young *Faust* wasn't by any means young enough, as he looked quite thirty-five; though, on second thoughts, this may have been due to the artfulness of *Mephisto*, who did his victim out of thirteen years of the compact.

I felt one great regret throughout—that it was not the Opera. It seemed to lack something, and that something, it gradually grew upon me, was the music and the singing. I remember the play years ago, when CHARLES KEAN was *Mephistopheles*, DAVID FISHER *Faust*, CARLOTTA LECLERCQ *Marguerite* (with an ascension *à la St. Catherine* to finish), MRS. WINSTANLEY as buxom and comely *Dame Martha*, CATHERINE *Valentine*, and SAKER the comic *Siebel*. It was a capital

acting play and much impressed my youthful imagination. Then, years after, came GOUNOD's Opera, and it seems to me—though before the experiment I should have protested strongly against any such objection—that however excellent a drama on this subject might be, it must disappoint all who are familiar with the Opera. *Marguerite* and *Faust* are no longer GOETHE's lovers, but GOUNOD's soprano and tenor. What are the jewels without that still greater jewel, the song! What the parting to meet again without the great duet? What is the return of the soldiers without the March? And *Mephistopheles* with the mandoline, but without the serenade, is a cruel mockery.

The sort of Jacob's ladder of angels, at the end, reminded me of the tableau in *Queen Katherine's* dream, and is not, I fancy, so effective as the St. Catherine picture of the old Princess's version. But it was late, and I did not obtain more than a glimpse of it as I hurried out to get "first keb." These are only my impressions on the first representation of a piece which all London and the Country will throng to see for the next six or eight months. Even on the first night I thought Miss TERRY, despite all nervousness, a charming *Marguerite*, and Mr. IRVING's *Mephistopheles* a most striking and artistic performance. I should be inclined to say that, taking his reading of the part for granted, it was as nearly faultless as possible. A play, illustrated with so much fire, and such brilliant flashes of electricity, can never be dull; besides, should it even exhibit any tendency to become slow, *Mephistopheles* at once gives a cue and gets the steam up, and at another time he makes some caustic remark which at once dispels the vapours. What with the steam and the fireworks, and the vaporous mists, this new version might well be called "WILLS's Smoking Mixture." It sounds a difficult thing to achieve, but it is no less the fact, that the steam was overdone. It came up so frequently as to suggest the notion of the District Railway being underneath with rather imperfect blow-holes. Some of this steam has been blown off by now, no doubt, and Mr. IRVING has probably found it necessary also to curb the poetic ardour of Mr. WILLS, and to make a considerable reduction on taking a quantity of WILLS's Mixture, which, though not dramatically strong, is a carefully prepared version of GOETHE's poem. If, as Mr. IRVING, in his after-play speech, expressed a hope it would, the present production induces the Public to read the original German, then CORNEY GRABIN and the talented company of the National Hall (St. George's) ought to give the Manager of the Lyceum a testimonial for such an excellent advertisement, as all play-goers will become regular German-Readers. I shall see it again, when more from

Yours, NIBBS.

ALL THE WORLD AKIN.

I PICKED up the *Nineteenth Century*, one chilly autumn day, in the quest of something light, wherewith to while the time away, And I chanced upon an essay (as I turned its pages o'er) Setting forth some thrilling facts, with which I'd never met before. For it proved—quite irrespective of the Christian point of view—That Mankind is one great family; that Pagan, Moslem, Jew, Whether white, or black as jet, or copper-coloured be their skin, Are, without the least exception, one another's kith and kin.

That the negro is my brother, is an axiom which, in youth, Was impressed upon my intellect as pure and solid truth; But I never quite believed it, for I somehow failed to see What connection could exist between a blackamoor and me. Still I'm willing to accept him as a cousin, out of hand—All the more so as he dwells in an extremely distant land; And I don't the least object to a Red Indian, or Malay As a relative, providing he keeps far enough away.

'Tis a fact of which the author, Mr. KENDALL, is cock-sure, That all Englishmen now living, high or low-born, rich or poor, Are descended from the people who inhabited this land, When King HAROLD, hard by Hastings, made his last heroic stand; That is, each and all of us, from each and ev'ry one who then Drew his breath, and had his being 'mongst the English sons of men. So that all we Anglo-Saxons of to-day, it would appear, Are own cousins to each other, from the peasant to the peer.

Were it possible a monarch or a beggar to revive, Who, eight centuries ago, in Merry England was alive, One of Nature's holiest impulses should prompt us to embrace, In that venerable personage, the Father of our race. And again, if any one of us with Death could make a pact His existence for just half-a-score of ages to protract, When that term should have expired he would occupy the post Of great grandpapa in common to the total human host.

I confess that I am gratified to find it clearly proved That Prince BISMARCK is my cousin, only twenty times removed; A distinction which he shares with GARNET WOLSELEY, G.C.B., And with swells galore, my kinsmen in the very same degree.

I may mention, just at hazard, half-a-dozen of their names—**ABDUL-HAMID, FRANCIS-JOSEPH, KALAKAVA, DAVID JAMES;** Not forgetting, too, that literary potentate, the **SHAH,** Or the sanguinary Sovereign of Borioboola-Gha.

I'm connected with Her MAJESTY by consanguineous links Which unite us in relationship much nearer than she thinks; For we both descend from **ALFRED** in direct unbroken line, And her lineage, down to **RUFFS,** is identical with mine. Now I know that she's my cousin, it annoys me to reflect That I've given her some reason to complain of my neglect; So I'll write to her to-morrow just to say, as we're akin, That I'll call on her whenever it may suit her to be in.

But, of all the startling facts that Mr. **KENDALL** brings to light, There is one that thrills my bosom with ineffable delight, For it proves that all the inmates of the habitable earth Were engaged, a thousand years ago, encompassing my birth. And I think it is a thing of which a fellow may be proud, When he finds himself by Science unexpectedly endowed With four thousand million ancestors—which (Mr. **KENDALL** says) Was the number of my forefathers in good King **ALFRED's** days.

By the time that Norman **WILLIAM** had been laid beneath the sod, My progenitors had dwindled down to sixteen million odd. It surprised me, I admit, when first I learnt that, at that date, The sum-total of Old England's population was so great; But the author states it as a fact of which he has no doubt, And a reverend essayist ought to know what he's about; Though it seems a little odd that the historians and he With respect to their statistics should so widely disagree.

From our parity of origin the dogma is inferred That all titles of nobility are futile and absurd, And that equal in their right to ev'ry foot of British soil Are the heir to countless acres and the lowly son of toil. Furthermore, each free-born Englishman—the essayist maintains—Is as legally a monarch as the Sovereign who reigns; And our ladies, bless their hearts! will learn with satisfaction keen That there is not one among 'em who is not by birth a Queen.

For my kingship, I confess, I don't particularly care; But, if land be common property, I mean to have my share,— Something lucrative—it matters not how limited its space— Say one-half of Regent Circus, or a block in Grosvenor Place. To obtain what's justly due to me shall be my future task. I intend henceforth my "relatives" incessantly to ask, "In this new redistribution scheme, pray where do I come in. If it be a fact, as **KENDALL** says, that All the World's Akin?"

PAPERS FROM PUMP-HANDLE COURT.

MY CAREER AS A DEPUTY ASSISTANT REVISING BARRISTER.

WITH praiseworthy caution, Mr. Justice **DENDLEKINS** (who it will be remembered gave me the appointment I have had the honour to hold amidst, I think I may venture to say, the heartfelt applause of the English-speaking race—I have received letters of congratulations, many of them—nay, to be quite accurate—most of them, with the postage unpaid, from all parts of the Empire, literally by hundreds); with praiseworthy caution, I repeat, his Lordship decided that the Reviser should have an Assistant, and that I, when necessary, should act as that Assistant's Deputy. Thus, there were three of us always available to adjudicate upon those claims which the newly enfranchised patriots (with the assistance of an electioneering agent) were so anxious to establish. As England rang with the news of what I then considered to be the brilliant *finale* to a long, and not altogether unsuccessful, forensic career, it is scarcely necessary to mention that the names of my Reviser and his Assistant were respectively, **SEYTON BOOMS** and **DOUGLAS CRACKER**, although it may be as well to point out, for the instruction of laymen, that it was my duty to be always at hand to represent **CRACKER**, as in like manner it was the duty of **CRACKER** to be continually at the Reviser's elbow, to represent *him* in cases of emergency. Unhappily there was a backslider among us. **DOUGLAS CRACKER** (with whom I was naturally more closely associated than the Reviser) in spite of my remonstrances, flatly refused to follow his chief about, so as to be ready at a moment's notice to take up his duties, preferring to spend his time in frivolous visits to various well-known pleasure-resorts of a more or less agreeable character. This was most embarrassing to me personally, as of course, as **CRACKER's** Deputy, I was forced to be continually with him, and had to follow him from Torquay to Scarborough, Boulogne to Eastbourne, and Monte Carlo to a place hitherto unknown to me, called Fogborough-on-the-Snooze. It was here that he suggested we should part company.

"You see," he argued, "all this constant travelling (and I have

such a volatile temperament that I really cannot keep three days together in one place, except perhaps here where I might remain for months examining the myriad monuments in the Cemetery) must be very injurious to your wife and the children."

"Well," I replied, "we certainly did intend to spend the boys' holidays quietly at Southend, and the fares to Monaco and back were perhaps a little beyond our means, and unquestionably more than we should have had to pay from Fenchurch Street to the Essex watering-place; but my dear fellow, I have not the slightest wish to control your movements, and should feel much annoyed if any conduct of mine induced you to consider me an incubus."

"Oh, not at all," he replied, but not very heartily.

After further discussion it was arranged that my wife and family should proceed to Southend, to spend the remainder of the holidays, while I accompanied **DOUGLAS CRACKER** to Margate, where, it appeared, his Doctor had ordered him to undergo a mild course of idleness and relaxation.

We took up our quarters in the Thanet Sanatorium at a boarding-house of my official double's selection. The company assembling daily at the *table-d'hôte* were numerous, and fairly select. Rather to my annoyance, **CRACKER** attached himself to a very commanding widow of forbidding appearance, whose sentiments on Woman's Rights and kindred subjects were entirely antagonistic to my own. He accompanied her everywhere—now on a long walk to Ramsgate, now to a pic-nic at the Reculvers, yet again following that well-known delight of seafaring Nimrods, the Thanet Harriers. I must confess that the annoyance of having to accompany the Assistant Revising Barrister in the character of his Deputy was much mitigated by the fact that the strong-minded widow had a rather well-favoured daughter, of agreeable manners, whose escort naturally became my care on our *partis carré*. At the Reculvers, as we missed **CRACKER** and her Mamma, Miss **REBECCA SARAH** and myself spent the greater part of the day together, an occurrence which was repeated subsequently in our burst after the Harriers, both the young lady and myself being rather slow after hounds (especially in a rock and sea-weed county), and, consequently, being unable to keep up with the first flight, in which **CRACKER** and the widow (whose hired hack had bolted) prominently figured.

It was two days after our hunt over the sands, that **CRACKER**, with an unusually grave face, told me that he wished to speak to me.

"My dear fellow," he said, after a little humming and hawing, "it is well to be frank with you, and to refer to a subject which must be in both our thoughts. How could you have been so imprudent? And you a married man!"

I blushed up to the roots of my hair, and then turned white. If there is one thing upon which I pride myself, it is my loyalty to my hearth and home—a loyalty that I feel, were it to waver, would cause most unpleasant consequences, as my wife happens to be of an extremely jealous temperament.

"What do you mean?" I faltered.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed **CRACKER**. "You know all about it. What *could* have induced you to propose to Miss **REBECCA SARAH**? Why, it must end in either Breach of Promise or Bigamy!"

"Propose!" I repeated, perfectly aghast with surprise and horror.

I sat down and nearly fainted. Need I say that I thought of my dear innocent, but unduly suspicious and incredulous wife. Seeing my extreme agitation, **CRACKER** did his best to console me. It appeared that Miss **REBECCA SARAH** had entirely mistaken the character of my civilities, and informed her mother that I was desirous of entering with her into the marriage state. How I cursed my lack of foresight, in not telling the love-lorn maiden, during our initial wandering by the sad sea wavelets, that I already belonged to another! But at the moment such a piece of information seemed, somehow, strangely out of place, and it never occurred to me, subsequently, to mend my personal description.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" I cried, burying my face in my hands. "There is nothing in her charge, but the mere raising of it will bring upon me untold misery!"

"Well, I think I can help you," said **CRACKER**, after a pause. "Of course, what I am going to say to you, is in strict confidence; but the fact is, the widow is making-up desperately to me, and is prepared to follow me anywhere. Well, suppose I go to Folkestone, she will come there too—bringing with her her daughter. Then you can quietly return to Southend and remain there till the storm has blown over. Do you follow me?"

And the plan (not without arousing some suspicion on the part of my wife) was carried out. But, being a conscientious man, I felt it my duty, as I was unable to accompany **CRACKER** everywhere, to resign my Deputy Assistant Revisership. I have consequently resigned.

And now the anonymous and reptile-like correspondent who recently sent me an envelope (unstamped) containing about a pound of coal-powder, with the question (written on a dirty piece of paper), "Why my name did not appear during the General Election," is answered!

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.



A BOND OF SYMPATHY.

Mariana. "YOU SEEM VERY MUCH ATTRACTED BY THAT MR. SOMERVILLE, BELLA. YOU WENT IN TO SUPPER WITH HIM TWICE TO-NIGHT! HE'S NOT RICH, HE'S NOT YOUNG, HE'S NEITHER CLEVER, NOR GOOD-LOOKING! WHAT IS HIS PARTICULAR CHARM?"

Bella (pensively, after a pause). "HE HATES MAYONNAISE. SO DO I!"

OFF!

OFF! On the crest of one more swift declivity!

Far lies before us the soft snowy slope!
Prospect, delightful to youth and activity,
Dowered with daring, and glowing with hope.

Sport, nothing more, so it looks to the eyes of him,
Light-hearted younker; but dangers down there
Yet may crop up, to the shock and surprise of him,
Poised for his flight with so jaunty an air.

Fair seems the start, and the fates smile auspiciously,
Ever when youth is agog for the race.
Does not the crisp winter-breeze blow deliciously,
Bringing health's flush into boyhood's brave face?

Out on the sun-season's languorous lassitude!
Summer delights may be grateful, perchance,
When crabbéd age comes with chillness and crassitude;
Winter's brisk flouts set youth's pulses a-dance.

Softly, my lad! The keen joys of tobogganing
Sometimes are varied by *cahots*, or bumps.
Youth, in despite of its valorous sloganing,
Thumping of pig-skin and blaring of trumps,

Spite of its proudly precipitate perkiness,
Finds its fair course, and its flashing career,
Broken by jolting, and hindered by jerkiness.
Just ask your starter, the fading Old Year.

He, too, is "off," in a different sense, you know,
He of the sport you are eager upon,
Hath an experience late and immense, you know,
Stoop to a "tip" ere the Old One is gone!

He will inform you he started as pleasantly,
Fully as sanguine, and equally smart;

Tell you that troubles and tumbles came presently,
Ere he had got many yards from the start.

He will assure you, that rapidly rocketing
Down the Toboggan-hill isn't quite *all*.
Buffets and bumps you will have to be pocketing.
Happy if dodging a spill and a sprawl.

He will acquaint you that steering is ticklish,
Down such a slide when the motion's so swift;
Tell you that Toboggan Fortune—she's fickleish!—
Lands lots of woosers, waist deep, in a drift.

Well, well, my boy, *Punch* would not greet you croakingly
Let's make the start with gay humour and pluck;
Dangers, delights, facing jocundly, jokingly,
Never despondent or down on our luck.

Keep your eyes peeled, sit square down in your sled, my lad,
Risks do not funk, at good counsel don't scoff.
Punch can but wish you sound heart and cool head, my lad.
Here's to your health, my Young Year! And now—Off!

Not for Joe!

[MR. CHAMBERLAIN regrets his inability to be present at the dinner at Chester, on December 29, in honour of Mr. GLADSTONE's birthday.]

OH yes, I'll remember that day in December;
But this seems a season of plot;
And so I've a reason—I trust it's no treason—
To say that attend I cannot!

A TRUCE TO POLITICS.—Yes, there is at this festive season; but at the same time what a remarkable prevalence of Evening Party spirit.



“OFF!”



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Professor Proseworthy. "WHEN DID YOU SAY THIS CHURCH WAS RESTORED?"

The Rectoress. "LET ME SEE—IT WAS RESTORED WHEN I WAS A GIRL OF SEVENTEEN." *Professor Proseworthy.* "WHAT! SO LONG AGO AS THAT!"

FOR THE FIRST.

(*A Couple of New Year's Resolutions—registered.*)

At Haverden.—Resolved, somehow or other, to "get in." *Mem.* To be, with a view to this, more careful in the coming year to avoid any approach to explicit declaration on any policy whatever. I must not, spite the gravest and most alluring temptations, suffer myself, under any consideration, to be drawn, either into uttering any disclaimer, or making any avowal. *Mem.* again, To curb HERBERT in his improvident, and but partially considered expression of opinion which, fathered on to me, entails on me either the silence of acquiescence or the still greater inconvenience of public repudiation. I must speak to him about this. Also, if I can see my way to it, I must manage to have some serious talk with HARTINGTON. He surely must be contented to follow where I am disposed to lead. He sees no reason, he says, "to depart, in any degree, from the declarations which he has made, or the opinions he has expressed." This will surely depend on circumstances. *Mem.* To impress this upon him, and point out the possibility, under certain conceivable conditions, of not only one, but all of us being compelled to depart in every degree from the declarations which we may have made, and the opinions we may have expressed. To fail to realise this, is to be deficient in the bare understanding of elastic Statesmanship. It is to undervalue the true meaning of the word majority, and for a mere whim, be willing and prepared to forego its advantages, and sacrifice its emoluments. Certainly, I must speak to HARTINGTON. With regard to DILKE, I feel more constrained. I do not, I admit, understand his attitude. It would almost savour of opposition. Yet it cannot be that, for it would be too grotesque. CHAMBERLAIN, too, has shown some curious signs. *Mem.* To investigate the causes of this, and set it right. For to set it right must be an easy matter, seeing that

WATCHWORDS ON THE "VISTA."

(*By an Advanced Seer, with indebtedness to the G. O. M.*)

In the dim and distant Future
What a wondrous Vista looms
In perspective; so you shoot your
Eye right through a suite of rooms.
I, jackdaw-like, from a steeple
Take a sight—a bird's-eye view—
At the Palace of the People,
Where they reign and govern too.

Shapes, as in a dream, steal o'er me.
What's that yonder? Can it be a
Bishop that I see before me?
Something gives me that idea.
Yes, I see he wears an apron;
On his brow there sits a cloud.
Lo, his shovel-hat a paper on,
"Disestablished, Disendowed!"

Strawberry leaves there goes one wearing
Round his coronet; in mine ear
Meanwhile airy tongues declaring
"Though a Duke, he's not a Peer."
Do I mere hallucinations
Mark before my mind's eye dance,
Or discern prognostications
From developed clairvoyance?

Stand yon ancient oaks yet stable?
Are they older still to wax?
Or, within a measurable
Distance of the Woodman's axe?—
But in mist and doubtful change of
Scene, the distant Future ends;
For the Vista far the range of
Practical Politics transcends.

How to SQUARE THE CIRCLE AT CHRISTMAS-TIME.—
Give 'em a handsome tip all round.

Reasonable Complaint.

WHEN winter is so very mild,
The Skater is uncommon riled;
And justly so, one understands,
To find his skates upon his hands.

THE DOG QUESTION.—*Cur*, why?

neither the one nor the other have any existence whatever outside of, or apart from me. I must teach them this. Taking a broad and comprehensive view of the situation, however, I note only one thing clearly, and that is, that *coûte que coûte*, I must, somehow hold on, and—get in.

From Hatfield.—Resolved to stay in at all hazards, this is the conclusion we have come to. How we shall manage it is another matter. I am free to confess that a Dublin Parliament does not frighten me, but the difficulty will be to give it them, in the face of our own Irish Members, whom I fear nothing, not even the paramount importance of our staying in, will square. What is to be done? CHURCHILL, who feels hotly about the ungracious indelicacy of their attitude, will not be able to argue them out of it. No, with all his eloquence he won't be able to manipulate or manœuvre a single vote. On the other hand, to abandon PARNELL will be to challenge defeat. Yet defeat must be avoided, at all hazards. It is very doubtful to me what I ought to do. Only one duty is clearly marked out before me, and that is, to stay in. Would any compromise with the Whigs assist this end? A stern front to the Nationalists, and a vigorous coercive programme, might gain us sufficient support in this direction. Anyhow, the idea is worth a venture. "A Dublin Parliament and divided Empire" on the one hand, or, on the other, "Integrity and Coercion"—either cry might suit our book. The question is, which is it to be? The answer is, unfortunately, dubious. One asks aghast, which promises to us the longest lease of the Treasury Bench. *Mem.* Half a mind to toss up for it, the outlook is so uncertain. Meantime, discretion counsels reticence. Resolved, therefore, to wait upon events, and know only one settled purpose, and that is, *coûte que coûte*—to hold on, and to stay in.

MEPHISTOPHELES AS TO FAUST.—Guide, Philosopher, and *Fiend*.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 27.



THE CARLTON CLUB DURING THE GENERAL ELECTION.

GRANDPAPA'S NEW YEAR.

MANY Happy New Years? Thank you. I've seen many—
 Can expect, at the furthest, but very few more;
 Happy Old Years behind me remember not any—
 Don't believe in a happier New Year before.
 No Elixir of Life could me rejuvenescence
 Procure, e'en if ready the "Old One" to pay,
 Modern Chemistry's own self supplies no such essence
 To reverse Nature's course of decline and decay.

I might have many Happy New Years, as you wish me—
 Same to you—if perpetual youth were my own,
 And a property out of which no one could dish me,
 If I did but possess the Philosopher's Stone.
 Then itself for its own sake would Life be worth living,
 Not alone for the fear that a worse might ensue,
 As suggested by many disposed to misgiving:
 But for *my* part I don't take the Pessimist view.

FROM OUR OWN EXAM.

Q. Illustrate what is meant by "A Tower of Strength."
 A. A Dray-horse used as the horse of a canal barge.

ECHO'S ANSWER.

Voz. What would you, in your neo-Jacobin polity,
 Now give us for "the quality"?
 Echo. E-quality!

POLITICAL ARITHMETIC.

(By a Puzzled Non-partisan.)

THEIR multiplication is mystification,
 Their addition is falsehood *plus* fad;
 Their rule of three is pure fiddlededee,
 And their practice is Cocker gone mad!

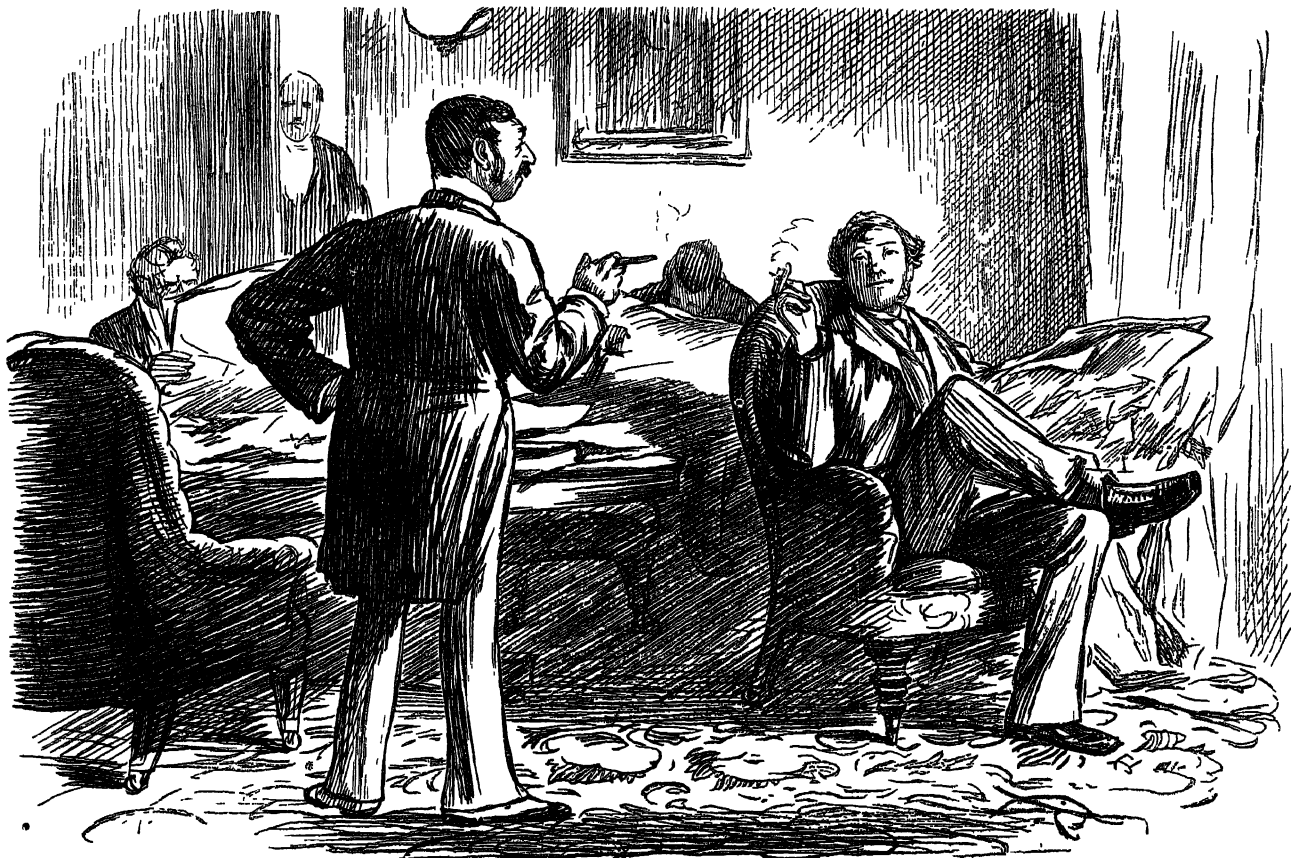
NOTIONS OF "CHURCH REFORM."

It is averred that "high Authorities, including one or both Houses of Convocation, have more or less definitely sanctioned the appointment of Parochial Councils." This idea, if carried out, will be a novelty in ecclesiastical affairs. Fancy a Council of Paddington, or St. Pancras, a Council of Camberwell, a Council of Clapham, a Council of Kensington, or Acton, a Council of Upton-cum-Chalvey, or a Council of Stoke-Pogis! Or what would you say to a Synod of Somers Town? Hardly ecumenical any such council, and certainly with Vestrymen present as lay assessors, nothing like Nice.

CONSOLATION.

GLADSTONE is not *all* mutability,
 You bet your bottom dollar;
 He changes *front* with much agility,
 But never alters *collar*!

HARBOUR Lights not so brilliant as the Lights of London, visible some time ago. Lights wanted trimming when we saw them. More anon.



RETRIBUTION.

Little City Man. "YETH, THEY TURNED MY COUTHIN OUT, BUT HE 'LL THEREVE 'EM OUT FOR IT, YOU THEE IF HE DOETHN'T!"
Friend. "How's THAT?" *City Man.* "THELL HIS PLATHE, AND CUT THE COUNTY!!"

JOHN BULL AND JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

"I should like to see this Government drink to the dregs the cup of humiliation which they have filled for themselves."—*Birmingham Speech*, December 17.

JO CHAMBERLAIN, my Jo,—JOHN
 Has still his word to say;
 Although you rate him low, JOHN
 Was not born yesterday:
 Though acres three seem fair to men,
 And cows in fancy low,
 Yet Bulls will answer now and then,
 Jo CHAMBERLAIN, my Jo!

There's Radical and Radical;
 In that time-honoured throng
 Men stout and bold have battled all
 'Gainst many a grievous wrong:
 Then think you never man on earth
 That sturdy name might owe,
 Till Birmingham brought you to birth,
 Jo CHAMBERLAIN, my Jo?

So loud your trumpets clang and slang,
 That doubts JOHN often feels,
 Bewildered by the "*sturm und drang*,"
 Which are his head and heels:
 For Liberal Captains staunch and true,
 Is he bestead so sorely,
 That he's but MORLEY, DILKE, and you,
 And—you, and DILKE, and MORLEY?

Is FORSTER but a poor pretence?
 Is GOSCHEN but a traitor?
 Upon a Tory providence
 Is HARTINGTON a waiter?

Is GLADSTONE but the Tame Old Man
 Whose strings you deign to pull?
 You've much to do before you can
 Prove all these facts to BULL.

Observe, good JOSEPH, if you're wise,
 The Winkles you condemn
 Got pretty round majorities,
 To show my trust in them:
 Would you my loyal servant stay,
 (I'm steadfast, if I'm slow,)
 A little modesty, I pray,
 Jo CHAMBERLAIN, my Jo!

You'd have your foes "drain to the dregs"
 The cup you say they fill?
 If so, JOHN BULL your pardon begs—
 He pays the liquor-bill.
 Ye Jacobins and Josephins,
 'Tis time to think, you know,
 Less of yourselves and Outs and Ins,
 And more of me—come, Jo!

ROBBING THE ROBINS.—AN Anti-Plumage League is about to be formed in protest against the prevailing fashion of wearing birds and birds' feathers as ornaments. This fashion seems now to be carried to an absurdly wanton excess. Hosts of small singing birds sometimes adorn a single article of feminine apparel. We hear of a hundred canaries on one dress, great garlands of robins' wings on another. *Punch* hopes the Anti-Plumage League, started by ladies, may succeed in checking a practice not creditable to their sex, and that the motto of the ungently garlanded dame and her imitators may henceforth be, "Never again with you, Robin!"

WILL ON BOBBIES AND DOGS.

"BOBBY will throw his hook at them.
 Avaunt, you curs!
 Be thy mouth or black or white,
 Tooth that poisons if it bite;
 Mastiff, Greyhound, Mongrel grim,
 Hound or Spaniel, brach or lym,
 Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail.
 Bobby makes them weep and wail:
 For, by throwing of thy noose,
 Spinsters and scribes their pets will lose!"
Leam, Act iii., Sc. 6, very slightly altered.

A JOB! A PALPABLE JOB!

It is announced that Mr. GRAHAM, Master in Lunacy, has been appointed Clerk of the Parliaments, an office with £3,000 a year to get, and the recipient not overworked at the price. The man for the post was Sir T. ERSKINE MAX, whose services in the House of Commons have been invaluable, and deserve anything that the country can provide in the way of promotion and emolument. But the highest authority on Parliamentary Procedure has been passed over in favour of a gentleman whom the more favoured portion of the world never heard of. It cannot be that there is any common ground for practice between a Master in Lunacy and the Clerk of the Parliaments in the House of Lords. Still less clear is it how the fact that Mr. GRAHAM is son-in-law to Lord CRANBROOK, who has the post to give away, is in itself a qualification. As Sir ROBERT PEEL would say, the whole thing smells of a job. The British public do not like jobs of this kind, and *Mr. Punch* nails it to the wall.

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

No. X.—FROM THE MARKISS.

Hatfield, Monday.



DEAR TOBY,

I WRITE primarily to wish you a Happy New Year, but take the opportunity to lay before you my position, and to ask your advice upon it. It is, truly, one of great difficulty. If the result of the General Election had been such as to give GL-DST-NE a small majority, over us, and the Parnellites—say, not to put too fine a point upon it, five—it would have been well. We would then have been masters of the situation—that is, of course, if we could have kept P-R-N-LL and his merry men straight. It is true there were not ten righteous men in Sodom, but in the Gomorrah of the Liberal Party there would surely have been found ten, or, peradventure, a score of Moderate Liberals who would, upon occasion, help

us to save the State—that is to say, to turn out GL-DST-NE, and bring us in.

If the result had been to give us a substantial majority, it would have been better. As it is, it is nothing but desolation and despair. Counting the Parnellites true to us, we are in the ridiculous position of being six of one, and half-a-dozen of the other. Just half and half! Think of that, dear Toby, for a man who has to carry on the Queen's Government. Six hundred and seventy Members of the House of Commons, and every individual man carrying in the palm of his hand the fate of the Government. J-S-PH G-LL-S poisoning himself at the Bar with thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, could upon a polled-out division, say whether we should live or die. We shall be a sort of Mahomet's-Coffin-Government, hung 'twixt heaven and earth, and not sure at what moment, at the caprice of what individual, we may not be dashed to the ground.

These are reflections, Toby, which dim the radiance of the New Year. It is mockery to wish a Happy New Year to a Minister thus situated. The question is, What am I to do? There are, I suppose, three courses open to me. Let us see what they are. In the first place, I might resign, and let GL-DST-NE come in to deal with this tangled skein. You know me well enough to believe that this is a course I am quite ready to take. I did not want to come in, and I am quite ready to go out. I am happier in opposition than in office. I am not then so hampered by stubborn facts, can use more strong language, and can with fuller freedom and effect make GR-NV-LLE sit up. But there are other people to be considered. There are Priests who want Bishops, Lawyers who yearn after Judgeships, Viscounts who hanker after Earldoms, Marquises who desire Dukedoms, my colleagues who want to stop in office, and behind them all good Conservatives in the House of Commons, who are ready to fill up vacancies. H-RC-ER has done an enormous damage by his declaration that we shall never be in office again. Of course, it isn't true, but it has frightened fellows, and the mere talk of resignation brings, what the late Mr. O'C-NN-LL might have called, a beastly buzzing about my ears. It is clear that I must hold on as long as finger-nails stand fast.

The second course, is to draw closer the alliance with P-RN-LL, bring in a bold scheme of Home Rule, and dish the Liberals, as once the Whigs were dished. That, I confess, is what I would do, if I dare, and so would R-ND-LPH. But dare I? Could I? I think not. First of all, P-RN-LL is not to be trusted. He would take all I could, after infinite labour, induce our people to give him, and that secured, would immediately ask for more; and I could not give him anything like what would pacify him. D-SR-LL might, but there was only one D-SR-LL, and by his personal influence I cannot now profit. All the venomous Orangemen,

all the thick-headed Noodles of our Party (this is private and confidential) who cannot see beyond the length of their nose, would revolt, and we should be stabbed in the back. The third course is, after all, the easiest and the safest. I dare not resign; I cannot carry Home Rule; but to beg I am not ashamed. I will beg the assistance of the Moderate Liberals, and, together with the Noodles aforesaid, we will resist P-RN-LL and all his works. The probabilities are that thereupon GL-DST-NE will come to the front, will run up the Home-Rule flag, and then we will go to the country with the cry, "the Empire in danger!"

As I think of this, my spirits are uplifted. The very act of writing to you, my friend and counsellor, has cleared away the mists of depression that weighed upon me when I sat down. You will doubtless have seen the announcement that I was about to publish an Essay on "Multitubular Molecules." It shall be withdrawn. It came about in this way. Immediately after the tide turned in the Counties, I received a letter from J-M-S KN-WL-S asking me to write an Article for the "Nineteenth Century." I knew what that meant. As soon as ever GL-DST-NE is tottering to a fall, KN-WL-S writes to him for Articles in his Magazine. I was disappointed, and in low spirits, accepted the omen, and began the Essay. But, like the window in *Aladdin's* tower, it unfinished shall remain. I will go in for the Moderate Liberals, and my young men shall keep their offices, and continue to draw their salaries. With more heart I renew the wish for a Happy New Year,

And remain, yours truly, S-L-SB-RY.
Toby, M.P., *The Kennel, Barks.*

PUTTING IT OFF.

THE continued delay of AHMED MOKHTAR PASHA, the Turkish Commissioner, to start for Egypt, has at length produced a protest from Sir WILLIAM WHITE, to which the following excuses have been promptly rejoined. The Commissioner, who, however, has at last started, urged that he has had to delay his departure—

Because he had been waiting for his dress-coat to come home from his tailor's.

Because he is such a bad sailor that he hadn't liked to start till the wind changed.

Because he has been taking a few finishing lessons in Egyptian, on the Ollendorff system, to enable him to understand the Khedive when he gets there.

Because he wanted to have just one more confidential chat with Sir WILLIAM WHITE before he starts.

Because he had made all arrangements to leave next Tuesday.

Because he really did not know how Mr. GLADSTONE would take it.

Because he was not aware that there was any particular hurry.

Because he thought Lord SALISBURY might possibly have something further to say to him.

Because the Treasury had not yet provided him with his travelling expenses or even paid his fare.

Because he had been detained to take a hand at cribbage with the SULTAN.

And lastly, because if he had really thought Sir WILLIAM WHITE was in earnest about the matter, he would have seen to its being practically set on foot, and have gone on board before.

"A Penny for Your Thoughts."

[The complete works of the Poet Laureate are to be published at New York, in penny numbers.]

"I LISPED in numbers for the numbers came,"

Sang POPE. The Muse's spirit never slumbers.

Lord TENNYSON can boast (almost) the same:

"I sing in (penny) numbers!"

A CASE FOR ARBITRATION.—Home Rule. As a question about breaking up the British Empire, refer it to the "Honest Broker." Everybody knows who that is, and if he would be kind enough to accept the reference, all parties might be recommended to abide the decision of Prince BISMARCK.

GRIST TO THE MILLAIS



No. 2. The Ruling Passion; or, The Last Days of an Old Lowther Arcadian. "As a child he had been remarkably fond of dolls; as an old man the taste of his early days returned to him."—*Memoirs of Dr. Dolinger.*



No. 6. The Hug-me-not drop me; or, The One-legged Lover. It was this picture that first gave the painter a leg up.

AT THE GROSVENOR.



No. 20. "Fife to Four—on the Field." Some critics are of opinion that this at the time it appeared had a secret sporting meaning. Notice the section of drum in the corner: "not too much" drum, but just drum enough." All artists agree that such a drum would be very hard to beat.



No. 46. Mr. Gladstone's Overture to Lord Salisbury on the Irish Harp. Observe the colour of the gown; by it the artist meant to convey that the G. O. M. was either very ready, or deeply read. For further information on the subject, apply to Sir John Millais, Bart.



No. 60. "Rum? What's she been putting in the bottle?" Two figures. She is reading aloud some of *Mr. Punch's* "Receipts for Nightcaps," and he is considerably exercised by the peculiarly nasty flavour of his evening grog.



No. 88. "Pigeon Pie is very nice." Two Dutch girls find themselves left alone without anything to eat, except this bird. They are consulting on the best means of cooking it.



No. 65. Getting into Bed with his Boots on. Closer inspection will show what the painter really intended. It will well repay a second visit; but seen when the electric light was shining "like winking," this was our first momentary impression of the subject.

No. 94. "Afternoon Tay in Scotland." The Highlander in the foreground is asking the girl jestingly to clean his boots; the Lowlander in the distance has his eye on the afternoon Tay, which in this part of the country is quite an institution.



THE MILLAIS-NIUM.—*Labor omnia vincit* may well be Sir JOHN MILLAIS' motto, for if ever pictures were "laboured" it was these early ones of his, painted in the Paint-pot-of-Basil period. The picture of the Highlander and the Seated Highlander, so far off as to be a Lowlander, shows indifferently well in the collection. As for the "Holy Family" it is a "Wholly British Workman Family," exquisitely painted, of course; but excepting one figure there is not an Hebraic type among them. A picture in the corner representing two ugly Dutch girls fondling a pigeon, which presumably they are going to have in a pie, suggests that the title might be "Parting is such Pain," and is about as uninteresting a subject as can well be imagined

—except perhaps to a gentleman with a British-Museumish *animus* towards pigeons; but as a work characteristic of the "undecided phase in MILLAIS' Art-career," it is full of interest, as indeed is almost every picture in the Grosvenor Gallery. The old public favourites are as fresh as ever, and the meeting between Sir JOHN and his "Huguenots" after a separation of thirty years, was, we are informed, a most touching sight. The electric light, toned by a medium, is, after the first ten minutes of jerkiness,—for it is a bad starter, not that anyone would think this from its manner of starting,—very pleasant for the eyes; but it is a pity it cannot be made to "hold its noise." The show will be one of the successes of the Winter Season.



AN UNBELIEVER.

'HERE, MATE! HI! GET UP AND GO HOME. LOOK SHARP! THERE'S A BOBBY COMING ROUND THE CORNER! HE'LL BE HERE DIRECTLY!' "WALKER!!!"

THE MERRY POST-BOY.

(As Gathered from his Country Diary—up to Date.)

8 A.M.—Started as fresh as a lark, and after doing the village and having a cup or two of tea here and there on my round, got to the Hall. First-rate feed here, on hot chocolate and buttered toast. Wished them a Happy New Year. Offered me a second cup. Accepted. Started fairly briskly on my way.

9 A.M.—Reached the Vicarage, and left my packet; was called back, and offered a bowl of smoking coffee and a pile of muffins. Couldn't refuse, and finished the whole lot of them. Off again. Felt the weather—or something—slightly oppressive. Trudged on, as well as I could, towards the Park.

10 A.M.—Passed the Lodge, where they gave me a drink of hot milk, and found a regular breakfast waiting me at the Park, "specially ordered by her Ladyship"—tea, buttered buns, and Scotch scones. Obligated to get it all down. Butler thought me looking pale, and wanted me to have a second innings; couldn't manage this, but smiled and nodded. Wished me a Happy New Year. Started. Found some difficulty in crossing the Common. Great oppression in the atmosphere—or something. Managed to pull on to the Manor House.

11 A.M.—Found them waiting for me at the Manor House, with a steaming bowl of oatmeal porridge, and a message from the Squire's lady that I was to have as much as I could eat. Eat as much as I could. Tried to start, but felt oppression in the atmosphere, or something so powerful that could hardly move. Housekeeper thought me looking white, and volunteered to make me some tea. Dragged myself away with thanks.

Noon.—Finish my round at the "Pig and Scissors." Reach it with difficulty. They are scared at my appearance, and say that what I evidently want is my breakfast, and bring me three hunks of bread-and-butter, and a pot of hot coffee. Smile at them feebly, and try to get some of it down. Can't. Room grows blue, and oppression becomes overwhelming. Wander slightly. Am ultimately conveyed home in a wheelbarrow.

'LATEST AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—Works of Early Masters exhibited under the presidency of a Late 'un. Not open after Four. No electric light. The Earliest Masters can only be seen with difficulty after Three.

PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

(By Our Special Book-marker.)

"TWO YEARS IN THE JUNGLE."

(AIR—"We'll all go a Hunting to-day.")

If within Singapore, or about Sengalore,
Some time you are anxious to pass—
Should you much dote upon most delightful
Ceylon,

Benares, Borneo, Madras,
Calcutta, Colombo, Bombay,
Wherever you happen to stay—
Sure no naturalist

Can be found to resist
The book writ by the smart HORNADAY!

Should you think it worth while, in the sly
crocodile,

A death-dealing bullet to plant:
Would you tempt from its lair, either bison
or bear,

The tiger, or bold elephant—
Two Years in the Jungle, I say,
Will show you the cleverest way:
All bold sportsmen, you know,
Will be happy to go

A-hunting with brave HORNADAY!

"THE OPENING OF THE LINE."

(AIR—"The Wearing of the Green.")

A STIRRING tale of Dogdom this,
And one you're bound to read;
So crisply told, in verse, by COX,
'Tis comical indeed!
And OSWALD BROWN'S quaint drawings, too,
Of humorous design;
They give an extra charm unto,
The Opening of the Line!

"UNWIN'S ANNUAL."

THOUGH last—'tis not least in the "Annual"
crew—

The Broken Shaft comes, which you're
bound to read through:

Its stories are clever and just the right
length,

Its motto should clearly be, "UNWIN is
strength!"

"SELL'S TELEGRAPHIC CODE."

To save your money would you choose,

Where'er is your abode—
I'd counsel you at once to use
Sell's Telegraphic Code:

You'll find it will economise
Both time and cash as well—
In fact, SELL'S clever enterprise
Is nothing of a "sell"!

AN OLD FRIEND.

SEE here's an old friend—'tis our dear
Christmas Carol!

'Tis never old-fashioned, and never seems
slow;

The form is the same, and its outward
apparel

Just like what it wore many winters ago.
The tale still as bright is, as graphic and
thrilling;

With etchings by LEECH, so delightful
to all;

The type is unchanged—and but One Silver
Shilling

Will purchase this marvel from CHAPMAN
AND HALL!

NEW DEFINITION.—"The Promised Land"
—the Three Acres, now usually associated
with a Cow.

Mrs. R. says there is nothing she likes
better for dessert than those dear little
Tambourine Oranges.



"COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON!"

Street Sweeper (airily). "Gi's 'CHRIS'MAS-BOX, GOV'NOUR!"

Old Gent "CHRISTMAS-BOX! GOV'NOUR! D'YOU CONSIDER THAT A RESPECTF—A PROPER WAY TO ADDRESS A GEN'LEMAN? SEEMS TO ME YOU 'VE MORE NEED OF MANNERS THAN OF MONEY."

Sweeper ('very rudely'). "I AXED YER FOR WHAT I THOUGHT YER 'AD MOST ON!"

ARTY CONGRATULATIONS.

DEAR LEIGHTON,

I'm very glad you've been made a Baronet. We're now "Two by honours," eh? We're all very glad "in our house at home." Hope you'll like it. Happy New Year! Yours,

JOHN EVERETCETERA MILLAIS.

To Sir Frederic Leighton, Bart., P.R.A.

DEAR SIR FREDERIC,

I CONGRATULATE you. Your works, specially your studies from the unadorned verity of Nature, have entitled you to this honour at the hands of HER MAJESTY. *Nuda veritas et praevalabit.* May you live to be an Old Master, and then be sky'd!

Yours truly,

To Sir F. Leighton, Bart., P.R.A. JOHN CLOTHES-HORSLEY.

DEAR SIR F.

JUST the thing for you. I shine with a reflected light. With you and MILLAIS for chums I am able to say, "I know a Barty as knows another Barty." WATTS was wrong to chuck it up. Happy New Year to you! WILLIAM P. FRITH, D. D.

P.S.—"D. D." means Derby Day. Am planning out "the University Boat Race," to be known as "FRITH'S Blue Boys."

To Sir F. L., P.R.A.

DEAR SIR FREDERIC,

I NEVER was more pleased or delighted, I assure you, than when I heard you were to be a Baronet. Bless you!

Yours, earnestly,

To Sir Frederic, &c., &c. JAMES INFANT SAMUEL SANT, R.A.

DEAR SIR PRESIDENT,

MARRY come up! Gadso, and by my hilts! By'r Ladye, I'd rather ye were a belted Knight on a richly caparisoned steed than a Bart in a brougham. But that is as our Gracious Suzeraine

will. So here's to ye, in a cup of spiced hippocras, Sir Baronet! Greetings for ye New Year!

JOHN GILBERT.

To Sir F. Leighton, Baronet, P.R.A.

DEAR SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON,

I am delighted with your excellent elevation. You are one in seventy.

Yours pointedly,

R. NORMAN-ARCHITECTURE SHAW.

To Sir F. Leighton, Bart., P.R.A.

MY DEAR LEIGHTON,

ACCEPT a Canterbury Pilgrim's congratulations on your new dignity. You will be pleased to hear that for this year's Academy I am painting "*Three Acres and a Cow.*" The Cow will come out splendidly. So to the last I keep to my old form: *à nos moutons.*

Heifer yours,

THOS. KIDNEY SOOPER.

To Sir F. Leighton, Bart., P.R.A.

DEAR PRESIDENT,

"I'd be a Baronet, born in a bower"—if I could, but as I can't, I'm glad you're one. Your health! May we never want a Baronet, or a bottle to give him! *Prosit!* Yours, jovially,

X-STASY MARKS!

CHEER CONFRÈRE,

You are that what one calls, "Baronet." It is well, it is very well. I you make my felicitations. I know not how to well write your so beautiful language. But I admire him, much. Agree, Sir LEIGHTON, to accept the expression of my consideration the most distinguished.

J. R. HERBERT, R.A.

À l'honorable Sir Leighton, Maison de Burlington, Peek-à-dillé.

COCKER CORRECTED.—The *Morning Post* says that "It is all addition and no subtraction in the panorama of rose-coloured Radicalism at which the labourer is invited to gaze." Is the *Morning Post* quite sure that there is no *division* about it?

"HERE WE ARE AGAIN!"

(The Lane and The Avenue.)

AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS has given us a first-rate pantomime. Its highest praise is that it is calculated to enchant and amuse the children. *Aladdin*, by E. L. BLANCHARD—of course it is E. L.



Brother Masons Past Masters Augustus and Charles, building up the *Aladdin* Pantomime.

BLANCHARD's, and far off be the day when his name shall not be to the Drury Lane bill,—is told in fifteen scenes of Pleasure intensified by two final touches of PAYNE. Mr. HARRY PAYNE, as usual, is the Clown, and makes his first appearance in the character of a new Country Clown or Rural Voter, already possessed of a Cow, and only waiting for the Three Acres. Why should he wait? At all events there's Long Acre at hand to begin with.

The Pantomime commences well in the old grim-guffin style, with big heads and nothing in them.—(DRURIOLANUS should book this idea for a Pantomime Parliament in his next annual), and that mellifluous warbler, Mr. HERBERT CAMPBELL, is discovered as a Wizard, to whom arrive a couple of Wizards—which is

the pantomime for "visitors," only you wouldn't think it, would you?—accompanied by a valuable piece of old China in the shape of a huge dog, the names of whose amusing fore and hind legs I do not see mentioned in the Bill.

The change from this scene to the City of Peking is change in full. Here Miss KATE LEAMAR appears as the *Princess*, who is "mistress of herself tho' China fall," while, among the boys, Miss GRACE HUNTLEY "takes the cake," or rather the "Huntley and Palmer's"



Princess Kate Leamar "going to Bath," but prevented by there being *A Lad* in there already.

biscuit. She is evidently a Prince of Extravaganza in disguise, and not a bit of the *gamin de Pékin*, whom Miss NELLIE FARRER immortalised when she sang that best of character songs, written by Mr. ROBERT REECE, called "*The Street Arab*." Who that heard it will ever forget—

"Please, Sir, 'old yer nag, Sir,
Take yer little bag, Sir,
Werry 'ard to live—
Just what you'll give—
Thank ye, Surr."

Ah, that was a genuine touch of Human Nature!—if Messrs. HARRIS and PETTIT will permit me to infringe their copyright title. Now that Artistic Baronetcies are flying about, we ought to read in the *Times*—it is better than seeing an Artist's name in the *Gazette*—

that the QUEEN has graciously conferred a Baronetcy on the *doyen* of scenic Artists, who will henceforth be Sir WILLIAM BEVERLY; and Knighthood—say a Boxing-Knighthood—on the younger Painter, say Sir HENRY EMDEN, who is responsible for most of the scenes in this Pantomime.

There are some four or five processions in *Aladdin*, the principal one being that entitled "The Dream of Fair Women," tastefully designed by Mr. ALFRED THOMPSON, which, culminating in the assemblage of the Heroines of Fairy Story, are excellent. Madame KATTI LANNER's well-trained Pupils are among the chief features of the Show. But where were the modern Professional Beauties? Where? Is it possible that they have vanished! Why it seems only yesterday—no matter, let us look at Venus "of all time," and at Helen of Troy, and all the other lovely beings who are "charmed" to appear in response to the summons of the Genius of the Lamp.

By the way, Mrs. LANTRY is coming out again, at the Prince's, in a Melodrama, of, I believe, the deepest dye. One of the chief characters in it is an idiot. How very difficult it must be to fill this part.

Mr. NICHOLLS is quietly humorous in *Widow Twankay*; but the best thing he does is a dance, in which he gives a burlesque imitation of KATE VAUGHAN's style, of which—but that it comes rather late—the audience would never tire. Mr. HERBERT CAMPBELL's song, "*Old Clo*," makes a decided hit, and is encored until there are no more verses left.

Mr. CHARLES LAURI, as *Kazrac*, does a marvellous dance, and the *Prime Minister* (Mr. H. M. EDMUNDS), with his acrobatic *Secretaries of State* (the two ALBERTS), will make the children clap their hands with delight. The very youngest among us take peculiar delight in the misfortunes of others, and the Pantomime that has the most whacking, knocking about, tumbling down, and serious accidents, is surest of success with children. Then, again, little children in the front of the house, love to see little children on the stage, and they



"Sweetness and Light."



Madame Katti Lanner and her little Christmas parties, "small and late."

will be delighted this year with the juvenile builders, the masons, the carpenters, and the workmen engaged in raising *Aladdin's* palace. To these workmen of Little Britain, come their wives, and children in perambulators. It is a capital scene. Sir WILLIAM BEVERLY Bart.'s Transformation is in his best style. Mr. OSCAR BARRETT—"OSCAR," not "WILSON"—has introduced plenty of familiar tunes in which the Gods delight, as if it were the music of the spheres, and altogether the Great DRURIOLANI, AUGUSTUS ET CAROLUS, may strike a medal, without a reverse, in commemoration of their latest Pantomime. "Latest" is the word: it would still bear half-an-hour taken out of it.

At the Avenue.—*Kenilworth*, by Messrs. VARNEY—no, FARNEY—and REECE. Miss VIOLET CAMERON is rather thrown away in it on very ordinary songs and burlesque dances, dance she never so gracefully. Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS is, to quote an eminent authority,

"one of the lifes and souls" of the piece; but indeed he is the life and soul of it. His singing of "*Only a Year Ago*," is lovely. His portrait of a well-known jockey, is deliciously absurd, and a trial in which he sits as Magistrate, and which has more to do with the Christy Minstrels, or a comic scene in a Circus, than with any possible burlesque of *Kenilworth*, is, for admirers of Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS, immensely diverting. It is all ROBERTS, and those who cannot sincerely say, "*Roberts, toi que j'aime*" will not find much else to amuse them at the Avenue.



"Archer Roberts."

Entertainment, entitled *Kenilworth*." He is certainly very droll and original, but the favourite first, and the rest, nowhere, is a plan which has never yet made the fortune of any Burlesque, and never will. At least so thinks

P.S.—I defer some remarks I have to make on a second hearing of *Faust*, at the Lyceum, until your other young men have sent in their theatrical notices. Any time within the year will do, as *Faust* is in for a long life.

DACOITS AT HOME.

ONE of the greatest troubles in what is now British Burmah is Dacoity, or gang-robbery. The British Administrator's watchword will, of course, be "Down with Dacoity!" Good. But England also is troubled with its Dacoits, in the persons of its plentiful and prosperous Rings of Middlemen. These money-snatching Monopolists are genuine "gang-robbers," robbing producers and tradesmen of their legitimate profits, home manufactures of their credit, and the poor consumer of his chances of cheap commodities, in secret, subtle, and sinister ways suspected by few. When will British Commerce, which is slowly becoming aware of their baneful influence, adopt as its watchword, "Down with Trade Dacoity!" Co-operation among smaller Manufacturers to resist the extortions of the Middlemen, which, individually, they are not strong enough to oppose, might not be a bad beginning. But, in this country, it almost seems as though Co-operation were impossible—except among rogues and tyrants.

Read-y, aye, Ready!

MR. CLARE READ "considers the Irish proposals as one of the most atrocious bids for power ever made by a responsible Statesman."

If one could READ your title CLARE

To a millstone-piercing eye,

'Twere well; but talk like this, *en l'air*,

Is not sagacity!

"WATCHERS AND WAITERS."—*A propos* of a letter, and an editorial note, in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of last Friday, under the above heading, ROBERT writes to say, "Sir,—I do not wish to be included in the 'Washers and Waiters,' the former not being a branch of the perfeshun nor recomised as sitch. I 'washes' privily, but I waits publicly, and may I arsk wot this as to do with Mister GLADSTON, unless at a Manshun Ouse bankwet?"

THE Duke of EDINBURGH is to join the Mediterranean Squadron in February. What a "*Saturday Night at Sea*" His Royal Highness will give 'em. He'll "play the fiddle like an angel," and all legs will be piped for dancing. It is rumoured that H.R.H. will be accompanied by Admiral Sir ARTHUR SEA-MORE SILLYVUN, R.N., of *H.M.S. Pinafore*, on the piano-fore-te. What piping times!

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF ONE OF THE 86.

SURE I little thought as they were in real earnest, when I was asked if I should object to leave my little shop, for just about six months, and go over to London as an honourable Member of Parliament, and live like a fighting-cock, with all expenses paid! It didn't take long for me to make up my mind, for what with the bad times, and the subscriptions of all sorts to keep the agitation agoing, the little shop's profits hardly pays the little shop's rent, and the trifle required to keep the Missus and the two children in decent comfort. Since my election I've had no troubles of a pecuniary nature, for everything is managed in a most truly liberal manner. I might, if I had pleased, have most solemnly declared that my Election was about the cheapest on record, for it cost me nothing, though it must have cost somebody a goodish bit, and, strange to say, somebody didn't like it, and actually lost his temper over it, and even published the fact.

I have had several meetings with some of my colleagues, who are old stagers at our peculiar phase of Parliamentary life, and from them I have received instructions as to the rules that are to guide my conduct. My first duty is implicit obedience. Having been for years shouting for Liberty, and subscribing for Liberty, and voting for Liberty, this, at first, seemed somewhat startling, until I was informed, on the very highest authority, that the entrance to the Temple of Liberty is through the portals of abject submission.

The next duty of my colleagues used to be, I was told, to behave on every possible occasion in so insulting, and irritating, and obstructive a manner as to make them the nuisance, and the hatred, and finally the terror of the House of Commons, and I was informed, in the most flattering terms conceivable, that it was my well-known capacity for taking a leading part in such awfully jolly proceedings, that had procured me the honour of representing my noble country. But that now—thanks to the brilliant success that had attended these high-minded attempts to make our natural enemies, the gentlemen of England and Scotland, ready to make almost any sacrifice to get rid of us from among them—our duty would be, as the absolute masters of the situation, to sit quietly and watch, while the leaders of the two great Parties who alternately govern the British Empire, bid against each other for the honour of our support!

While I listened with wonder to these astounding revelations from the lips of men who had gained the high honour of absolute execration from the whole Saxon race, and which revelations we all washed down with copious draughts of the purest potheen, my thoughts would revert to my position only a month ago, a little month, as somebody says—when the approach of quarter-day brought anything but joy to my anxious soul—compared to my present position, when the highest and the noblest—and who used to be thought the proudest and the most honourable—in the land were about to bid against each other in the Great Council of the Nation, and in the face of an astonished world, for the support of me, and such as me!

My companions very much surprised me, too, by telling me that while they allowed their nominal Leader to arrange all financial matters—an arrangement which they found very conducive to their personal comfort—that of course it was quite understood among themselves that it was owing to them, and not to him, that matters had assumed their present favourable aspect. That if they had all been of the same milk-and-water nature, and almost gentlemanly manners as he, would the House ever have loathed the Party as it did, and have offered any sacrifice to get rid of them, as they were about to do, certainly not. Whoever heard the House groan when he rose to speak? Whoever heard him accuse the Irish Secretary of murder, or something so like it, that few could see the difference? Whoever heard him beard the Speaker till the whole House cried shame? No one. No, it was the men whose names were seldom uttered without a curse, or other expression of disgust, that had made the Party what it was; namely, the master of Ireland, and the hatred and terror of England!

It is well known to every newsboy, they said, that the Irish Party are masters of the situation; that one Leader is about to offer us the same independence as that possessed by Hungary, which would give Ireland Home Rule, and alter Her MAJESTY's title to Empress of Great Britain and India, and Queen of Ireland. That the other Leader is about to outbid him by offering us a Parliament in Dublin, with the charge of our own Police; but that it was well understood among ourselves that neither would be accepted, and for this very good and sufficient reason. We, the Irish Party, are quite content with things as they are. We live comfortably on the fat of the land; we have achieved notoriety, if not fame; and we know full well that, if a satisfactory arrangement were come to, our peculiar services would no longer be required, but, to use the language of our enemies, we should have to give way to men of whom Ireland might be proud rather than ashamed, and who would think rather of the glory and prosperity of their poor down-trodden country than of their own beggarly private interests. With a parting glass to the parting toast of, "Success and Prosperity to the 86!" we separated with mutual expressions of profound respect.



TRUTHS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN LEFT UNSPOKEN.

Hostess. "WHAT? HAVEN'T YOU BROUGHT YOUR SISTERS, MR. JONES?"

Mr. Jones. "NO; THEY COULDN'T COME, MRS. SMITH. THE FACT IS, THEY'RE SAVING THEMSELVES FOR MRS. BROWN'S DANCE TO-MORROW, YOU KNOW!"

TEMPTATION OF THE GOOD ST. GLADSTONE.

(Imitated from a Celebrated Original.)

THE good St. GLADSTONE sat on his stool,
A-reading a big black book,
With a steadfast patience, as was his rule,
For he never frivelled or played the fool,
Like a wanton urchin a-weary of school;
But, though 'twas the rollicking season of Yule,
He studied in quiet, and kept himself cool,
On his stool of repentance—a hard-bottomed stool—

And ne'er from that sage
Constitutional page

His reverent gaze he took.

"We will woo," cried Old Nick, "good
St. GLADSTONE's eyes
Off from that excellent book.

We will cluster around him in strange disguise,
And plague him with shindies and Party cries,
And bother his bosom with phantasies,
That he upon us may look."

So they came to the Saint in a motley crew
A heterogeneous rout.

There were imps of every shape and hue,
And some looked yellow, and some looked blue,
And they passed and varied before his view,
And twisted themselves about.

But the good St. GLADSTONE kept his eyes
Fixed on that excellent book.
From it they did not sink or rise,
Nor sights, nor laughter, nor shouts, nor cries
Could win away his look.

One black imp came in a masquerade
Most like a ghoul's attire,
With a face like a skull in dry parchment
arrayed,
And bat-wings dingy that fluttered and
played
About St. GLADSTONE through light and
through shade,

Till they made the Saint perspire.
And another one came apparalled
In silk and velvet stuff,
With a sort of tiara upon its head,
And a shadowy alb, and a ghostly cope,
And a scowl of anger, and fear, and hope
Upon a phiz that seemed carven from soap;

And the row it raised,
As it blustered and blazed,
Was noisier than enough.
Another yet, of diminutive size,
And with hairy lip and with goggle eyes,
A winged weird creature, wee.
He pounced like a hawk, and he whisked like
the wind,
And he whooped and hawed, and winked and
grinned,

And his eyes stood out with glee;
And the more the Saint he deafened and
dinned,
The more exulted he.

But the good St. GLADSTONE bent his eyes
Upon that excellent book.
He heard the shout and the laugh arise,
But he knew that the imps had a naughty
guise,
And he did not care to look.

And a thing with horns like a cow was there,
And a tail so strangely long

It might have surrounded three acres of
ground;
And it bellowed and lowed with a dubious
sound,

And whisked that wonderful tail around,
As it roared out a sort of a song:
"Old GLADDY, my boy, shut up that book,
And don't look as Whiggish as GREY!
You sit like an owl in his clerical nook,
You like an old-fashioned Economist look;
Come straighten your back from its pedagogue
crook,

And more socially act, I pray!
The Socialist song let us hear you sing;
Take a lesson from me, Grand Old Man!
Remember that life has a fleeting wing,
That times are changed, that the Crowd is
king,

That Progress must smash up the Property
King;
Don't heed the clerical ding-a-ding-ding,
Give the populace something with pepper and
sting.

Chuck up that old volume, go in for a fling
Of power and place while you can!"

But the good St. GLADSTONE bent his eyes
Still on that excellent book.
He heard that song with a laugh arise,
But he knew that the Imp had a dangerous
guise,

And he did not care to look.

And inky imps, in a comical rout,
Peered wickedly in, and whisked nimbly
about;

To badger the Saint and to draw him out
Was palpably their intent.



TEMPTATION OF THE GOOD ST. GLADSTONE.

One sly-looking fellow in Truth was there,
A taking of notes with a cynical air,
Like a demon reporter who no one would
spare;

And a bevy of quill-wielding bogies did glare,
And gibber, and cackle, and bark and blare,
And hint horrid suggestions, and questions
unfair,

Drop "bangs" by the bushel, and fibs every-
where,

In a style fit to drive a poor Saint to despair,
With time and much trouble forespent.

Yet the good St. GLADSTONE sunk his eyes
Deep in that excellent book.

He twigged their game, and he so was wise
To guess that the gang had a ghastly guise,
And he did not dare to look.

Last comes an imp—how unlike the rest—
A beautiful female form!

With two dark Irish optics that ogle with zest,
With a blooming cheek and a buxom breast,

And a shamrock brooch in its snow doth nest,
And her lips are soft and warm.

As over his shoulder she bends the light
Of her dark eyes on the page,
She fires his heart with its ancient might,
With thoughts of old seasons of glorious fight,
'Neath the Shamrock Shield in 'the cause of
right.

To aid hapless Beauty is still his delight,
Though he's grey with the frosts of age.
So gentle she seems, so appealing, so sure
Of his help, as of old; 'tis a parlous lure!

Pride, pity, and promise of fame!—
What lurketh behind it, that beautiful mask,
Will the good Saint see, will the good Saint
ask?

Will he know that the Devil is at his old
task?

Will he twig *this* last form of his game?

Ha! the good St. GLADSTONE boggles his
eyes

Over that excellent book.

Ho! ho! at the corners they seem to rise.
He feels that the thing hath a lovely guise,
And—*will* he decline to look?

There are many devils that walk this world—

Devils large and devils small;
Devils saint-meagre, and sinner-stout;
Devils with cow-horns, and devils without;
'Cute devils that go with their tails upcurled,
Bold devils that carry them bravely unfurled;

Meek devils, and devils that brawl;
Serious devils, and mocking devils;
Imps for churches, and atheist revels;
Devils cheeky, and devils polite;
Blue and buff, and black and white;
Devils that gossip, and devils that write;
Devils that slaver, and devils that bite;
Devils that posture as angels of light;
Devils that fill green youth with spite;
Devils that dim Old Age's sight;
Devils foolish, and devils wise;

But a blarneying Colleen with two bright eyes
Is the temptingest devil of all!

"BAR! BAR! HAVE YOU ANY WOOL-SACK?"

SCENE.—*Interior of the Law Courts, after the Junior Bar have been allowed to serve as Jurors. The Court wears its customary appearance, save that there is considerable excitement on the back benches. The cause of "Tompkins v. Snooks," is called for hearing.*

Counsel for the Plaintiff (promptly jumping up and addressing the Court). My Lord, this is a very small matter, and can be decided by your Lordship in a few minutes.

Counsel for the Defendant. One moment, please—we have asked for an Extra Special Jury—composed of Members of the Outer Bar.

[Immense delight in the Back Benches, and—with difficulty—suppressed applause.]

Judge (impressively). Mr. NILLY, before the Jury you propose to accept, is sworn, I would put it very strongly to you—as strongly as I can—whether you consider it advisable, in the interests of both parties to this suit, in your own interest, and in mine, in the cause of Justice, and the Public Convenience, to persevere in your request?

Counsel for the Defendant (struggling with his emotion). My Lord, I may say that this is the most painful moment in my whole life! I am compelled, by my sense of duty, to ask that an Extra Special Jury may be sworn.

[Covers his eyes with his handkerchief, and sits down.]

Judge (after a pause, filled up by looking at Mr. NILLY, more in sorrow than in anger). Let it be so. *(In a hollow voice.)* The Extra Special Jury can be sworn. *(Wild rush of the Junior Bar to the Witness Box—after a tussle, twelve good men and true are sworn in.)*

Judge. Gentlemen, I am pleased to have your assistance. Your faces are perfectly familiar to me, although, I do not think I have had the pleasure of addressing you before. And now, if you please, Mr. WILLY—

Counsel for the Plaintiff. As your Lordship pleases. My Lord and Gentlemen of the Jury, the facts of this case are very simple.

[Opens his case, referring constantly to his instructions.]

Judge (interrupting). Mr. WILLY, pray believe me that I am not in any way complaining of the undue length of your opening, which is concise, and in every way excellent, but, under the special circumstances of the case *(waving his pen towards the Jury Box)* don't you think you had better proceed at once to call your Witnesses?

Counsel for the Plaintiff (angrily, after having followed with his eyes the direction indicated by his Lordship). Be good enough to wake the Jury! Call THOMAS POTTS. *(The First Witness is called, and examined, cross-examined, and re-examined.)*

Judge. I think you may call your next witness, Mr. WILLY.

Foreman of the Jury. With your Lordship's permission, I should like to put a few questions to Mr. POTTS.

The Other Eleven Jurymen. And so would we.

Judge. Of course, Gentlemen, I have no wish in any way to interfere with the custom of permitting the Jurors—

Foreman of the Jury. Believe me, my Lord; and my name is BLACKSTONE COKE BROWN, of 238, Paper Buildings, Temple, E.C., Barrister-at-Law of the Equity, Probate, and Common Law Bars, that your kindness shall not be abused.

The Other Eleven Jurymen. And we, on our honours, as—*(they also give their names in full to the Reporters)*—endorse what the Foreman has said with our heartiest approval. *(The Witness is examined by the entire Jury at immense length. Interval for Luncheon.)*

Counsel for the Plaintiff (on returning from the Coal Cellar, used as the Bar Dining-room). My Lord, I am happy to say that I

have consulted my learned friend, Mr. NILLY, and to economise time we are willing to carry the matter no further, but leave it entirely in your Lordship's hands. We shall be quite satisfied, with so distinguished a Jury, to allow the facts of the case to come out in your Lordship's summing up. *(Sits down.)*

Judge (impressively). Gentlemen of the Jury, you have heard what Mr. WILLY, your learned friend, has said about you, and I see no reason why I should not heartily concur in the exalted estimate he has made of your abilities. Now, Gentlemen, the matter is a very simple one—

Foreman (interrupting, and emerging from a huge heap of law books). I beg your pardon, my Lord, but I have several cases which I should like your Lordship to see before you decide. I turned them out during the luncheon adjournment.

The Other Eleven Jurymen (also emerging from a huge heap of law books). And we too, my Lord, would wish to take your Lordship's opinion on these points. *(Three hours are consumed in arguing "Case Law," when, after a hurriedly-arrived-at peroration, the Jury are called upon to decide upon their Verdict.)*

Foreman of the Jury. With your Lordship's permission, we will ask leave to retire to the library, where the works of reference that will be necessary will be ready to hand.

Judge. Certainly. I would merely remind the Jury that the case commenced at half-past ten, and that it is now nearly six o'clock.

Foreman. My Lord, we will come to a decision with the utmost expedition. *(Retires with his Fellow-Jurymen. A pause of three hours. Everybody intensely weary. Excitement aroused by the return of the Jury.)*

Official. Well, Gentlemen of the Jury, have you arrived at your decision?

Foreman. We have.

[General satisfaction.]

Official. And what say you? Is the Verdict for the Plaintiff or the Defendant?

Foreman. For neither. Our unanimous decision is that we cannot come to a decision! *(Tableau. The Junior Bar triumphant, and Virtue and Vice unplaced.)*

Explanatory.

CHAMBERLAIN, DILKE, and COLLINS agree

The latest catch-word's a "Tory lee."

The real reading (twigged by few)

Is, three wise-acres and a coup!

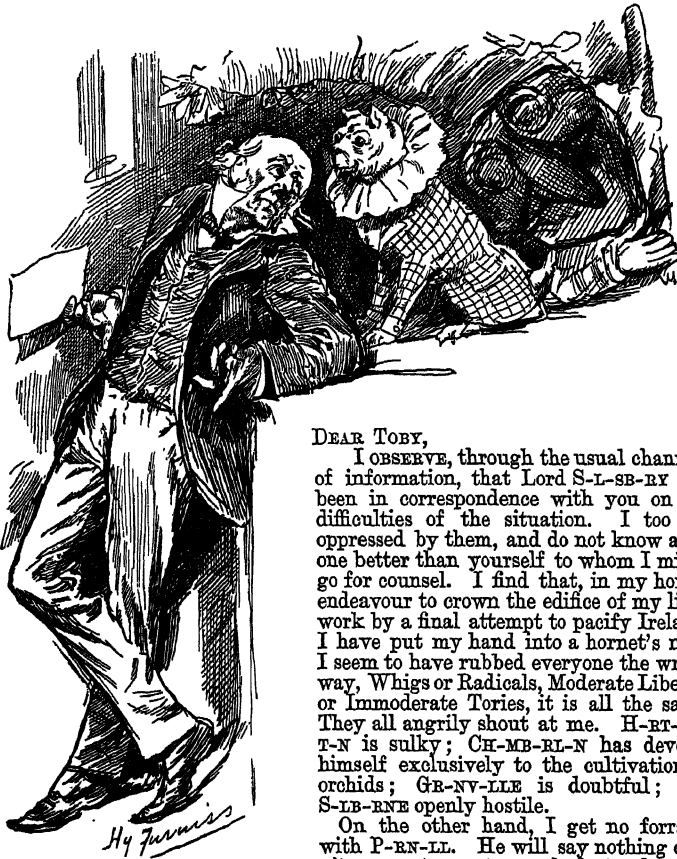
"DE JURE."—Our Mr. HARRY FURNISS wrote a capital letter to the *Daily News*, on which that journal founded a Leader, justly complaining of the stupid and brutal Jury system, as exemplified at the Ancient Bailey. That Leader ought to be followed up. Our Artist suffered much, and then his great soul spoke. Now, when such a FURNISS is stirred, its fury is tremendous. We hope that the stir will have its effect, and that after the Old Bailey Authorities have got it hot all round from FURNISS all ablaze, the place itself may be demolished, the present unsatisfactory Jury system abolished, and all end happily, to the contentment of good citizens.

How pleased Miss ELLEN TERRY, Mr. IRVING, and Mr. CONWAY, must have been with their likenesses, in the picture of a scene from *Faust*, in last week's *Graphic*. We are bound to say that the resemblance to Mr. CONWAY is strikingly good, as we wouldn't speak ill of him behind his back.

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

No. XI.—FROM AN OLD TACTICIAN.

Hawarden Castle, Monday.



DEAR TOBY,

I OBSERVE, through the usual channels of information, that Lord S-L-SB-RY has been in correspondence with you on the difficulties of the situation. I too am oppressed by them, and do not know anyone better than yourself to whom I might go for counsel. I find that, in my honest endeavour to crown the edifice of my life's work by a final attempt to pacify Ireland, I have put my hand into a hornet's nest. I seem to have rubbed everyone the wrong way, Whigs or Radicals, Moderate Liberals or Immoderate Tories, it is all the same. They all angrily shout at me. H-RT-NG-T-N is sulky; CH-MB-RI-N has devoted himself exclusively to the cultivation of orchids; GR-NV-LLE is doubtful; and S-LB-RNE openly hostile.

On the other hand, I get no forrader with P-RN-LL. He will say nothing definite,—wants me to speak first, whereas I want him to speak first; also the Marquis. There are some young men in the House of Commons who flatter themselves that I am very easy to "draw," and perhaps there is some truth in it. I cannot, without swelling with holy wrath, hear some whipper-snapper like R-ND-LPH or ASEM-D B-RTL-TT misquote my Midlothian speeches, or put into my mouth words I have never uttered in the House or elsewhere. But when it comes to a game such as that we are now playing, it is, if I may say so, very different. There are, I am told, people who attribute to me the scheme of coming down to the House on the day it opens, laying all my cards on the table, and leading off with the ace of trumps. It is only to you in confidence that I chuckle at this notion. If they think so, let 'em. But I do not suppose you, who know me a little better, ever suspected such a thing; and, bless you, TOBY, when you see me in the House in the course of the next fortnight, you will declare there never was such a mild innocent-looking gentleman. I have nothing to say on any subject, much less that of Home Rule for Ireland. It is for the Government to declare their views. If, thereupon, Mr. P-RN-LL has anything to say, the time will be convenient; and when the Government and P-RN-LL have each committed themselves to a particular course, then, perhaps, I may have something to say, but not till then, you may be sure.

It's a very pretty game, and a deeply interesting one, if you only knew what has been going on during the past six weeks. There is the Marquis watching me, and P-RN-LL watching the Marquis, with one eye upon me. As for me, I say nothing, and have said nothing, in spite of all the silly stories you may read in the newspapers. It is quite enough for me to cut down a tree here and there, and to write an occasional article for the Magazines. I should be perfectly happy and light-hearted if it were not for the perversity of my friends. They all will insist upon assuming that I have tied myself by engagements, and that I will split up the Party by some rash speech delivered as soon as the House meets: whereas, I have made no engagement, have not bound myself in the slightest degree, and do not mean to take any course when the House meets, that would embarrass my future action. Let other people burn their fingers first, and when they start back then my time may have come.

That is my position, simply and plainly put. From it you will perceive that all my troubles come from outside, and arise from people insisting upon knowing more about my intentions than I do myself. I confess I have tried to drown recollection of these things in a course which, I am afraid, cannot be otherwise described than as one of mad rioting. On Boxing Day we had a servants' ball here, and if you had seen me going through "Sir Roger de Coverley" with the youngest housemaid, you would not have thought I had a care upon my brain.

Two nights later I attended an enthralling lecture on gymnastics, practically illustrated by young gentlemen, who tumbled about in an extraordinary manner. But the best of the fun came after, when everybody had departed, and H-RT-NG-T-N and I had the place and apparatus to ourselves. If you had seen me hanging on to the *trapeze* by one leg, standing on the parallel bar sheaf downwards supported by my arms, or holding straight out two fifty-six-pound dumb-bells, you would never have forgotten it. I find these little diversions do me good, distract my thoughts, and prepare me for the new Session.

Wishing you a Happy New Year, and many of them,
I remain, Yours faithfully,

W. E. GL-DST-NE.

To TOBY, M.P., The Kennel, Barks.

THE TRUTH ABOUT SOME RECENT CORRESPONDENCE ON THE LYCEUM FAUST.

(To the Editor of the Times. Private and Confidential.)

SIR,—I write to you because I have nothing much else to do, and am delighted to get the chance of appearing in print, so as not to be utterly forgotten, and also because, as my name has a German ring about it, the public will conclude that I must be an authority on anything connected with GOETHE. Yours, SCHÜTZ-WILSON.

P.S.—"Schütz" is good, isn't it?

(To the Editor of the Times. Private and Confidential.)

SIR,—Your Correspondent, Mr. WILSON, gives me an opportunity of figuring in the *Times*, and getting an advertisement for nothing. I am personally obliged to Mr. WILSON. I should like to say something sharp about "Shoots WILSON," or *Frei-schütz*, by way of making a hit, but as it would take me some time to think it out, I must leave that *jeu de mot* for the present, and await a chance later.

I wrote *Faust* to order. There were two difficulties I had to get over. One was, that in the original there is no genuine "actor's chance;" and the other was, that *Mephistopheles* and *Marguerite* have no powerful scenes together. Both these are necessities demanded by the public, who pay to see Mr. IRVING and Miss TERRY. So with some considerable ingenuity, I invented a speech for *Mephistopheles* in a rage, founding it on a few lines of his in another part of the poem. This was quite an inspiration. Mr. IRVING likes it immensely; so did the critics: so do the public. Then I introduced him into the garden for a *tête-à-tête* with *Marguerite* whence she expels him with the sacred symbol, an idea which struck me as having such a touch of originality about it as to amount to another inspiration; and then I substituted him for the Evil Spirit in the Cathedral. Mr. IRVING and Miss TERRY are satisfied, the public is satisfied, so am I; and who cares what WILSON shoots? I haven't yet got this joke about his name quite perfect; but no matter, a time will come.

Yours,

W. G. WILLS.

(To the Editor of the Times. Private and Confidential.)

SIR,—I couldn't see SCHÜTZ-WILSON and WILLS appearing in the *Times*, without my having a finger in the pie. I've read GOETHE, too. I've been at it night and day since SCHÜTZ-WILSON's letter appeared, and I mean to let the public know it. IRVING's all right; he always is; so's WILLS's piece, though I don't care so much about WILLS: but I do like to show HENRY IRVING that he has no more staunch or loyal friend in the literary and journalistic world, than his old companion—"Should auld acquaintance be forgot?"—JOSEPH HATTON.

P.S.—Capital chap SCHÜTZ-WILSON. Such a good name. If I had had that name when I was starting in life, I'd have been the most celebrated man in Europe, and a millionaire by now. I consider the name of SCHÜTZ-WILSON has been thrown away on its present possessor. I thought I'd arrange with WILLS to cut in first, as it keeps up the excitement. It would have been poor journalistic tactics for our letters to have both appeared on the same day in the same issue of the *Times*. But how miserably SCHÜTZ-WILSON sneaked out of it all on Saturday last in an ordinary-typed letter hidden in a corner of the *Times*. A man with such a name too! Melancholy to see it so thrown away!



THE PLUMAGE LEAGUE.

NOTE ON THE NATION'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

'GIN a body get a body
A fine pro-per-ty.
"Up and down the Irrawaddy,
Need a body cry?"

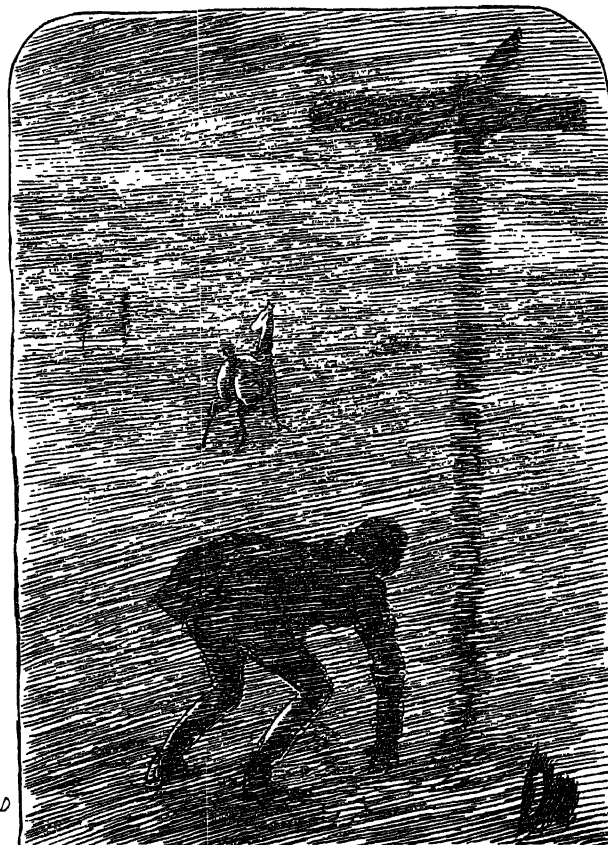
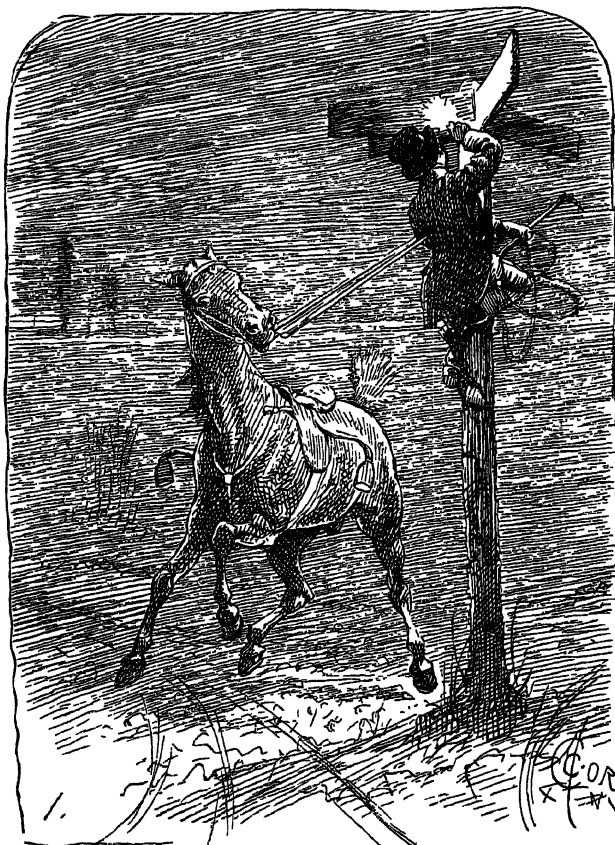
ABSENCE OF MIND.

Mrs. R. having heard that, after a Christmas festivity, a Philosopher had barked his nose by running against the mantelpiece, attributed the accident to "unconscious celebration."

NOTE FOR NATIONALISTS.

From Moderate Liberals nought expect,
They on Dismemberment must frown;
For—naturally—the W(h)igs object
To "Separation from the Crown."

HUNTING PUZZLES.



FOUND! TRYING TO POST HIMSELF UP IN THE GEOGRAPHY. "NO NAME!" 'GONE AWAY!' AND WHERE ARE WE NOW?

LETTERS OF AN EXPERIMENTALIST.

DOING WITHOUT THE BUTCHER.

SIR,—All sagacious householders will have experienced lively satisfaction at the fact that the farmers of Bedfordshire have been dispensing with the services of the extortionate Middleman, and undertaken the direct supply of Meat themselves. I am nothing if not an Experimentalist, and this is what I did:—

I secured, last week, by negotiation with a farmer in one of the Midland Counties, a "beast," that was duly delivered into my hands at the Great Northern Station, King's Cross, where, accompanied by a friend who had agreed to take a hind quarter, and who kindly volunteered to assist me in the task of driving it home to my residence at Walham Green, I repaired to meet it as arranged. We had selected the evening as the most convenient and fitting time for our first essay at cattle-driving, and having attached a rope to the creature's neck, we got, with the exception of having become entangled for some short time round a lamp-post, on the whole, fairly out of the station. Our first difficulty occurred in the Euston Road, where the beast, a fine full-grown ox, who seemed remarkably fresh after its journey, apparently dazzled by the illumination, made a dash into a chemist's shop, from which, after considerable commotion, we managed, by the aid of two policemen, and giving it a drink of soda-water in a pail, to remove it backwards on to the pavement.

Here we had pretty plain sailing for a time, and managed by hallooing well to people ahead, and by keeping to the back streets, to get on with nothing much beyond the upsetting of an apple-stall and a wayfarer or two, and frightening an old woman in the Brompton Road into hysterics. But here again our beast gave us some trouble, declining to move, until we at last resolved that, if the worst came to worst, we would try to put it on the top of a four-wheeler. On attempting this, however, it made a sudden bolt into the interior of a Fulham omnibus. The vehicle being fairly full, the occurrence naturally occasioned some protest from the passengers, but the creature could not be induced to retire, and so, by paying for seven inside places, and giving my name and address for a summons to the conductor, I managed to convey it to my house-door, where, with the assistance of all the outside passengers, who lent a hand at its tail, we obliged it, after a vigorous and prolonged effort, ultimately to dismount.

It was therefore close upon half-past one o'clock in the morning before I managed to get it up the steps into the hall of my house. It being a wet night, it became a question whether I should drive it on into the back garden, where I had intended to put it up prior to the "killing" the next morning, or allow it to have a shake-down in a temporary bed of old newspapers in the back study; but as it seemed inclined to be frisky, and did, in fact, in a few minutes, clear the hall of the weather-glass, letter-box, and umbrella-stand, I decided on the former, and by frightening it by banging it with a tea-tray, finally, after a struggle of two hours and a half, succeeded in driving it sideways down the garden-steps into its appointed quarters, where I left it rolling on the flower-beds, and bellowing in a way that must, I fear, have disturbed the neighbourhood.

The next morning brought annoyance with it, in the shape of a letter from the friend who had undertaken to take half the beast off my hands, and "to send some one to skin it and joint it properly on the premises." He had written to me, backing out of the whole thing, and saying, on second thoughts, he did not "see his way to getting through a fortnight's beef all at once." This was a most unpleasant surprise; but as the carpenter, whom I had sent round for to superintend and execute the "killing" was waiting for orders, I hardly knew what to decide. I could scarcely face such an overwhelming quantity of beef as would suddenly come on my hands; and yet the state of the garden seemed to point to immediate action, as all the beds and paths were trodden into a common pulp. So I gave the order to the carpenter to proceed with his business.

After I had been waiting nervously for half-an-hour to hear what he had done, he came in to say he did not think he could manage it. After some delay, I borrowed a double-barrelled rifle, and managed, at the ninth shot, to give the creature its quietus.

Of the subsequent proceedings I have little to say beyond that I would, on the whole, counsel no one in future to "kill" on the premises. You cannot with any comfort turn them into an amateur slaughter-house. As to the meat, though we sent out fifty Christmas Cards mentioning it to friends, we had so much of it on our hands, that we had to make a hurried present of nearly the whole of it to the Parish Authorities. As an Experimentalist, I am convinced that in London we are not yet prepared to do without the butcher.

ONE WHO DOESN'T QUITE KNOW.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

"TIPS."

Mems. : by a Weak-minded Man.

"Tips, Sir, are a nuisance to the giver, and a degradation to the receiver!"

Much impressed by this Johnsonian summing up of a much-discussed question by our Oracle, BUSTER, we there and then, in the



A Bit of a Stick with a Silver Tip.

true Curtius-cum-Cobden spirit of Business Britons, resolved ourselves into an "Anti-Tip League." Our Badge—can't have a League, or Army, or Guild, *without* a Badge nowadays—was an open palm, empty. This we had stamped in brass, and wore in our buttonholes. I wonder whether they all felt as proud of it as I did. I have made some Mems. of my own experience.

Monday.—Started from home without my Badge. Had to go back for it. Consequently nearly lost my 'Bus. Conductor, however, spotting my panting form in the distance, stopped, and with the conventional "Now then, Sir, look alive, please!" trotted back to give me a hand along. "Appy Noo Year, [Sir!]" says he, smirking. Glow of gratitude on my part, and spontaneous approach of hand to breeches' pocket—noted, approvingly, by Conductor. Suddenly remember! Great shock. Button up pocket, and sidle into 'Bus sheepishly, with a feeble "Tha-a-nks, BOTTLEBY!" BOTTLEBY stares, astonished, and bangs door violently. Is heard exchanging confidences with his driver over the knife-board. Feel certain they are *not* complimentary to me. Never enjoyed ride to town less.

Tuesday.—Everybody asking what *that* is—meaning my Badge. Find myself explaining, in feeble whisper. Can't carry it off like BUSTER, who glories in the whole thing. But BUSTER is masterful—and mean. Most uncomfortable day. Breeches-pocket-action grown automatic by long habit; necessity of checking it continually troublesome, and leads to peculiar jerkiness in my gestures. All sorts of little difficulties turning up. Everybody at home uncomfortable, from my Wife to Buttons. New Medo-Persic Ultimatum. "No Christmas-boxes!" doesn't appear to work well. Everybody seems either tearful or out of temper—some both. My old clerk MIFFINS most miserable. Know why. Thinks he has offended me. Long to double his usual "vail," but mustn't. Outlet at lunch cold, and boots badly blacked by my favourite boy. But, *per contra*, I have satisfaction of knowing I am "discouraging a practice degrading to the spirit of manly independence which should dominate the breast of every Briton, from Premier to Policeman." (See BUSTER's Letter to the *Times*.) Satisfaction hardly so satisfying as I expected, though, and I fancy I am more discouraged than the practice. I'm sure I feel more degraded than the disappointed expectants of tips look.

Wednesday.—Nephews, home from Eton, come to see me. Awfully fond of boys, and generally get on capitally with them. This time, however, a chill seems to have fallen over us. No larks, no laughter! Not even the usual snowball down my neck. Even *that* would have been some comfort. FRANK's face, when I explain the Badge, a study. Tell him it is "the principle of the thing, don't you know?" Says, "Ye-e-s!" but doesn't seem to see it. Used to call me "TIP-ON SAHIB." Have dropped that practice. Overheard BERTIE telling FRANK they ought to spell it "Tip-*owe*," now. Wounding very. But *with that* Badge, what can I do—or say? Boys go early, leaving me miserable. BUSTER drops in, big and beaming. Says the Badge has saved him an average of two-and-fourpence-farthing an hour since he donned it. Chortles over it till I feel I could punch him with pleasure. Go nearer to a quarrel with BUSTER than ever before. Go to bed in beastly temper with myself, and everybody else.

Thursday.—That Badge is becoming a burden and a bore. *People are beginning to understand what it means!* If I had BUSTER's bumptiousness, I could brazen it out. But I haven't. When people look at me pityingly, or scornfully, according to their view of the case, I wince, thus losing dignity as well as comfort. Life is becoming a dreary negation, consequent on the necessity of saying "No!" every five minutes or so. I had no idea what an affliction travelling

can become—in the absence of "Tips." Talk about the comforts of civilisation! I should say—altering the Poet Laureate slightly—
Comfort! Comfort born of—gratuities!

Pleasure, I am convinced, is a matter of *pour-boire*. Degrading, of course, to our common—our *very* common!—humanity, but true. Humanity feels it has a *right* to its appointed pay; it is the supererogatory and the eleemosynary which make humanity *obliging*. Tell BUSTER this. BUSTER snorts. Snorting is BUSTER's *ultima ratio*. He says I am weak. I feel I would rather be weak—in his sense—with a nice foot-warmer and somebody to awake me at my station, than ever so strong, and uncomfortable, *without*. But the more that Badge becomes known, the more I am shunned or ignored, and the more I suffer.

Friday.—Leave the Badge at home—accidentally, of course. First person I meet is BUSTER. He points at once to my buttonhole, and snorts. Explain that I've left it behind, by mistake, and suggest—silly—that he should lend me *his*. To my horror he does so at once, saying that *he always carries a spare one in his purse, in case of accidents*. There's principle, there's persistency! But we are not all BUSTERS! As soon as I have left him, put it in my purse. First result. 'Busman greets me with a pleasant smile. Pass a most tantalising day, everyone beaming on me expectantly at first, and then freezing into cold uncomfortableness on finding that nothing is forthcoming. Have the satisfaction of snubbing a few of those obtrusive London touts who are always plaguing one with sham services, for which they expect substantial returns. But this does not make up for the number of *real* services which I am compelled to accept, and ignore.

Saturday.—Send in my Badge and resignation as Member of the "Anti-Tip League." Breathe freely again, and "tip" lavishly all round. Meet BUSTER, who passes me without speaking. *Another blessing!* Get "on terms" with everybody again like a shot. Enjoy myself immensely. Decide that, though "Tips" are often a nuisance, and sometimes a degradation, yet in a world of hard and often ill-paid work like ours, there are worse things. They *ought* to be done away with, no doubt. So ought poverty, badly-requited labour, unequally distributed wealth, pleasure-pinched destitution, and swaggering selfishness. When these latter are abolished it will be time enough to talk about abolishing "Tips."

Mem.—I hear that BUSTER is the only remaining Member of the "Anti-Tip League"!!!

THE RULE OF THE ROAD.

(Something about it, from a couple of last week's Diaries.)

WELL, if this isn't enough to make a Ratepayer savage, I should like to know what is, that's all. The state of the road is simply disgraceful. Started this morning, to go to the office, and in ten minutes after leaving home, owing to having to wade through a drift, found myself soaked to my knees. Home again and changed, and started afresh, this time getting hold of a four-wheeler with two horses, that agreed to take me for treble fare. Both horses down several times, but drag on. Stuck at last. Cabman says he can't go on any further. Get out and find it freezing hard. Pick my way carefully, but presently slip backwards and sprain my right ankle badly. Luckily an omnibus comes by, sliding and staggering, and I limp in. We creep on for some time, but at length come to a dead halt. Both horses are down and we all have to get out. Driver says he's not going "to have any more of this fun," and is "going back." He does. I limp on citywards as well as I can. Get into another drift, and am again soaked to my knees. Try to walk quicker, and again slip backwards, and this time sprain my left ankle badly. Sit on a frozen heap of snow, and am now waiting for a policeman to help me on to a stretcher.

So the neighbourhood's snowed up, and we Westrymen has got to see to it. Anythink else, I should like to know! Why, what 'll they be expecting of us next? To take a broom and sweep it up ourselves, I suppose? Not if I know it—no, nor hiring a lot of fellows to do it neither. Snow is snow, everybody knows that, and, of course, if it comes down heavy, it sticks—and, why shouldn't it stick? I ask. How can a Westry be held responsible for that? Clear it away, indeed. Who's to clear it away? Why, if it comes to that, it will clear itself away. Give it time enough, and it will melt—any fool knows that. And what are people to do in the meantime? Why, slush through it as best they can. That's what the busses have to do and the cabs; and, for the matter of that, if a four-wheeler can't get along with two 'osses driving tandem, well, all I can say is, it must stay where it is. Oughtn't we Westrymen to try to get the muok moved away? 'Ow? Where's the carts to do it? D'you think it's our business to puzzle our 'eads over a set out like this 'ere, because it ill-conveniences a lot of chaps going to the City and back? Why, what do you think a Westryman is made for? Not for that, I can tell you.



DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—THE HOSPITAL NURSE.

Impressive Female. "I WANT THE POST OF HEAD NURSE OR MATRON TO YOUR INSTITUTION."

Secretary. "WELL—BUT—MAY I ASK WHERE YOU'VE BEEN TRAINED?"

Impressive Female. "I'M NOT TRAINED. I'M GIFTED!"

A STORY FOR THE MARINES—AND OTHERS.

CAPTAIN BROWNJONES ROBINSON, R.N., paced the quarter-deck of H.M.S. *Junket*, with a smile of satisfaction on his face. He had that day received a letter of approbation from his superiors, heartily congratulating him upon the efforts he had made in securing the efficiency of the crew of his vessel.

"Well," he murmured, "I think I have deserved it. There is not a man on the ship, from the First Lieutenant to the Junior Powder Monkey, who is not of Chinese origin. Ah, Mr. WING!"

The young Officer addressed touched his regulation cap with his pig-tail, and stood at "attention."

"Ah, Mr. WING is all right?"

"You speakee my namey wrongy," replied the young Officer, with a smile, child-like and bland. "They callee me WING, but my namey is AH WING."

"Well, Mr. AH WING is all right?"

"Quite, Sir," returned the other, who only used the Chinese method of speaking English at times. "The Starboard Watch is set, and at seven bells we pipe the Port Division to quarters."

"And the marling-spikes, are they properly spliced to the spinnaker binnacle?"

"As tautly as if we were expecting a flock of Mother Carey's chickens out of Davy Jones's locker."

And so the professional conversation continued until other duties carried the Captain and his First Lieutenant to opposite parts of the vessel.

Some weeks after the event just narrated had come to pass, the Captain paced his State Cabin in evident trepidation.

"Dear me!" he explained. "It is most annoying! Here, when everything was going on so smoothly, all my arrangements are upset

by the Government declaring war! And not an English officer on board to assist in commanding the Blue Jackets and the Marines! Why I would give worlds for a fellow-countryman. Even Sir REGINALD HANSON, the Colonel of the London Militia, albeit an Alderman, and, I believe, 'something very good indeed in the provision line' would be invaluable at such a moment!"

From which it will be gathered that the unhappy Commander had come to the very end of his resources. Hastily assuming his sword and cap, he ascended to the quarter-deck. To his surprise, he found the entire ship's company paraded.

"Calk my dead-lights!" he exclaimed, "what is all this?"

"Me speakee for the crewey," said the First Lieutenant, adopting the Chinese *patois*. Then he continued in ordinary English—"Captain BROWNJONES ROBINSON, I am deputed to say that it is our opinion that we cannot fight yonder approaching gunboat. So there is only one thing to be done—we must haul down the colours!"

"Never!" cried the Captain, excited. Then he implored them to consider the services he had rendered, and the sacrifices he had made, the instruction he had afforded.

"All you say may be correct," replied the ever-courteous First Lieutenant, as he lowered the white ensign; "but you see, Sir, you forgot, in teaching us everything else, to give us a few hints in the practical parts of our profession. You see, Sir, you have taught us everything—save how to fight!"

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—The honoured name of "Our" Mr. SAMBOURNE appears in a prospectus of "The New Pictorial World Co. Limited" as a Director, with the qualification, in brackets, of being "Punch Staff;" and then follows his address "Stafford Terrace." This will now be changed to "Punch Stafford Terrace." *By Order.*

THE SNOW-FIEND'S SONG.

SWISH! Swosh! Squash! Squelch! Oh, this is *most* delightful!

London is once again

One vast muck-sludge! Its misery is frightful.

BUMBLE, the dunce! again

Squats with wide eyes and helpless hands aghast,

Whilst those his folly

Makes martyrs of slip, flounder, or stick fast.

'Tis truly jolly!

I feared, I really feared, that by this time

Civic improvement

Might make my saturnalia less sublime;

But no! no movement!

I've not so many chances as I had,

Which is a pity.

But when I *do* arrive, I drive half mad

This stupid City.

Look at it! 'Tis a waste of ruts and ruins!

Sharp Anglo-Saxon,

Your streets present a scene my Arctic Bruins

Would turn their backs on.

All night my feathery flakelets fell around them

Soft, silent, steady;

And in the morn my white morasses found them

Once more unready.

Hurroo! What dolts men are! They tramp and trudge

Floundering and stumbling

O'er miles of ice, through leagues of shivery sludge,

Patient, though grumbling.

Of course they'll criticise my cruel capers;

They'll swear much, some of them.

Of course, they'll write long letters to the papers;

But naught will come of them.

Grey Malebolges of cold clinging muck

Will stop their traffic;

In snow their carriages will all get stuck,

Wires telegraphic

Like snakes will swirl around them. All their toes

Will catch benumbers.

They will be given up to ruthless foes

Called demon-plumbers.

And yet, and yet they will *not* turn and rend

The booby BUMBLE,

But freeze and flounder to the bitter end,

And slide and stumble.

Ah! it is marvellous, and lovely too!

Absurd, and jolly!

And that is why I say again, Hurroo,

For human folly!!!



NEW NEIGHBOURS.

John Chinaman. "ME GLAD SEE YOU HERE, JOHN CHIN-CHIN!"

"IN CONSEQUENCE OF LAST WEEK'S FROST."

OVERFLOWING audiences did not throng the Haymarket Theatre. "India in London," in Langham Place, was more than usually quiet. The Bear on the Pole at the Zoo had rather a dull time of it. The Cage of the Monument was not inconveniently crowded. The cab horses were well exercised. Marvellous escapes from falling "overhead telegraph wires" were of hourly occurrence.

Mr. DASHAWAY was unable to keep his promise of calling at his Tailor's to pay a long outstanding account.

Mrs. MCSTINGY was forced to indefinitely postpone her Annual Children's Party.

And, lastly, the utter feebleness and futility of London's attempt, under existing circumstances, at self-government, was amply and disastrously demonstrated.

The Druid of the "Daily Telegraph."

GIVE him plum-pudding and good vinous fluid;
That's the cheer for an Ancient Druid.
In liking what warms him and makes him mellow,
The Old Druid proves that he's not an Odd Fellow.

"HARBOUR FOOTLIGHTS" AT THE ADELPHI.

HERE is a real fine young English melodrama, one of the brand new sort. Great attraction! Two wicked Squires (like a double harlequinade); and when one's down t'other comes on; and, dear me, what a vicious villain the sinful survivor is to be sure—(there



Lena and Leaner.

is a "cup-of-cold-poison" look about him—and they call him, consequently, MISTER "BEVERAGE," as far as I remember)—and how frank and open are those gallant tars, *Lieutenant David Kingsley, R.N.*, and *Captains Nelson and Hardy* (who ought to kiss each other, but don't). Why, the very names bring the sniff of the briny over the Harbour Footlights! How sweet is *Dora*, and how pathetic is *Lena*! (Great attraction again—*Two Columbines*!) I feel for the latter young lady at once. When she returns, pale and thin, to her ruined home, and says to

her more virtuous and better-fed sister, "Look at me! See what I am!" The dainty *Dora* surveys the wasted form, and piteously exclaims, "Oh, *Leaner*!" Then we pity her all through, until, by her excellent acting, she manages to secure some of the "fat" of the piece. The characters in plays of this sort never swerve a hair's-breadth from the type or mould into which they are poured in the introductory Act, the wicked man never turneth away from his wickedness, nor the comic man from his comicality. Dear old types! They all "behave as such," and no nasty new departure mars their splendid familiarity. So when *Lieutenant Kingsley, R.N.*, with probably a poetical touch of his ancestor the late Reverend Romancist, babbles in Act I. to his sweetheart of the "dear old home," and "the sparkling blue sea," and the "singing birds," and the "long dark watches of the night," we are quite prepared to hear him in Act III. trot out the very identical "long dark watches of the night" on board his ship. I wonder do sailors ever have "short bright moonlight watches"?

Another "dear old" peculiarity of melodramatic folk is, that after talking capital cockney, or breezy sea-slang, or decent and sensible modern English for many scenes, in a moment of excitement they insist on soaring into unbounded and extravagant high-falutin. Thus when the intrepid *Lieutenant TERRISS* rushes off to the dear old Hall,



A Terriss on the Sea.

he exclaims, "I go to punish the villain who has injured me, and rescue the girl I love!" About which there is more comic bathos than the clever actor is possibly aware of. "Eastward Ho!" would be a better exit speech for a *Kingsley*.

However, this Second Act is the best of the bunch of five. *Dora* and *Lena* turn up trumps, so does a generous Masher, with an eye-glass, and a morbid Bandit, with the most awful of Mothers, "turns up" Wicked Squire No. 1. It is all well played, and the concluding struggle, murder, and situation, are of first-class curdling power. It is right to add, that when these "enterprising curdlers, Messrs. SIMS AND PETTIT," aren't a-curdling, "their capacity for innocent enjoyment is strongly marked.

The introduced comic episode is a feature of this school. It is a little "excursion" after the "alarms." It is a sure test, may I say a Criterion, of the work of the Messrs. S. AND P. above mentioned. In Act III., for instance, we have "the great original hat-trick, with Hanlon-Lee business," the thrilling domestic drama of *The Bad Half-crown*; or, *the Mother-in-Law and the Marine*, and the grand Naval Review, on board ship. "Point! Parry! Cut one! Slope!" go the melancholy Marines, who have come aft because they are all stern-looking men, and we are grateful that they do not slice off the Conductor's head, or chop up his fiddlers. The Scene is a "Marine Parade"; our artist has completed the *super-mare* suggestion.

The real point is, that there isn't any point in their gymnastic performances—the Lord High Admiral might just as well have made an omelette in his cocked hat, as far as the play is concerned, and as "Cut one!" "Cut two," was roared out by a bearded Bo's'n, who looked very frightened to find himself in a playhouse, I was tempted to add, "Oh! cut out!" but that I feared being presented with the noble order of the "Eccentric chuck."

I admire the realistic local colour of the really ship-shape mounting of this scene, but I would like to cut the cutlass out-lads.

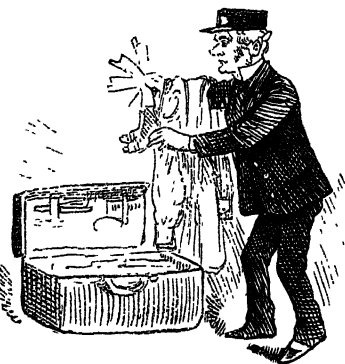
Act IV. is gruesome. We have had piled-up horrors enough, without being introduced to the Poetic Bandit's malignant Mamma. Poor boy! no wonder he grew up badly, and drags his words so desperately. The Bandit's *Mater* has, of course, a fine tap of lofty diction, considering her station in life. If she means to go out, she observes, "Old as I am, I will go forth!" Why "forth"? I wish she would go first, and not come back.

After this, we have a combination of *Arrah-na-Pogue* cliffs and *Colleen Bawn* waves, and hero and heroine in a picturesque attitude, with a possibly prophetic shower of rice dashing over them, which is exciting. How *Lena* got on such a ledge without breaking her pretty neck is a mystery; but what of that? The Melodrama's laws the Melodrama's patrons give, they swallow impossible situations and bombastic moralities with really superb delight, and we must not look for Sardou-subtleties in the school of Saxon simplicities and Adelphi audacity.

From this point we get home rapidly. No time for episodes now, and with one more change (that the dripping life-boat's crew must have been glad of), we steer to the happy end by the red revolving light of the *title-rôle*, or roll. The vigorously-hissed Hibernian, Mr. BEVERIDGE, is carted off, and he grins and bears it as is his plucky wont, and we applaud Miss MARY RORKE, and Miss MILLWARD, and Miss KATE FAYNE, and the comic, or E. W. GARDEN, sailor, and seamanly Mr. TERRISS and all his virtuous crew, and, as we stream out to the Strand, like the waves that BRITANNIA rules, we admit that, despite the inflated dialogue, there are real honest moments when the gulp comes and the mist rises in the play. If you are not ashamed of emotion, you can get it here.

Just a suggestion. What is to become of poor dear *Lena*? True that TERRISS, R.N. (right noble!) has rescued her from an undulating watery grave, but both her Squire and her Bandit are dead, and it's a dull prospect for her to end her days in *John Nelson Maclean's* cottage, with only a swordfish and some stuffed birds for company. But that generous Masher with the eye-glass, who goes about the play lending people rolls of notes, is to the fore, and there's the husband for *Lena*! See to this, Messrs. S AND P., and do another good turn to "Albion;" and here's a long and successful cruise to H.M.S. *Britannic*!

NIBLET JUNIOR.



Mr. Maclean packing up "Ma clean things."

Literary Mem. for the New Year.

MR. COURTHOPE has produced a book, entitled *The Liberal Movement in English Literature*. The "tales of COURTHOPE" concerning those whom he considers Literary Liberals are not all "flattering." But there is a "Liberal Movement in English Literature" to which we are sure even Mr. COURTHOPE could not object, and which Mr. *Punch* urges upon the attention of his readers at this season; and that is, the sending all our spare books, superfluous periodicals, and supererogatory newspapers, to our Hospitals, Children's Homes, Reformatories, Workhouses, and other Charitable Institutions. The movement—as liberal as possible—of literature in that direction cannot be open to objection from the most critical of Conservatives. *Verb. sap!*

AN AWKWARD CORNERER;

OR, VOTES AND QUERIES.

THE (Low) Pressure Association having recently addressed a fresh Circular to every Member of the House of Commons, asking for answers to the following questions:—"Are you in favour of Home Rule? If so, what sort of Home Rule do you propose to grant? If not, why not?" has received the following, among other replies:—

Mr. O'CONNOR CLAST (Radical Member for a slice of Hampshire) says that he is not himself an Irishman, though his name might imply so. He is not prepared to go quite the whole way with the Parnellites; but, if the abolition of the Viceroyalty, the release of all Irishmen under sentence of penal servitude, the destruction of Dublin Castle by dynamite, the appointment of Mr. DAVITT as Chief Secretary, and the affiliation of Ireland to the United States of America, would be likely to satisfy the more moderate section of the Nationalists, he, for his part, sees no reason why this instalment of justice should not at once be granted.

Mr. FACING FOREWAYS (Liberal Member for several Genteel Suburbs) regrets the lack of clearness and definiteness in other people's views on this subject. He himself is in favour of such steps being taken as will give to the Irish people the control of such matters as they ought to have the control of, while reserving to the Imperial Parliament all those powers which are necessary for the maintenance of the complete integrity of the Empire.

Sir CAWTIUS BIRD, Bart. (Independent Conservative Member for South-North-East Clodshire, whose length of service and well-known political prudence have given him the title of "Grandmother of the House of Commons") "prefers to await the opening of Parliament before giving any detailed exposition of his views."

Mrs. LLEWELLYN CADWALLADER JONES (wife of the Conservative Member for the Llanfanfwrll Division of Carnarvon) begs to say that as all his sons and nephews are at present home from school, Mr. CADWALLADER JONES is prevented from answering the questions by domestic affliction.

The Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE refers the inquirer to the first five volumes of his Midlothian speeches for his opinion, and at the same time considers that it is Lord SALISBURY's place to state his views on Home Rule.

The Marquis of SALISBURY, K.G., thinks that it is the imperative duty of Mr. GLADSTONE to answer these questions first, and he'll wait till he has done so before stating his own views.

Mr. PARNELL defers any exposition of his opinions until Lord SALISBURY and Mr. GLADSTONE have given theirs.

The Sub-Under-Secretary for the Colonies and Scilly Isles says that, as he does not hold Irish Estates, and there is no Irish vote in his Constituency, he does not care twopence whether Home Rule is granted or not. He objects to his opinion (or his pay) being drawn by anybody else.

Mr. BUCEPHALUS SMITH (Radical Labour Representative for the Tanneries) writes that he will be "jolly well jiggered" before he gives Home Rule to Irish Rebels. He would "a deal sooner" give security of tenure to loyal Scotch Crofters and English farmers.

A Borough Member (who wishes his name withheld) thinks the Leaders of both Parties ought to be ashamed of themselves, and that a stringent law of Procedure should forbid Irish matters of any sort taking up more than a fifth part of the time of Parliament in any Session.

Mr. TWADDLE, Q.C. (Conservative Member for Fickleton) argues that the question should be approached in a judicial spirit, which he will be much more able to do when he receives the vacant Judgeship which (as the P. A. must acknowledge) is his by unquestionable right.

A number of Representatives return the circular unanswered, and—the (low) Pressure Association regrets to remark—in unstamped envelopes.

ROBERT ASTONISHED!

WELL, I've been a thinking for sum time that it's rayther a rum world, but it seems to me to be getting rummer and rummer every day. I've seed a good many staggerers in my life, and herd a good many stunners, but on last Fryday as ever was I herd not only our own LORD MARE make a speech to a number of Forriners in what I was told was the French tung, for nuffin don't surprise me as a Lord Mare does, weather its Greek or Lattin or Scotch, but everybody else was all a gibbering and a jabbering away and nun of us waiters couldn't understand a single word! Wen I arsked won verry respectable looking Mounseer if he woud take sum tea, he acshally smiled at me and arsked for mercy! and wen I tried another smiler he shook his ed and said, "no mercy!" I didn't arsk for mercy, why shoold I? but the Sherryff kindly came to my assistance and releevd me of my burden, and then gave me a few words of Welch as a kindly change! Lucky it wasn't a dinner, or grayshus knows what we shoold have all dun. As for the LORD MARE's speech, it was that butiful that I

couldn't tell a word of it from the other frenchmen, witch I thinks about the gratest complement I can pay his Lordship. An to think as this werry LORD MARE is the representif of the "Puffijus Halbion," as the Frenchmen calls it! With his usual good taste, he didn't ask not none of the Haldermen, nor none of the Common Counselmen—for they woud ha' felt hout of their hellement in not being able to say a word not to nobody, except, of course, to hus, tho' we shoold ha' felt it rayther a relief.

There was one cappitul good French joke made by the LORD MARE as set 'em all off a roaring. I couldn't in coarse understand it myself, but I jined in so werry artily that one of the Forriners near me said, ah, you understand French, which put me on my metal, so I said only a little Mounseer, he then said I can speak English a little, and the LORD MARE's joke was he once asked a Lady to kiss him because he knew Greek! Well, how his Lordship could like to menshun the little *fo par* in presence of the LADY MARESS, et settera, I'm sure I don't know. All I nose is I shoouldn't have dared do so in quite similar suckumstances. But as I said at the beginning, so I says at the hend, it's a rum world, my masters. ROBERT.

MUCK IN THE HAYMARKET.

SIR,—I never understood what the degradation of the Stage meant until I saw Mr. BARRYMORE's *Nadjezda* at the Haymarket. It is a repulsive story, undramatically told, and the rôle of the heroine is absurdly acted by a foreign lady who does not possess one single qualification for the part,—that is, as far as I saw it, for I only had patience to sit out the Prologue and the First Act. I have only to thank her for one thing, and that is, that she was almost unintelligible. What was the Licenser of Plays about, to permit the production of so revolting a piece? Palais Royal farces, with their *doubles entendres*, and immoral, but farcically improbable plots, which raise a laugh and do no harm, because it is all meant as a joke from beginning to end, fall under the Censor's restrictions, and the LORD CHAMBERLAIN has before now, in the interests of morality, insisted on the extra ladies in burlesques and *opéras bouffes* having their skirts lengthened, but he or his agent is silent when such a play as *Nadjezda* is given him to read,—a play which, it must be as unpleasant for the performers to act as it is for the audience to see.

That it was cruel to guy, mock at, and hiss the Actress and Actors on the first night, I admit, and sincerely pity them. It was Lynch law. I saw it on the third night. I did not see one redeeming point, except Mr. BRERBOHME TREE's make-up. Mr. BARRYMORE's young Englishman was an offensively effusive cad, and the American young lady obtrusively vulgar. This latter character may possibly be true to nature; all I can say is that such a type is contrary to my own experience of American ladies. It may be correct for all that: I hope not. Perhaps if it were redeemed by wit, it might be tolerable. Mrs. JOHN WOOD would be an authority on such a subject. Ere this letter is published, this sordid, objectionable play will, I should say, have disappeared for ever from the boards. STEEL NIBBS.



ATTITUDE OF THE VESTRIES.

JANUARY 6, 1886.

MR. WILSON CLAUDIAN JUNIUS BRUTUS BARRETT, who, it may not be generally known, is acting at the Princess's Theatre (advertisement gratis) as the *Hodman Out*, announces a romantic drama "of the time of CROMWELL." Is Mr. W. B. modestly going to play "CHARLES his friend"?—or will he take the great *Cromwells*—we should say the great *Cromwells*—part himself? And then there's another drama, "the scene of which is" says *Truth*, "to be laid in Greece." This seems slippery ground.



ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBOURHOOD.

(THE FANCY BAZAAR IN AID OF THE SCHOOLS.)

Fair Stranger (to Dean's Wife, who is driving a lively trade with Photographs of her Husband). "A—UM—A—WHAT WOULD BE THE PRICE OF THE FRAME—A—WITHOUT THE PORTRAIT?"

THE "OPENING CHORUS."

TUTTI. "We Swear!" All right, of course, so far

Ensemble perfect, unison delightful. One back-row voice, at most, may slightly jar.

Its tone is coarse, its *timbre* truly frightful. But for the rest, they warble as one man.

With such a Choir the piece should go! They're equal

To aught from rootletoo to rataplan.

Well, wait the sequel!

'Tis a new Choir, well stiffened, it is true, With the old leading voices, but compacted

Of raw material much, with not a few Mere novices, who've never sung or acted.

Well fugged they may do exceeding well, Prove up to time and equal to their duty.

Only their promise one can hardly tell By this first "*tutti*."

How many old familiar forms we miss!

How many more or less agreeable voices! Where's WARTON's bass? Well, on the whole *that* is

A happy loss, in which the world rejoices. But CAINE's agreeable chirp sounds now no more,

Neither does LAWSON's gay, if watery, twitter;

RUSSELL's exclusion is no doubt a bore, POWER's loss is bitter!

And many another pleasant pipe is mute, And many another blatant horn is muffled.

Well, well, with destiny who may dispute? There's mighty little use in being ruffled. Lots of fresh voices swell the Choir's full ranks. Will they go in for melody or blether? Will they essay eccentric vocal pranks, Or sing together?

Their programme is, at present, little known, Their *repertoire*'s untried, their power uncertain.

They'll need first-rate conducting; that is shown

Almost before the rising of the curtain. Who's equal to the task? A motley band,

If they should prove or wandering or wilful, The Leader who would keep them well in hand, Must needs be skilful.

The Opera has commenced; bids fair to be That rather common wonder called "a Crisis"

(Each season now produces two or three).

Dark, doubtful, as the Mystery of Isis,

The future of the Company whose start

Is pictured pleasantly enough before us,

Performing, arm in air, or hand on heart,

The Opening Chorus.

Lux in Luce.

We are sorry to hear that the late Editor of the *Daily News* has been compelled to retire, because he was Hill. We hope he will soon be Well. Also that a *modus vivendi* may be satisfactorily arranged between the retiring and untiring Editor and the *Daily News*men.

EXAMINATION PAPER FOR OFFICERS OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

(Intended to test their Knowledge of the threatened English Invasion.)

1. GIVE the names of the steamboats plying between Southampton, Jersey, and St. Malo that could be used for conveying troops from the English frontier to Dinard.

2. Describe the best mode of armour-plating English bathing-machines.

3. What is the strength of the Herne Bay Police? How is it likely that force would be employed in an English descent upon Boulogne?

4. Give sketch-maps of Southend, the Isle of Dogs, Margate, Broadstairs, and Eel Pie Island, showing their strategical importance in the event of an English invading flotilla taking the seas.

5. Who is "SIR WATKIN"? Show how he would utilise his Channel Tunnel if he commanded "the Monetie Army" (the Brigade of Bulls and Bears from the Stock Exchange, London).

6. Give your reason for considering "the Invasion Scare" ridiculous, and trace how the Dove of Peace has been transformed by the French newspapers into the warlike *Canard*.

TIP FOR TORIES.

Oh! scents from the river, the rail, the bone-boilers;

Cologne is not in it with London! Sad fact! For the sake of our thinkers as well as our toilers,

Will nobody pass an *Olfactory Act*?



THE "OPENING CHORUS."

(*Her Majesty's Theatre, Westminster.*)

ALL. "WE SWEAR!!!"

ADVERTISEMENT INADVERTENCIES.

Perpetrated by Dumb-Crambo Junior.

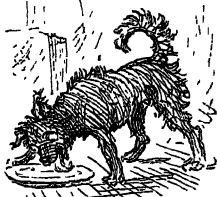
Suitable Opening for a Pupil.



Mother's Help Wanted.



Pushing Man to take Orders.*



A Good Plate Cleaner.



No Reasonable Offer refused.

Goods Carefully Removed
(in Town or Country).

MODERN PANTOMIME.

(By an Old Fogey.)

In Pantomimes, in ancient days,
We gave enthusiastic praise
To Harlequin and Clown;
But now the Spectacle's the
thing,
And ballet-dancers in a ring
The talk of all the Town.

Now long processions throng the
boards
Of Beauties, or of Kings and Lords,
And mimic war they wage;
It seems to me that very soon
Poor Columbine and Pantaloon
Will vanish from the Stage!

We miss the dear Clown's buttered
slide,
No longer does he deftly hide
Unhappy Bobbies' hats;
He's not so agile as of yore,
His wondrous jumps delight no
more,
And who has seen "the sprats"?

The Comic Scenes are shortened
now,
More time for dancing to allow,
And scenic changes please.
We've "Dreams of Beauty,"
"Realms of Bliss";
I wonder do the children miss
Each old amusing "wheeze"?

The glories of the Stage to-day
Are won in quite another way,
But I would fain forego
Each gorgeous and expensive
"set,"
For fun that I shall ne'er forget,
More humour and less show.

We're great upon historic dress
We see much female loveliness
In costumes of the time;
But surely, when all's said and
done,
There's far too little honest fun
In Modern Pantomime!

ANOTHER "ARMSTRONG CASE."—We mean the Pigeon one at the British Museum. Why did not one of the most recent and youngest of the Correspondents on this subject sign himself "Georgy Porgy Pigeony Pie?" But *à propos*, what ought Gardener ARMSTRONG to receive from the Museum Authorities and from the Doves? Why, from the first, the reward of "Three Acres" for himself to cultivate; and, from the Doves, "The Coo."

In the supposed recent discovery of "a fish with four legs" there is nothing startlingly novel. Who hasn't heard of a Dog-fish? How could it be a Dog-fish without four legs? The Dog-fish comes under the recent Police order, and may not go without a muscle.

LATEST FROM BURMAH.

*(From our Special with General Prendergast.)**Bhamo, Christmas, 1885—86.*

HERE we are! Beautiful place, full of curiosities. Would describe them, but the Native terms might get mixed through travelling so far by telegraph. Had a fine time of it. Plum-pudding, mince-pies—or rather their Burmese equivalents. Keep details until we meet.

The General as popular as ever. Most admirable man. Full of spirits and fun. Brave and beautiful as a lion. Don't be angry at the expense incurred by wiring these items. Of course the General does not want me to praise him, but as my telegrams are submitted to the scrutiny of a Military Censor, I wish to insert news likely to be passed. I think my testimony to the excellence, the gallantry, the nobility of the greatest General of the age, will pass. If it doesn't, let me know.

And now you would like some military news? I am sorry to say that I cannot help you. Of course, the Campaign is enormously difficult. Everyone knows that the Burmans outnumber us by millions to one, and have cannons and rifles immeasurably superior to any we can boast, and moreover, are commanded by the ablest strategists that ever existed. I could tell you a great deal more about the war—even what we haven't done, and are not going to do—but General PRENDERGAST says I mustn't!

OLD ENGLISH WINTER.

(And Verses.)

CHICKWEED about my garden grew,
The while this time that Yule was green;
Past the Old Year into the New
It lived, so sprightly to be seen.
Methought it seemed a merry note,
And symptom of a season mild,
So therefore to the papers wrote
To get it among their news compiled.
Sing hey, sing ho to the leafless tree
When the fields be bare
And the weed that's rare,
Is as good as the Giant Gooseberrie!

But all on a night the snow came down,
And a hard frost did thereon succeed,
My green was therewithal done brown,
With a sorry ending to my sweet chickweed.
What change to-morrow's wind will blow
No Clerke of the Weather to tell is good;
Then, marry, my gamecocks, don't you crow
Until ye be all well out of the wood.
Sing hey, &c.

RATHER PERSONAL.

THE POPE, in his Latin letter to Prince BISMARCK, published in last Saturday's *Times*, addresses him as "*Amplissime Princeps*." It is admitted that a portly bearing does not decrease with age, but his Highness cannot surely have become so stout as to warrant his being styled "*Amplissimus*;" and even were the fact so, and had he grown into a "*Persona Grætor*," it is hardly fair of his Holiness to allude to it so pointedly. Perhaps the POPE, whose reading in all languages is very varied, may have had in his mind our own SHAKESPEARE's description of Cardinal WOLSEY as "a man of most unbounded stomach," and so applied it to Prince BISMARCK. Admissible, however, as a recognised form of courteous etiquette, the superlative "*Amplissimus*" still conveys a *double entendre*, and possessing a keen sense of humour, how LEO, when he wrote this, must have roared—to himself!

"OLD MISCELLANY DAYS."

NONE, 'twas thought, could,
In old times, by chance, tell any
Stories as good,
As in *Bentley's Miscellany*:
Sure that verdict was right,
For we've nothing but praise
For the varied and bright
Old Miscellany Days!*

* On hearing this title, a very High Church old lady observed that she should certainly order it at once, as she "remembered Miss SELTON perfectly, and these reminiscences would be of the greatest interest." The good old lady thought the title was "*Old Miss Selton-y Days*."



EXPLANATORY.

Old Gent (in agony). "PH-E-E-W ! CONF—I WISH YOU'D LOOK WHERE YOU STEP, SIR !"

Passenger (leaving—"*Chrish'm'sh time—only oneshe 'Year'*!"). "*BEG TEL THOUSAL PARD'L'SH, SHIR ! 'DIFF'CULLY I FIN' 'SH T' SHTEP WHERE I LOOK !'*"

THE NEWEST CULTE.

THE *Æsthète* arose;
Gave a yawn—blew his nose;
With a handkerchief silken he blew it;
Then he said, "How I pine
From some new fad to shine!
Won't a 'Shelley Society' do it?
I've been idle of late;
The 'Kyrle''s out of date,
And Culture requires a flip.
This *æsthetical* "boom,"
It would sink to its doom,
Should we keep a mute tongue, or a still lip.
What on earth does it matter
If twaddle and chatter
Be heard at our haunts to satiety,
Or if poor PERCY BYSSHE
Would assuredly wish
A plague to the Shelley Society?

We've worked for our profit
JOHN RUSKIN, and of it
The Public's inclined to be sick;
Here's new glory to grab!
Let's make *Hellas* and *Mab*
Continue the self-puffing trick!
Why, BROWNING the mystical,
Mundane deistical,
Though obscure, yet gives light to obscuri-
ties;
And in time every Bard
Shall by butter (or lard)
Have his fame choked, however secure it is.
Let our Members delight
O'er a comma to fight,

Rival theories pound to a jelly!
While I myself head it,
Enjoy all the credit,
Eat the Oyster, and leave *them* the Shell—
eh?"

TOLD BY THE MARINES.

"The letter which we publish to-day from a private of the Royal Marines now on the China station, will cause a shock of unpleasant surprise to many who take an interest in the Royal Navy. He declares that the British men-of-war on the China station, 'from the flagship down to the smallest gunboat, are overrun with Chinese,' not employed as mere supernumeraries or common labourers, but forming an integral part of the establishment, and wielding authority over British sailors and marines."—*Times*.

YE Mariners of England
Who watch our distant seas,
'Tis very odd that you should be,
The half of you, Chinese.
It scarcely fits our notions
To have you down below;
And though your keep, perhaps, is cheap,
The news comes like a blow;
To think we've got a Mongol Jack
Gives one a dreadful blow!

The Spirits of our fathers,
Oh wouldn't they just rave,
If thus upon the Estimates
They spied a dodge to save.
The men who under NELSON fought
Were BILL and JACK and JOE;

D'you think that LUNG and HANG and CHING
Can deal as stout a blow?
Not they! They're not the chaps to deal
A good stout English blow.

But Britain "Needs no bulwarks."
What, if exposed her guns,
And cracked her iron-plated sides;—
Behind them are her sons.
At least 'twas once her modest boast;
But now a motley show
Of foreign sweepings crowd her decks,
And lay her honour low:
For, surely, if they had to fight,
They'd lay her honour low.

So p'raps "My Lords" will take it up,
And to the matter turn,
And all the ins and outs of it
Somehow contrive to learn.
For honest Jack to scare away,
Because he's set below
A sallow-faced CHIN-CHIN, doth make
The public wind to blow;
So look to it, My Lords, or else
The public wind will blow!

A TOTAL ABSTAINER says he won't have any-
thing to do with "tips," as it is four-fifths on
the way towards making a man tipsy. This,
he says, is his *Tips-ydixit*.

SHAKESPEARIAN MOTTO OF THE REPRESENT-
ATIVES OF THE HAMLETS IN THE HOUSE OF
COMMONS.—"We swear!"



THE ST. STEPHEN'S HALL. MLE. PARLIAMENTINA COMMANDS HER PERFORMING PIGEONS TO RETURN.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

HOUSE of Commons, Monday Night.—Tomorrow Parliament opens, and I have tired myself out in advance. Been with PEEL all day arranging a little pageant, so that the new Reformed Parliament may open with what JOSEPH GILLIS calls "*ay claw*." Can't quite say whose was the happy thought—PEEL's or mine. It arose out of conversation on Lord Mayor's Shows, especially that at Dublin. Why should plain Lord Mayors have Trades' processions, bands of music, elephants, and Mr. SANGER, whilst the House of Commons, principal assemblage in the world, should meet in kind of helter-skelter manner, Members dropping in after a go-as-you-please race across Palace Yard?

PEEL said "Certainly;" and then we went to work to devise something worthy of the occasion.

The new House is essentially a Working-Man's House. The Country Gentleman has been pretty well wiped out. I do not, of course, mean that we are all 'orny'anded, but most of us earn our own living, and this is the germ of the idea. A Trades' Procession to rendezvous, say at Trafalgar Square, and march down Parliament Street into Palace Yard. March round three times, then up Westminster Hall, and so into the House. Here's a rough draft of the Procession:—

House of Commons' Police, with their Band.

Inspector DENNING on horseback (legs tied underneath, to avoid accidents).

BANKERS (25).

(To the slow music of the Band, they draw cheques as they walk along, and hand them to the appreciative crowd.)

GENTLEMEN OF THE LONG ROBE (110), arrayed in Wig and Gown.

(Though each Member carries a Brief, this will be the longest part of the Procession, Barristers forming close upon one-sixth of the whole force of the New Parliament.)

BREWERS AND DISTILLERS (24)

(Coope'd up in a large lorry flying a banner bearing the device, "Down with the Excise!")

BUILDERS AND ARCHITECTS (6)

(Walking arm-in-arm behind a cart, on which there are models of the New Houses of Parliament and other Industrial Dwellings).

THE MACE,

(Carried between the Serjeant-at-Arms and Mr. BRADLAUGH).

MR. SPEAKER,
(with Train-bearer).

THE CHAPLAIN and the Hot-Water Engineer.

CIVIL AND MINING ENGINEERS (6).

(These Gentlemen will give practical illustrations of their skill by blowing up the Home Office as they pass.)

COLLIERY PROPRIETORS (16). ("Coal very cheap to-day!")

CROFTERS' REPRESENTATIVES (5).

(These Gentlemen have been kept without food for five days, and have declined to pay their rent.)

DIPLOMATISTS AND GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS (23).

(Their salaries will be reduced *pari passu* with their advance.)

MEDICAL PROFESSION (14).

(These Gentlemen, as they walk along, will administer to each other pills and boluses, black draughts, and other condiments.)

ESTATE AND LIFE ASSURANCE AGENTS (4).

(Who will distribute Prospectuses of their various Institutions.)

NAVAL OFFICERS (7) in full fig.

Miscellaneous crowd of Members, not engaged in business, singing, "*We've got no work to do.*"
Twelve Barrel Organs'.

Me and PEEL rather think this will fetch 'em. What's the use of having a new Reformed Parliament unless you introduce it with some startling effect?

FIGARO AT HATFIELD.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Figaro*, signing himself "Dr. F. COPPINI," in the number of that amusing French Journal for the 6th of January, writes an account of his staying as a guest at Lord SALISBURY'S. He found fault with the arrangements at table, and according to our lively neighbour, the "*Vie de Château*," must be singularly cheerful. Here is an extract:—

"Lord et lady SALISBURY se placent aux extrémités de la table, quand il n'y en a qu'une; les autres invités arrivent quand cela leur plaît et se placent où ils veulent. On échange à peine un petit salut avec les maîtres de la maison, et la conversation est rarement, bien rarement générale. Imaginez une table d'hôte, et vous aurez l'idée exacte de cette singulière manière de faire chez nos voisins. . . . à table. Dernièrement la duchesse de MANCHESTER me demandait ce que je trouvais de plus singulier dans leurs habitudes anglaises: 'Celle,' répondis-je, 'd'une maîtresse de maison n'adressant pas la parole à ses invités, échangeant à peine avec eux un salut de politesse; voici, ajoutai-je, quinze jours que lady SALISBURY et moi n'avons pas échangé un mot.'"

Why this coolness between hostess and guest? No wonder that a little later on he says:—

"On parle beaucoup de la grande liberté qui distingue l'hospitalité anglaise. Pour un Français, elle finit par devenir un poids."

He then makes a touching complaint, with which we thoroughly sympathise, though rarely—very rarely—has it ever occurred to ourselves to have to bewail the absence of these necessities of civilisation. Speaking of the breakfast "*le premier déjeuner*,"—which, very freely translated, might be taken as "The PREMIER'S Breakfast"—he thus describes:—

"Ce premier déjeuner, comme le lunch, se sert d'une façon spéciale. Comme les convives ne sont pas tenus à l'exactitude, les domestiques sont congédiés au bout d'un quart d'heure. Le plats chauds sont sur des réchauds, placés sur une immense servante, à l'une des extrémités de la pièce, ainsi que le café et le thé. Le premier déjeuner se fait sans vin. Poisson, œufs, rognons et poulets à la diable (deviled chickens), gelées, beurre et petits pains français."

The "PREMIER" doesn't do badly at his *déjeuner*. But then, *à propos* of Lunch, comes the writer's grievance:—

"On a des serviettes pour ce repas; l'on n'en a pas pour le lunch qui est un repas aussi important cependant que le dîner chez nous, et où l'on sert beaucoup de légumes, des plats à sauce, des entremets; j'ai fini par demander la raison de cette anomalie fort gênante. Il paraît qu'à l'origine, le lunch était une légère collation qu'on prenait debout; plus tard, on a fait monter cette collation dans son appartement; on a trouvé ensuite plus pratique de descendre pour la prendre en commun; la collation, étant devenue de jour en jour plus importante, a pris les proportions d'un grand repas: mais on n'a pas encore pris la serviette."

The history of the origin of Lunch is deeply interesting. It is also interesting to know that in Paris they have now the verb "*luncher*," and that ladies invite their friends to "a five-o'clock."

The finish of dinner seems to have been as inspiring and festive as heart could wish:—

"Après le dîner, servi à la française, sauf quelques petites modifications très anglaises, les femmes se lèvent et sortent du salon en observant les préférences de rang sur le chapitre desquelles on ne plaisante pas en Angleterre, ce qui est bien curieux pour un Français. Les hommes restent: c'est le pass-wine, ils causent en buvant. La Reine, alors qu'elle était jeune femme, avait voulu faire perdre cet usage. Elle dut y renoncer sur les conseils de lord MELBOURNE. Chez lord SALISBURY, qui est très sobre et ne fume pas, le pass-wine n'a lieu que les jours de grande cérémonie et pendant les parlementaires parties. Autrement, tout le monde sort de table en même temps et se rend dans la galerie et la bibliothèque où l'on sert le café et le thé."

"Pendant les fêtes de Noël, il y a un petit orchestre qui joue pendant le dîner et la soirée; on danse si l'on veut."

"Les autres jours, on joue au whist, au tric-trac. Je me mettais au piano et la plupart des autres invités prenaient un livre. Je n'ai jamais pu me faire à cet usage."

It is pleasant to think that Lord SALISBURY is "*très sobre et ne fume pas*." How different from the late Prime Minister. The "*Pass-wine*" is evidently one of the peculiar pastimes at Lord SALISBURY'S. His Lordship seems to have kept a Liberal table specially at breakfast.

But for real rollicking jollity, the French friend ought to have been invited to one of the Liberal Premier's breakfasts in Downing Street. Those were days, if you like! Then the "*Pass-tea*" and "*Pass-muffin*" were the pass-words. Ah, dear us! those were rantin' roarin' times! Let us hope they will return, and that Dr. COPPINI will be there to see and report.

"JACK'S ALIVE!"

(About the Gaiety, from "NIBLET.")

SIR,—Mr. HOLLINGSHEAD's "sacred lamp" is flaring up once more. The daring Duumvirate, Messrs. STEPHENS AND YARDLEY,



Les Deux A-Jacks!

have followed the traditions of previous "sacred lamp-oil-and-local-colour-men," at the Gaiety, and produced a rattling and rollicking show. There are some old jokelets and an old tune or so, but I rejoice to add, old faces in it as well. There are our old friends the unhappy Cobbler and Cricketer puns that are ruthlessly and remorselessly worked out to the "last," and the "wicket." Once a fine old paternal pun of this sort sets off, do we not instinctively know that its sisters and cousins and aunts are crowding after it, and because I give an instant's laughing welcome to a dear old familiar joke, I don't see why I should be forced to entertain all its poor relations. Again, with all profound æsthetic respect for our "OSCAR," I do not see what point is gained by his harmless name being inserted between "JONATHAN" and "WILD." Still, as there was necessarily a WILD in the story, the temptation to bring in OSCAR was, I suppose, irresistible.

Miss FARREN, as far as the Gaiety is concerned, has been a-resting herself, and it is rather hard on her that, on her return, she should be so frequently arrested as she is when playing, as she only can do it, *Jack Sheppard*. She comes back to pastures old, bringing an excellent tail behind her; for indeed we must go back to the Misses CONSTANCE LOSEBY and TREMAINE period to find such a singing company as is now gathered together on these boards.

The scenery is effective, specially The Housetops; but here, where there was excellent opportunity for practical fun, the chance is lost, and except for Mr. LESLIE sitting on the spikes of the prison wall, nothing is done to raise a smile,—at least as *Dr. Barnardo*, or *Bucellas*, or one of those gentlemen in *Hamlet* who saw the *Ghost*, says, "Not when I saw it!"

Mdles. MARION HOOD, WADMAN, and Mr. LESLIE are a tuneful triad, and raise the show to operatic level. Its descriptive title is not peculiarly happy; they call it a *Burlesque-Operatic-Melodrama*. It isn't a melodrama and it burlesques nothing. It is an *opéra-bouffe* pure and simple,—which cannot be said for most *opéras-bouffes*,—and there is no need of polyglot pother about its christening. However, the story, as far as *Jack* is concerned, is well told; but the *Thames Darrell* and *Winnifrid Wood* part is a trifle misty.

Its music, like the society in the "Cave of Harmony," is somewhat mixed, and I am not sure that it was wise to turn on the "Seven Champion Composers of Choral Christendom." Still, it did my heart good to hear our one boy, "our JAMES" rolling out the old song sung in the melodrama of long long ago. By the way, this very ancient song, first sung in the original drama of *Jack Sheppard* at the Adelphi, obtained five genuine encores; so, judging by this, where was the use of engaging the Seven Champion Composers, whose united efforts don't come to much beyond prettiness? All the young "Dookes and Doochesses" in the stalls warmed to this ditty of



Thames Darrell, you are my Darrelling!

Blueskin's, and accepted the sensible social warning conveyed to them, to be sure that "all is their own as they touchesses," as they rolled home in their gilded chariots, singing "*Tooral, h-oural, ti-oddy*." Mr. JAMES is too subdued and subfuse. "Blue-devils," need not necessarily attend "*Blue-skin*," and if this capital actor doesn't mean to pose as a burlesque "Melancholy JACQUES-JAMES," or "Dismal JEMMY," he must put aside memories of comedy successes, be jovial as he can be, and as for that wig, and fixings generally, "*Blew the lot!*" Miss WADMAN is brilliant and earnest as *Thames Darrell*; indeed the brightness and tunefulness throughout are mainly due to her. Miss HOOD looks like a delicate mediæval maiden stolen from a stained-glass window, and is sweet and saintly. Mr. LESLIE might easily be mistaken in make-up and manner for Mr. TERRY, only he has the advantage over the latter in singing, as his decision and clear crackling voice are of the highest possible value; and so are his crackling fingers. Mr. ONELL's disguise is funny, but he is indistinct, and his method is desperately decrepitol. A dance by Mr. WILLIE WARDE and Miss SILVIA GREY is one of the best things in the piece. Paterfamilias need have no fear of a visit to this happy *Sheppard* turning out a boy-burglar, or a nursery highway mannikin.

SOMETHING ROTTEN IN THE STATE OF DENMARK ROAD.

If any patriotic Briton, proud of his country's "crowning common sense," desires to demonstrate it to any Intelligent Foreigner of his acquaintance, let him take that Intelligent Foreigner—thickly shod, and carefully mackintoshed—to the "Approach," as it is humorously called, leading from Denmark Road to the Camberwell Railway Station. If the I. F. is not astonished, it will be clear that he has resided for some time in our "City of Dreadful Dirt," and, like the bulk of its long-suffering Citizens, has grown absolutely proof against astonishment of any kind.

This Approach—excellent joke that!—combines the varied advantages of a Dismal Swamp, a Dust Yard, and a Drain. It is divided—conventionally, and for the fun of the thing—into roadway and footpath. It is not possible, however, to determine either where one begins and the other ends, or which of the two is the more dismally detestable. The chronic condition of each may be described as Slush. Sometimes the Slush is sticky, sometimes it is sloppy, but, in all but the very driest or frostiest weather, it is always Slush. After long-continued drought or frost, it is occasionally improved into a boulder-sprinkled dust-heap, or a hummocked ice-field. When, in its quagmire condition, the roadway becomes absolutely impassable, some one pitches a lot of stones and shards pell-mell into the mud thereof, to be trodden in by such traffic as is unhappily compelled to pass that way. When the footway gets more than ankle-deep in mire, a feeble-looking official is to be seen scooping damp drift from the road, which he plasters over the path, pats down with a shovel, and leaves to be reduced to slime by the first rainfall.

The Camberwell folk may like it, at any rate (and the Rates are not exceptionally low) they seem to put up with it. But the wayfarer who alights casually at the Camberwell Station will not be so easily pleased. But then what can he do? Borrow a shovel, and begin the work himself? Perhaps this is the humorous idea of "The Authorities."

MISSION TO DEEP-SEA FISHERMEN.—This sounds practical. Of course the deeper the Sea-fishermen the greater the need of the Mission.

THE usual Ball of Rejoicing was held by the Frozen-Out Fox hunters, on the first night of the thaw. This time-honoured festivity is always called The Melton Snow Ball.

HIS LAST APPEARANCE.

IN behalf of an excellent charity, H. R. H. Duke ORPHEUS,

Admiral-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Fleet, once more drew bow at St. James's Hall last Saturday night. Bravely did our gallant Admiral lead the amateur orchestra; daringly did he alone engage in a hand-to-hand combat with a Nobby-ligato, whence, to the great delight of the Snobby-ligati, he issued undefeated. Sharps and flats fell before him, till the last bar was reached in triumph. *Bravissimo!* it was a thrilling fight. We may mention incidentally that the vocal accompaniment was sung by a somebody called Madame ALBANI.



Rehearsing.



WHAT OUR ARTIST (THE YOUNG AND GOOD-LOOKING ONE) HAS TO PUT UP WITH—AND DOESN'T MIND!

My Lady. "A—PRAY FORGIVE OUR INTRUSION—BUT—A—IS IT TRUE THAT ARTISTS' MODELS ARE BECOMING THE PETS OF SOCIETY?"

Our Artist. "IT SAYS SO IN *PUNCH'S ALMANACK*, MADAM! SURELY THAT IS SUFFICIENT PROOF!"

My Lady. "QUITE SO. A—OUR DAUGHTER IS DESIROUS OF EARNING A LITTLE MONEY THAT WAY—A—A——"

Our Artist. "IT'S VERY HARD WORK, MADAM, AND POOR PAY,—ONLY A SHILLING AN HOUR!"

My Lady. "OH, THAT WOULD DO VERY WELL. A—WE WOULD SEND AND FETCH HER IN THE CARRIAGE AT ANY TIME CONVENIENT TO YOURSELF, AND—A—OF COURSE SHE WOULD ALWAYS BE ACCOMPANIED BY HER MAID WHEN SIR CHARLES OR MYSELF COULDN'T COME."

OUR LIST OF AMUSEMENTS. TO-DAY.

WEST Hackney Auction Rooms.—Meeting of Funeral Reform League. 8'30.

Bayswater Athenæum.—"The Microbe in Butter." 8.

Hampton Wick Institute.—"The History of Fog." 8.

Marylebone Club House.—Indigent Coalheavers' Jubilee Association. 7'30.

Hornsey Scientific Institute.—"The Rise and Progress of Sausage-making in Europe." 8'30.

Homerton Town Hall.—Dr. RICHARDSON on "The Deceased Grandmother's Place in Society." 8.

Society of Arts.—"Life in a Main Drain in the Middle Ages." 8'30.

Mile End Sanatorium.—"Prize Essay on Sea Sickness." 8.

Hammersmith Free Hall.—"Change Ringing on Deaf and Dumb Bells, with Illustrations." 6'30.

N.B.—For further particulars, see Lists in Daily Papers.

A Disclaimer and a Doubt.

MR. GLADSTONE declares that he never did call Prince BISMARCK a fiend or a devil at all.

So on such a report he at once puts a squelcher;

But some scribbling worm un-

-Acquainted with German,

Might, from the quotation,*

With equivocation,

Charge GLADSTONE, and say that he *had* styled him "*Welcher*."

* "*Welcher selbst den Reichskanzler einmal—a fiend—einen Satan nannte.*"—*Cologne Gazette*, quoted in *Daily Telegraph*, January 15th.

WHY HE LEAVES.

LORD CARNARVON's departure from Dublin Castle is said to be due to the fact that—

He doesn't exactly know why, but somehow the place doesn't suit him;

He suffers so much there from chronic catarrh;

He is obliged to attend the meeting of the Cabinet Council;

He has received a telegram from Lord SALISBURY, saying, "You are no use, and had better come out of it";

He is afraid, if he stays, the LORD MAYOR will not attend his next drawing-room;

He rather likes the idea of being "the last of the Viceroy's";

He wants to meditate on the further working of the suspension of the Crimes Act, from a distance;

He thinks, as he has been in office nearly six months, it is about time for him to resign;

He is anxious to see how the country will get on without him;

He has always been fond of dropping out of a Government;

And finally that, in so doing on this occasion, he is only anticipating by a few weeks the action of all his colleagues.

THE subjoined advertisement appears in the pages of a contemporary:—

WANTED, a Male Night ATTENDANT, capable of playing 1st Violin.—Apply to the Superintendent, County Lunatic Asylum, &c.

There is so much mystery in the picture here suggested, of this midnight first-fiddle discharging his simultaneous duties as attendant on a set of County lunatics, that one wonders whether the superintendent has been deputing the advertising of the establishment to some of the inmates. The place appears to be called Hatt-on. A more appropriate name for it would be *Tile-off*.

AT PARTING.



Mrs. Hibernia, Landlady of the Castle. "It's SORRY I AM YE'RE GOING, MY LORD, FOR IT'S YOURSELF IS THE NICE AISY-GOING PURTY-SPOKEN SAY-NOthing-TO-NOBODY SORT O' GINTLEMAN ENTIRELY, THAT ANYONE CAN GET ON WITH. AND IF YE'RE NOT COMING BACK, MAYBE YE'LL

RECOMMEND THE PLACE TO THE DUKE O' CON-NAUGHT. SURE HE'D FIND IT THE HOIGHTH OF GOOD LIVING, AND PLEASANT QUARTHERS FOR SUMMER AND WINTER, IF HE'D ONLY COME AN' MAKE HIMSELF AT HOME. GOOD LUCK TO YE, MY LORD!"

THE FOX RECENTLY CAUGHT AND KILLED IN THE MARYLEBONE ROAD.—A Policeman was in at the death, and got the brush! In view of there being several sly Reynards about, several packs of hounds will be started. The first to start will be the Tottenham Court Road Fox-Hounds. Meet at the "Horse-Shoe." It is uncertain whether Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS, now at the Avenue Theatre, will be the M.F.H. or not. Messrs. SANGER and HENGLER will, of course, be to the front.

"I OBJECT to the test," observed Mr. BR-DL-GH. "You mean," said a Conservative Member, "you object to the book ceremony." "Yes," replied Mr. BR-DL-GH, who had been "brought to book" twice in one day, "that's the test-I-meant."

WHAT WILL BE THE CONSERVATIVE POLICY FOR IRELAND?—*Home Rule, cum grano Salis-bury?*



MORE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

Pompous Merchant (to the Office Boy). "THERE, GEORGE!" (*Giving Christmas-Box.*) "AND I HOPE YOU'LL HAVE A PLEASANT CHRISTMAS, AND THAT YOU'LL SPEND IT DECENTLY, AND AVOID INTEMPERANCE."

George. "THANK YOU, SIR! THE SAME TO YOU, SIR!"

"THE QUEEN! THE QUEEN!"

PEOPLE'S SONG FOR THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

(AIR—"My Queen!")

WHERE and how we should earliest meet her,
What were the words she would deign to say,
When we might next have a chance to greet her
We knew not, but we know to-day.
With her loyal People gazing upon her,
Streaming on where her face is seen.
She comes, the Lady we all would honour,
And the shout rings out of, "The QUEEN
The QUEEN!"

We did not dream of this pageant stately,
But greet its coming with great delight.
A crisis great should be fronted greatly,
And so her presence is surely right.
'Tis a time of trouble, O Royal Lady!
Dark signs of danger ahead are seen;
But whenever it comes it shall find us ready,
To do our *devoir*, our QUEEN!
Our QUEEN!

We must be watchful, *not* melancholy,
Courage rises poor fears above,
Whether our birth be lofty or lowly,
We'll all dare all for the land we love.
You may trust its soil to our loyal keeping,
Ever your strength upon ours may lean,
Traitors shall fall or, like worms, go creeping,
Ere they hush our shout of, "The QUEEN!
The QUEEN!"

Shocking!

MRS. ARTHUR ARNOLD, who has been cigaretted—no, we mean openly—agitating on the question of Tobacco-smoking, will be shocked to see the following advertisement from the columns of the *Daily Telegraph* :—

A LADY with small capital, wishes to JOIN a widow lady or married couple in a cigar or other light business. References exchanged.

The Lady is certainly a moderate smoker if she wishes to share her cigar with "a widow lady or married couple." But stay! That "other light business" possibly means a bundle of cigarettes or a big pipe to be passed round! It is too dreadful!

A YOUNG MASTER AMONG THE OLD 'UNS.

(At Burlington House.)

"WRIGHT of Derby"—his Pictures. The chief one is "*Orrery*," and to this we should have assigned a special place of honour in a Chamber of Orreries. To anyone unacquainted with the subject, it appears to represent "a Lecture on Crinoline," given by an elderly gentleman to some youthful pupils, while a foreman in the business is taking notes for measurement. The scene is lighted, apparently, by naphtha lamps. According to Mr. SEYMOUR HADEN's letter in the *Times*, injustice was done by the Academy to WRIGHT by putting GARVEY, "a painter of gentlemen's seats," over his head. This, as reading oddly, is rather a startling piece of information,—quite a HADEN's surprise. But whatever might have been GARVEY's merits, they need not have been transcendent to have insured his being preferred to WRIGHT of Derby,—that is, to judge from the specimens here exhibited. As far as admitting his works at all, the public verdict might be thus summarised,—WRIGHT of Derby,—wrong of Academy.

Let us call on a few of the Old Masters.

First visit No. 184. HENRY VIII., by HOLBEIN. Could this sensual cruel-looking, heavy-jowled weazel-eyed scoundrel in jewels and gold, ever have been, when a youth, the handsomest young man of his time? Or even among the handsomest? Where, in the name of all that's charming, could ever have been his fascinations? Yet, like the Man of St. Ives, he had several wives, and nearly all these ladies lost their heads on his account. No wonder the Reformation came in his time, for no one could have wanted reforming more than this most Gracious Monarch and Defender of the Faith. Justice is now meted out to him: and this unhung scoundrel is hung at last, No. 184, Gallery No. IV., of Burlington House.

Go for consolation to No. 123, by LIONARDO DA VINCI. "*La Madonna del basso rilievo*." This is lovely. But for the rigid, angular, melancholy-mouthed Saints and Angels of the ancient Masters, who can honestly express admiration?

Pay a long visit to No. 89, by VANDYCK. It is a "*Portrait of a Gentleman*," and is highly finished, though only the picture of a man "done in the ruff." If it were not so evidently the portrait of a gentleman, it might have been described as "*The Portrait of a Ruff*."

But, heavens! No. 90! "*An Interior*," by JAN STEEN. What a family! Boors pigging it! The Lowest of Low Dutch!—and yet not so very low, except in manners, or rather in the absence of anything like civilised manners. What says the Official Guide-Book? "On the opposite side of the table is seated a Gentleman, with his leg in the lap of a Lady, who is offering him a glass of wine." Ladies and Gentlemen, just look at these specimens of a "Lady and Gentleman." Wouldn't you rather see a classic study from the nude model (by permission of our excellent and undefeated friend, Mr. J. CLOTHES-HORSLEY) than this bestial scene, no matter how perfect the painting may be?

Did we regret Mr. VAN BEERS having chucked away his talent on those clever, eccentric, but, after all, worthless pictures exhibited in the Salon Parisien? Why, certainly. And so we may well be sorry that JAN STEEN should have found nothing more to his taste for portrayal than the manners and customs of those loutish schnapps-drinking, beer-swilling Low Dutchmen.

On one of these go-loshy, gosloshy London wintry westry days go to the Turner Collection, where all is sunshine and warmth, except one or two, which can be left for another visit, when it's fine outside. After this, cross over to see CLAUDE's "*Sunset*," then button up your coat, pull tight your muffler, and get back home again as quickly as possible. *Au revoir!*

We have heard and read so much of the astuteness of the French Police that we shall watch the search for the murderer of Monsieur BARRÈME with unusual interest. The tragic story has commenced with just such a chapter as might have opened a novel like *La Main Coupée*, or *Le Crime de l'Omibus*, or *Le Crime de l'Opéra*. How will it end?



"THE QUEEN! THE QUEEN!"

(Scene from the revival of a grand Elizabethan Drama at the Theatre Royal, Westminster.)

DRAMATIC PERSONS:—"Gloriana" . . HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY. Sir Walter Raleigh . . LORD SALISBURY. Earl of Leicester . . RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.



CONSOLATION.

Mr. Dean (sympathetically). "AH, MY POOR FELLOW, YOUR CASE IS VERY SAD, NO DOUBT! BUT REMEMBER THAT THE RICH HAVE THEIR TROUBLES TOO. I DARE SAY, NOW, YOU CAN SCARCELY REALISE WHAT IT IS NOT TO KNOW WHERE TO FIND AN INVESTMENT WHICH WILL COMBINE ADEQUATE SECURITY WITH A DECENT INTEREST ON ONE'S MONEY!"

A LITTLE GIRL'S SAD STORY!

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I KNOW that you are always very kind and good in everything that affects us children, especially where it is something of a perfectly dreadful character, such as I am going to describe to you for the good of all little girls like myself who go out in the cold winter nights to beautiful evening parties dressed in all our beautiful dresses and hoping to get plenty of nice partners.

My elder sister FANNY tells me, she never shall forget how good you were to her, some years ago, when she wrote to tell you about going to a beautiful evening party at the beautiful Mansion House where the great LORD MAYOR lives, in a beautiful white Satin Dress, wondering how many partners she would have during the evening, and whether they would all be nice ones. And how, to her deep sorrow and astonishment, she was told that the LORD MAYOR was such a very serious old gentleman of the Scotch nation that he would not allow any dancing in the Mansion House all his long dismal year, but that instead of that delicious darling amusement they were to have conjuring tricks and some very stout persons dressed in chalk and ginger-beer and lemonade, and how she almost cried with vexation, and was really very glad to go home! Only fancy, dear *Mr. Punch*, very glad to go home! Well, as you were so very good as to put her letter in I do hope you will put in mine.

Oh, dear *Mr. Punch*, I have had such a week as, I suppose, no poor little girl like me ever had before. We were all asked to go to the Mansion House, on Twelfth Night, to a fancy-dress Ball! me and my two sisters, and cousin Frank. I was dressed like a real fairy and carried a magic wand, my sisters like Night and Morning, and cousin FRANK like a sailor, and beautiful we all looked, and FRANK said we ought to be photographed, and he wouldn't mind being a shilling towards it; wasn't it good of him?

Well, we set off about 6 o'clock, but it was so dreadfully slippery that the horses had to walk all the way, and as we were going up a very steep hill, which FRANK said in his funny way, must be a good hill because it led to the Angel, though I don't know a bit what he meant, one of the horses tumbled down and cut himself so badly that the Coachman said it was impossible to go further, so the carriage was turned round and we were driven slowly

home! I need not tell you how I cried with disappointment. But it was a misfortune, so like a sensible child, as I hope I am, I soon got over it and went to sleep.

But on the Friday we all went out to a nice evening party and as it was so cold Mamma made us all take our hats with us to come home in, and a most beautiful party it was. But oh, *Mr. Punch*, judge of our feelings, which you cannot, as you don't wear them, when on going to get our lovely hats we found that the three horrid Cats they keep in the house had seized the beautiful birds, that of course we wear on them, and were rushing about the house tearing them all to pieces! I need not trouble you with the scene of horror that followed, when they were at length returned to us utterly ruined, but I do most sincerely and affectionately ask you to order that henceforth all horrid Cats shall be muzzled. *ETSE.*

THE CHARTERHOUSE.

"FLOREAT ÆTERNUM CARTHUSIANA DOMUS!"

WHO'LL save the grand time-honoured place

By brick and mortar bounded,
Who with destruction would disgrace
The home that SUTTON founded?

'Twas here that centuries ago
The Friars' patient order
On land on which one rose would grow,
Laid out their patient border.
The simple fee he bade them bring
Mild Monks to noble lessor,
One English Rose for England's king,
One Mass for the Confessor!

Gone are the landmarks of the School
Old London's heart delighting,
Where RICHARD LOVELAKE played the fool,
And CRASHAW took to fighting!
Past with the Charterhouse away,
Wit, Soldier, and Debater—
Gone our own LEECH and THACKERAY,
Who loved their "*Alma Mater*"—
Gone RUSSELL'S, SATUNDER'S, ELDER'S days—
Gone memories of Comus,
On Founders' Day: the speeches, plays—
"*Carthusiana Domus*."

And must the ruin fall as well
On cloister, courts, and grasses?
Will progress hush the Chapel Bell
Destroy the tombs and brasses?
May Charterhouse behold no more
In chapel dimly lighted,
The black-gowned brothers lads adore
The "*Codds*" that boys delighted?
Blest shades of ADDISON and STEELE
That round the buildings hover,
The home where wits have knelt and kneel,
Destroy not, but recover!

This silent corner of the town
Green-girdled, still, oasis
The home of gentlemen in gown,
Of love and light the basis!
Here in old Hall have swelled the list,
Great names—the world should know it,
MONCRIEFF, the famous dramatist,
And HERAUD critic-poet.
There in the evening of his days,
Dwells one who silence mellow,
MORTON the MADDISON of plays,
Best *Boz* and *Cox* of fellows!
There rest the present, with the past,
Do not destroy—restore them.
And "*Adsum*" they will cry at last,
As *Newcome* did before them!

THEATRE Royal, Bond Street. Admission to the Gallery (Grosvenor) One Shilling. The most successful Millais-drama of the Season, in 158 Acts.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, January 12th.—New Parliament met to-day. Got up at Six o'Clock, intending to earn great prize of being first in. To sit on door-step for few hours in bleak January morning, nothing to me if I can only bring honour upon Berkshire. Making my way in the dark along piazza leading to entrance, stumbled over a bundle. Thought it was a sack of flour. Found it was HAVELOCK camping out all night. Rather glad these fellows, for there were half-a-dozen of them, were beaten, after all. BLAKE got himself carried inside in a clothes-basket; and when HAVELOCK and the rest raced in, they found Member for Forest of Dean in possession.

Went down again at One o'Clock. Found place full; PETER RYLANDS doing the honours of the occasion, showing new Members over the House, and indicating the various points of interest.

"That's where I sit," he said to admiring circle of new Members. "That's GLADSTONE's place, and here's Lord RANDOLPH's old corner. BRIGHT often comes and sits beside me. 'PETER,' he says, as he edges me out of the corner seat, 'if there's one thing I do like, it's the company of a sensible man.'"

The crowd quickly thickens, and the chatter grows louder, till it reaches a deafening roar. Sir CHARLES FOSTER, who has

direction whence the sounds came, and for the first time beheld JOSEPH GILLIS engaged in his senatorial duties. *Business done.*—Mr. PEEL re-elected Speaker.

Wednesday.—Been a terrible bout of swearing to-day. Began at Two o'Clock, continued without intermission till Half-past Five.

"Our army in Flanders was nothing to this," said TREVELYAN, looking on.

A strange scene. SPEAKER comfortably seated in the Chair, but that the only mark of repose in Chamber. Floor thronged. In the centre towered the familiar face of BRADLAUGH, almost as red as on the day when he was kicked down-stairs à la Daddy Longlegs, because he wouldn't say his prayers. Two tables in the middle, of the floor against which Members were pitilessly crushed.

"Shall carry mark of the edge of that table till I'm no more," said WIGGIN, pressing his pliable sides.

"More like the pit door of the Lyceum on a first night," said DIXON-HARTLAND, who knows all about theatres, their exits and their entrances.

Slowly stream advanced bearing BRADLAUGH on its crest. B. has had much practice in swearing, having twice privately administered the oath to himself. Marks careful character of the man, that to-day he



THE NEW PARLIAMENT. Sketched by an Old Member.

already lost his hat, goes mooning about, getting in everybody's way. But he wants his hat, and will have it.

"Don't know who we've got here now, TOBY," he said, after by searching glance satisfying himself that I at least was innocent. "A good roomy hat, that's been knocking about the House these last fourteen years, might prove too strong a temptation for some of these new Members."

Came upon BRADLAUGH sitting limp in Library, his massive bosom heaving with sobs.

"What's the matter now?" I asked. "Are you weeping because your game's up, and you are likely now to be allowed to take the Oath without that extensive advertising which some good people gratuitously supplied you with?"

"No, TOBY, it's not that," BRADLAUGH said, in voice choked with emotion. "I am shedding a tear for dear old GOSSET. The place is not the same without him. ERSKINE's a good fellow, most gentlemanly man, and a little nearer my height. But GOSSET knew my step. You may have observed when in the old times we waltzed between the Bar and Mace, how easily we turned at the proper moment. That was partly practice, but largely special adaptability. We were made for each other; and the idea of taking a fresh partner at my time of life is painful. I think I'll quietly take the Oath, and make an end of the business."

SPEAKER sworn-in in good old-fashioned style. Everybody unanimous, save that from time to time, whilst proposer and seconder were speaking, there came from below the Gangway to the left a croaking voice which cried "No!" and a harsh laugh which laughed "Ha! ha!" New Members looking up quickly turned their eyes in the

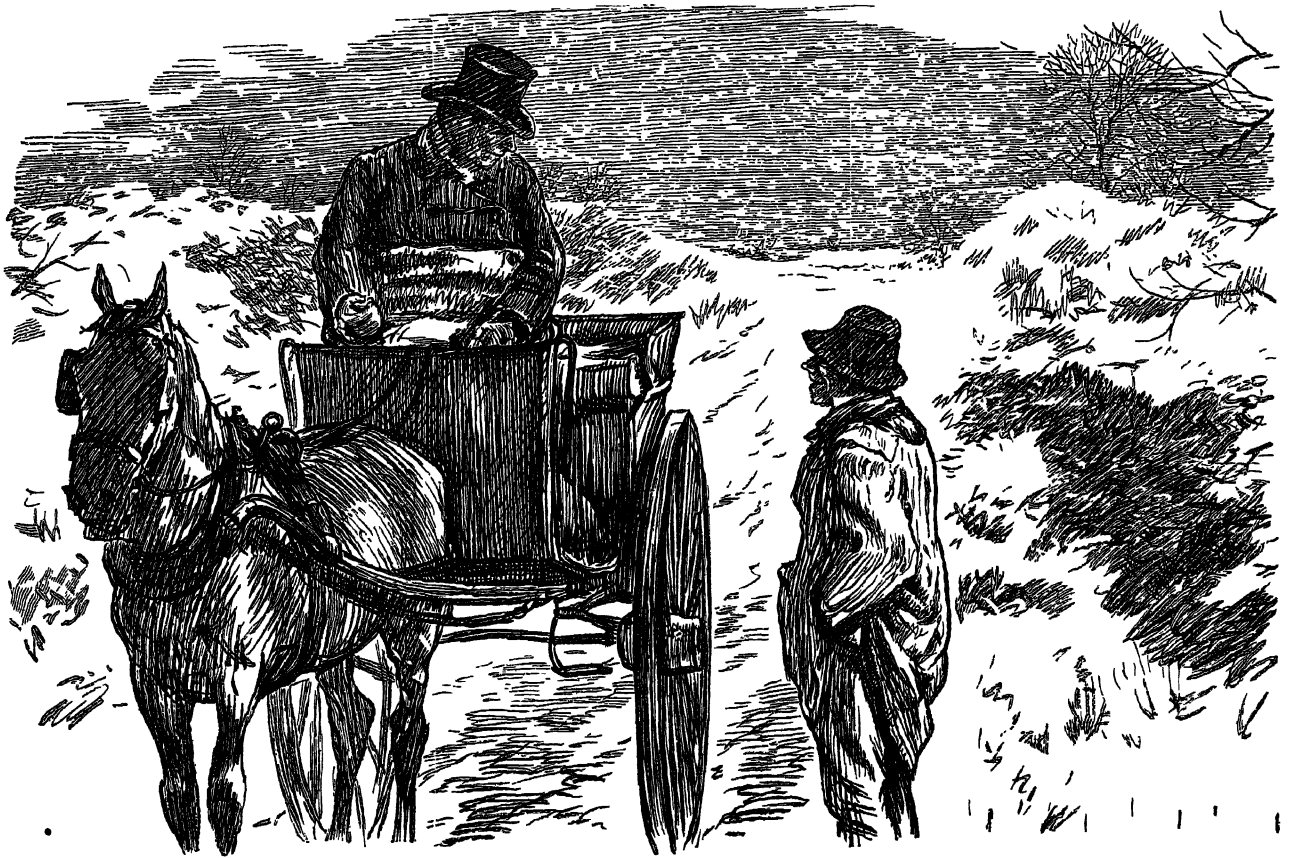
should have had a rehearsal at the end of the table. Picked up testament as soon as he reached table, and said a swear to himself. Did it over again when he reached the Clerk. Introduced to the SPEAKER in due form, though, as SPEAKER said he, "thought he'd seen him before," and so round by back of the chair into obscurity. Here and thus endeth what is called "the BRADLAUGH incident," an incident just five years long. *Business done.*—Swearing-in like anything.

Thursday.—Letter this morning from CHRISTOPHER SYKES, who, I regret to say, is reported to be laid up with a sprained ankle:—

DEAR TOBY,

Brantinghamthorpe, Wednesday.
I'm here laid up—ahem!—with sprained ankle. It will, I fear, be some time before I am able to take my share in those Parliamentary duties which I love so well, and for which I am so admirably fitted. The fact is, TOBY (but this, of course, is between you and me), I was at the House on Tuesday, and got such a fright that I took the first train north, and here I am, still shuddering when I think of it. Give you my word I never saw such a lot of fellows in my life. House of Commons was always a puzzle to me. Sometimes I have sat in side galleries, and looked down upon them, wondering what they meant, and how they could do it. The Zoo on a Sunday not in it for exciting a fellow's mind and making him wonder. There's GLADSTONE, for example. Think of a man at his age working all day, and then coming to the House to remain through the greater part of the night, and make speeches!

I once introduced a Bill, you know—something to do with Crab Sauce, and Oyster Salad. Don't remember at the time what became of it. Asked BARRINGTON to take charge of it in the Lords. But I



A WAVERER.

Village Doctor. "WELL, BLUNDY, HOW DID YOU VOTE, AFTER ALL?"

Rustic. "WELL, SIR, I PROMISED THE BLEWS, BUT THE YALLERS GOT OVER MY MISSUS, AND I SAYS, 'YES.' SO WHEN I WENT TO THE BEWTH, AND THEY GIVES ME MY BALLOT-PAPER, 'CONSCIENCE FOR EVER!' SAYS I TO MYSELF, GOES INTO THE BOX, SHUTS MY EYES, AN' MAKES A BIG CROSS, PROMISC'OUS—AND LORD KNOWS HOW I VOTED!!"

fancy there was some difficulty about it in the Commons. I forgot one of the stages. Moved Third Reading before it got through Committee, or something of that kind. But I didn't care so long as I got the dem'd thing out of my hands. Never had such a time in my life. Used to wake up in the night to see Lobsters crawling up the wall, and Crabs searching for my big toe. A Great Personage took deep interest in the measure. Always inquired how it was getting on when he met me. That encouraging and gratifying. Shows H. R. H. keeps his eye upon public affairs, and takes profound interest in legislative measures. But not enough to compensate me for loss of rest, and necessity of sitting in the House of Commons an hour at a time, watching the Bill. Crabs and Lobsters were my first legislative care. They shall be my last.

But what I wanted to talk to you about, was these new fellahs. Upon honour, most remarkable gathering I ever saw. One fellow in rough tweed coat and billycock. Wanted to shake hands with me! Thought I should have died on the spot. Looked at him with glassy stare, and fled. Don't know that I shall turn up this Session. Reely couldn't stand it. If they wouldn't speak to me, would let me sit quietly by myself in side gallery, wouldn't mind. But when a creature in a rough tweed suit starts the way this one did, I know what will happen. Let me hear from you, from time to time, as to how things are going on. If you write from the House of Commons, pray fumigate the paper. I'll send you some violet pastilles if you haven't got any. In the meantime, I send you a sketch of how the new Members struck me. If H.R.H. asks after me, just tell him I have had a shock. The sprained ankle is of course a flam.

Ever yours faithfully,

C. SYKES.

Business done.—Still swearing.

Friday.—Swearing-in beginning to pall upon the taste. At end of first hour to-day, stream of Members dammed. Only some forty or fifty turned up, and when these were sworn-in, SPEAKER, after painful pause, adjourned House till Wednesday.

THE ATTITUDE OF GREECE.—Of course Classical.

FIAT LUSK!

WE understand that Mr. Alderman Lusk is shortly to receive a handsome Testimonial from the hands of his innumerable friends and admirers. It is to take the shape of his own portrait, treated allegorically. This work of Art, which will be the joint production, we believe, of Mr. BURN-JONES and a popular caricaturist, will represent the worthy Alderman as Pluto carrying off Proserpine. The treatment will be ingeniously adapted to emphasise the salient traits of the Aldermanic character. Pluto, looking jocosely fierce, with a sort of Rhadamanthus-cum-Joe-Miller expression, wearing the cap-and-bells, and armed with a pitchfork, will be shown "coming down heavily" on Proserpine—the original Flower Girl—who, dropping her basket of blossoms, is vainly endeavouring to evade the grasp of the despotical civic Dis. The Alderman, in true Music-Hall style, is singing a humorous impromptu of his own composition:—

"Trespass in the civic Enna?
Won't I give you salts-and-senna!
Dis appears!—fast disappearance
Of fast girls,—a regular clearance!
There, shut up! Obey my nod!
Pay two bob, or go to quod!
Which, I need not tell such ladies,
Is the modern name for Hades!"

It will at once be seen that this racy composition is as worthy of the Aldermanic Muse as the picture itself is subtly suggestive of the Aldermanic modes, moods, and manners. It is hoped that the voluntary contributions which will doubtless pour in from the public towards the cost of this well-deserved tribute, will be some sort of set-off to the snub administered to the worthy Alderman by the few foolish persons who subscribed their shillings on behalf of those brazen baggages of Flower Girls he so severely, yet humorously, "sat upon" the other day. Such contributions may be forwarded anywhere, by anybody who may be fool enough to send them. Further particulars will *not* be announced.

WHO'S TO BLAME?

A Comedy, in Three Acts.

ACT. I.

SCENE—*A Desert. British Force entrenched, and Sentries seen marching up and down. Suddenly a yell is heard, and dark Forms, brandishing spears, break into the Camp. Confusion. Soldiers spring to arms. Terrible mêlée. After ten minutes' severe fighting, Enemy driven off.*



THE BENT BAYONET OF OLD ENGLAND.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Private Thomas Atkins. "Corkscrew, Captain? Here's my Bayonet will do just as well!"

head, thus allowing the savages to spear our men at leisure. The same may be said of the Infantry bayonets; and I attribute the great loss of life on our side—fifty men killed, and one hundred and fifty wounded—to these facts, and to the regrettable circumstance that most of the cartridges had no bullets in them!"

ACT II.

SCENE—*House of Commons. Party Debate expected on question of extending hour of School-Board polling from six to half-past. Obvious impatience of Questions exhibited by crowded House.*

An Hon. Member wished to know if the attention of the Sub-Extra-Under-Secretary-for-War had been called to the statement of a Special Correspondent—(*howls*)—as to the unserviceableness of most of the weapons served out to our brave troops now fighting in Africa? (*"Sit down!"*)

Mr. CHADBRAND had no reason whatever to suppose that there was a word of truth in the statement alluded to, and which had been forwarded by a mere Civilian Correspondent. (*Cheers.*) It was obvious that the officials of the War Office were in a better position to know whether bayonets had broken and guns jammed than a mere irresponsible scribbler, whose only claim to be heard on the subject was, that he had actually witnessed the events of which he wrote. (*Hear! hear!*) Probably his exaggerated statements were due to panic—(*laughter*)—owing to the proximity of the enemy. Fortunately Members of that House were able to exercise a calmer judgment; and he felt bound to tell them that the whole story was a concoction. (*Cheers.*)

ACT III.

SCENE—*Aldershot, three months later. Owing to the return of the Troops, confirming in every particular the Correspondent's reports, and the pressure of the Press, the Government have at last reluctantly consented to have all weapons tested.*

First Private Soldier. Hah! There goes another! (*Sword snaps under the test.*) Why, that makes twenty out of fifty, don't it?

Second Ditto (*fercely*). Wish those blanked idiots who give us such weapons had to use 'em against a lot of howling Arabs, that's all!

Third Ditto. Ah, it's a crying shame! Yet, I suppose those who supplied and proved this rubbish—(*pointing to heap of broken swords and bayonets*)—will be able to hush it all up. Bless you, they won't be punished. They ordered a lot of our poor fellows to execution, all the same. Well, it's a rum world!

[*Left pondering.*]

A WORD FOR THE FRENCH ROYALISTS.

THE Royalists I mean, are the members of the French Company at the Royalty Theatre. M. MAYER changes his bill so rapidly, that, to the most successful of the pieces played here sufficient time is not allowed for what in London is now understood as "a run." He does not permit them to run, he makes them gallop, and no sooner are they started than they are off—here to-day and gone to-morrow—and are no more seen until they are reproduced, perhaps, in some of our theatres as adaptations from the French.

Adaptable as *La Doctoresse* undoubtedly is, it must be seen at its best on the French stage, and I strongly advise all, who like good French light comedy-acting, to see M. NOBLET and Mlle. MAGNIER as *Frontignan* and *Angèle* in *La Doctoresse*, by MM. FERRIER and BOCAGE, before M. MAYER removes it, as he infallibly will, unless the public insists on his keeping it in the bills for at least a month to come. The piece commences at a quarter to eight—or professes to begin at that hour,—though when I was there it was, I am glad to say, a good ten minutes behind time, thus enabling our appreciative party to see it from the rise of the curtain even to the fall thereof on the end of the Third Act,—and it is over at eleven; during which time you will get as many hearty laughs as are good for you in one evening. It is perfectly played. I am not saying that I consider the Palais Royal method of taking an audience into the Low Comedian's confidence as the perfection of his trionie Art,—no, I do not mean that,—it never will and never can be, except when such confidential asides are intentionally written to suit the manner of an Actor, as they were for the inimitable CHARLES MATTHEWS (Heavens! how he has made tears of laughter course down my cheeks!); but, accepting this peculiarity as part of the game, then the acting of the principal parts in *La Doctoresse* is as good as anyone would wish it to be, whether here or in its own native land. The first two Acts go with roars of laughter, due to the dialogue, the Actors, and the situations. The Second Act, in which the climax is reached, is very funny; but the third is comparatively weak, though the moral, which I will not anticipate by quotation,—except to say, that the curtain is "rung down" by *la sonnette de nuit*,—is, to my mind, worth the whole Act.

For an invalid troubled in liver a fee to *La Doctoresse* is money well laid out. Her motto is "Down with the dumps!" The plot belongs to the old family group of *Un Mari à la Campagne*.

There is, to quote Messrs. PAULTON and BROUGH, "Not too much plot, but just plot enough."

Woa, Pegasus! I mustn't drop into poetry. Let the theatre-going public, and specially that portion of it which enjoys the Criterion pieces, and the bustling touch-and-go Mr. CHARLES WYNDEHAM, lose not a moment, but go and see *La Doctoresse*. And if they don't thank me afterwards for my recommendation, and, if there be any gratitude in them, give me a handsome testimonial, my name is not their humble and devoted servant,
BROAD NIBBS.

P.S.—By the way, I must mention a performance of an amateur burlesque, by military amateurs, at Chelsea Barracks, who evidently will never be Chelsea pun-shunners. There was a go and a heartiness about the playing which would have made the success of a worse piece than this. The singing and dancing were of excellent quality: the stage-business and the topical hits most amusing, and the scenery and costumes highly effective. The style of the burlesque was of that sort of variety entertainment form which was introduced long ago here when Miss LYDIA THOMPSON played in *Blue Beard* with Messrs. BROUGH and EDOUN, and which the two latter have recently done their best with *The Babes*, to perpetuate. There were no *Vivandières* playing, the Actors being all on the "spear side," and none on the spindle.

WHAT does BISMARCK'S "Schnapps Monopoly Bill" mean? Has he taken to steady drinking, and wants to have all the Schnapps to himself? Such a jolly dog must be muzzled, and that will interfere with his Schnapping.



La Doctoresse, and her Husband begging her pardon—An 'Ealer and a Kneeler.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

A REAL GOOD SHOW.

MY DEAR REGENT MORTON AND EARL OF LEICESTER SQUARE,—I am aware that you are the "Acting Manager" at the Alhambra, and not the Dancing Manager, but as the two Arts are so admirably combined



Piping Times at the Alhambra.

at this establishment, I may address you as the Representative of both, and congratulate you on having the best entertainment that your Theatre of Varieties has produced for years, and the largest audiences to witness it. You have got a charming ballet, *Nina*, at Nine-a-clock, arranged and invented by Mons. J. HANSEN. The principal danseuse, Mlle. PALLADINO (my compliments to her), as the heroine, tells her story in pantomime so perfectly that no Acting Manager, however well he might act, could do it better; and she makes all her points, with her toes, so intelligibly that the audience can follow her closely with their understandings, and become as deeply interested in the plot as if they were seeing a melodrama. She is ably supported by Mlles. LILLIE LEE and MARIE as *Manuelita* and *Juanes*. The music, by your excellent Music Manager, M. JACOBI, characteristically illustrates the different situations, and gives the motives for action. It is as catching as measles, and as dramatic as MEYERBEER'S *Huguenots*.

By the way, why should not the story of some well-known Opera be condensed and arranged as a Ballet? Or, if we come to that,



NINA À NINE-A-CLOCK.

Mlle. Palladino and the Ballet of the In-fann'd Allphan Asylum.

why not *Hamlet*? "To be or not to be" would perhaps present some little difficulty as a *pas seul*; but "the Two Macs" would make a first-rate pair of Grave-diggers,—with a fight introduced, of course. They are wonderful fellows. I remember them two or three years ago. They are now funnier than ever.

With the single exception of the Blondin Donkey, I haven't seen anything so supremely idiotically ridiculous as the performance of the Two MACS. Their *tableaux* are like a series of those comic German pictures.



The "Macs" and Smacks, by two Lads o' Whacks.

The Donkey Entertainment by the Brothers GRIFFITHS, which follows M. St. JACOME'S flageolet solo,—an artistic performance highly appreciated by the vast audience,—is full of grotesque humour, and the Donkey's way of suddenly turning nasty, looking quite assid, and threatening to "go for" his master, is perhaps one of the most original bits of jocular jack-assery ever seen on the stage within the memory of the oldest living playgoer, or music-hall *habitué*.



The Blondin Donkey; or, The Vigour of Bray.

Once more I must congratulate you, Regent MORTON and Earl of Leicester Square, on your Military Ballet, which finishes the evening triumphantly. Victory crowns the efforts of the Alhambra Company. The costumes are from designs by M. BESCHE,—*qui facit per "Alias" facit per se*,—that is, they are made by M. ALLAS, and are quite "*per se*,"—especially, of course, those worn by the sailors. Musical Manager JACOBI'S music brings in all the national airs, and the Highlanders, Lowlanders, Grannydears, and Little-dears, bring in with them all their national graces. By the way, in the "Bayonet Charge," the bayonets *seemed* to be in good order. Hadn't you better, my excellent Regent MORTON, immediately order an inspection? This is only a suggestion from

STEEL NIBBS.

A FEW MORE OF THEM.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK'S list of the "Hundred Best Books," though it has given general satisfaction to every one except Mr. RUSKIN, has been subjected, in certain influential quarters, to some amendment, and the following few specimens, taken at random, may interest those who are eager to provide still more suitable material for the readers of the Working Men's College:—

Lord Randolph Churchill.—Blue Books on Burmah (various).

A Young Three-Volume Novelist.—A hundred volumes of his own latest work (uncut).

A Member of the Jockey Club.—Book on the coming Derby, illustrated with latest tips.

Mr. Augustus Harris.—Ledger, handsomely bound in maroon velvet, showing recent booking at Drury Lane Theatre.

Mr. Parnell.—"History of his Negotiations with the Present Government," furnished in his own Black Books.

King Milan of Servia.—"Handy Volume of Patriotic Poems," improvised on the conclusion of the recent campaign.

Mr. Wills.—"The Life and Times of Mr. SCHUTZ WILSON," as gathered from his criticism on *Faust*.

Mr. W. H. Smith.—Pocket Edition of "Irish Nationalist Song Book" for the use of Schools.

Mr. Wilson Barrett.—Book of "The Lord Harry," showing Mr. WILSON BARRETT'S share of the composition printed in red ink.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach.—"The Comic History of Procedure in all Ages" (latest edition).

Sir Drummond Woolf.—"An Account of Turkish Backgammon" (with Illustrations), as played by him daily at Cairo with MOUKETAR PASHA.

Prince Henry of Battenberg.—"Some of his Movements," as gathered from the *Court Circular*, printed on white satin (*édition de luxe*).

The Speaker of the House of Commons.—Volume of his own "Commentaries."

Sir Edward Watkin.—"The Greatest Bores of History," with some account of the floating of the Channel Tunnel Company.

Mr. Horsley, R.A..—"Clothes, and How to Wear Them." Being a handsomely illustrated pamphlet of a well-known firm of Advertising Tailors.

The Butcher.—"His Book Made Up to Date," with request for a cheque.

DECREPITUDE AT A PREMIUM.—"Nothing like old servants!" everyone says. Old servants are supposed to be as valuable as Old Masters, old fiddles, and old friends. Old servants are becoming scarce. This is very strange, as people are getting older and older every day. They are even advertising for the aged retainer. Look at this, from the *Morning Post*:—

WANTED, immediately, a Good PLAIN COOK; no dairy or baking; Church of England; age about 80; good wages.

We can understand a fine old crusted Butler giving dignity to a Family Mansion. But a good Plain Cook of eighty puzzles us. Her mission is rather to be useful than ornamental; her influence is felt rather than seen. We should think "A good Plain Cook of eighty" could make her influence very much felt indeed, and would probably manage to entirely upset a large family in the course of a couple of days.

The Children's Knight.

"*Sic transit gloria Mundellæ!*"

You fought for the Children with voice and with pen,
'Gainst fierce over-pressure and hard-hearted men;

Your accolade's welcome in country and town:

Good luck to the new Knight, Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE.

THE CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND.—What does the appointment of Mr. W. H. SMITH portend? War to the (paper)-Knife? However, we wish well to the O'SMITH in his new career.

SISTERS OF MERSEY.



Science. At last, fair Sister! Mersey's busy banks

No more are Sundered.

Trade. Thanks, sweet Science, thanks!

How much I owe you!

Science. 'Tis my joy to aid
A sister so beneficent as Trade.
All seek my services, to all I lend
My ready help, yet often to what end?
Bellona makes me minister of ill,
And red Sedition steals my subtlest skill
As forced auxiliary to deeds of shame.
But in *your* cause to rule the earth, and tame

The rebel elements is my delight.

Trade. Old Major ISAAC made a splendid fight

With Time and Nature, and the Prince did well

To sing his praises. What a tale to tell
To envious WATKIN!

Science. Ah! poor snubbed Sir EDWARD,

His mingled thoughts to-night in going
bed-ward,
Will make his dreams, like *Clarence's*,
perturbed.

Trade. Well, bumptiousness too swelling
must be curbed;

But in these days of failures, factions,
fears,

How enviable your happy Engineers;
Who fight with Nature in agreement
hearty

To benefit their country, not a Party.



"SO OBSERVANT!"

"Mamma" (shopping). "YOU MAY CUT ME OFF A SAMPLE, AND I'LL SEE MY DRESSMAKER, AND WRITE—, Infant Terror. "WHY, 'MA! THAT'S JUST WHAT YOU SAID IN ALL THE OTHER SHOPS!!"

Science. Why yes, of course, my friends BRUNLEES AND FOX Fought, not red faction, but red sandstone rocks. Yet these are hard, and but for BEAUMONT'S borer This Tunnel business might have proved a floorer.

Trade. Well, that at least 's a thing no more to dread; Since Liverpool is linked with Birkenhead, And Lancashire with Cheshire and North Wales. Ah! Science started fair, right seldom fails.

Science. Her strength she measures, and opposing forces, Nor tries combining contradictory courses.

Trade. A "tip" for Statcraft, Sister?

Science. As you please. In welding nations as in linking seas, These rules hold good; for river as for runnel. In Broseley pipe-tube as in Mersey Tunnel.

Sir E. Watkin (at distance). All very fine! *couleur de rose* extremely, I think such jubilation quite unseemly. One of the most important incidents of the reign? Egregious RAIKES, your eulogistic strain You tootle loudly, but your pipe is scranell. Compared with my big bore beneath the Channel, What is this trumpery Tunnel? A mere rat-hole! Since mine is dropped don't prate to me of *that* hole. Insular idiots spoil my little game, Yet crack this up. A scandal and a shame! When I succeed *this* will seem no great shakes, I'll be upsides you yet, my CECIL RAIKES!

[Exit disgusted.]

Too LATE.—Talking of Sleighs in London, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, recommending their adoption in snowy weather, said, on January 21, "A rough sleigh could be constructed for a Sovereign." If this advice had only been given on the 20th, it might have been acted upon, and so saved the QUEEN from bringing out her iced unwhipped creams to draw the State Carriage. HER MAJESTY might have gone on that rough sleigh.

EXTRACT FROM THE LETTER OF A LADY IN WAITING, Jan. 19 to 22.—Here to-day, gone to-morrow, and back again the day after. Oh, what days we are having! So cold! B-ck-ngh-m P-l-ce so cheerful!! M—— said he should have known We were in town, even if he hadn't read it in the papers, as, when passing through the Park about 11 P.M., Wednesday night, he observed lights in three of the windows—a candle in each, apparently. Such sweet weather for travelling, and everybody in such a good humour, that life is quite worth living. Thought the Jubilee Year would be a nice lively one. Beginning well. No more at present. Lights out. Bed-time.

In a poverty-stricken Irish fishing village, to expend some £4,000 on a solid stone pier, which a fishing-boat has never been laid alongside of, and which is as dangerous as a rock to a poor canoe-man venturing to approach it, would seem to be as ripe a specimen of official folly as the Circumlocution Office itself could well excogitate. Yet this, according to the *Daily Chronicle's* Special Commissioner, is what has been done at the now famine-stricken village of Tully, on the West Coast of Ireland. This is the sort of thing, it seems, which is, humorously, called a "Relief Work," and not the only instance the Commissioner has seen of such works, "which have proved absolutely useless to the fishermen in whose interests they were made." This pier might pair off with the celebrated

Windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing.

for it is not properly connected with the village, and *nobody ever uses it!* How grateful the famishing fishermen must be for Tully's Folly, and how entirely of the same opinion as the Deputation that waited upon Lord SALISBURY, to demonstrate strongly in favour of "things as they are," in happy Ireland!

BROKEN REEDS AND BAYONETS.—(Toast and Sentiment.)—When the British Soldier finds a foeman worthy of his steel, may he ever find himself provided with a steel worthy of his foeman.

PAPERS FROM PUMP-HANDLE COURT.

MY BRIEF-BAG GETS ME INTO TROUBLE.

WHEN I have nothing better to do from a legal point of view, I take a hand in the suit of *Shrimp v. Lambkin*. My connection with the matter is purely *en amateur*, as, being an interested party, of course, I cannot be briefed. *Shrimp v. Lambkin* is being tried in the Chancery Division of the High Court. It is rather a complicated affair, having six or seven sets of Solicitors, and as many Plaintiffs and Defendants. It is somewhat difficult to find out among the latter which is which, as the Plaintiff of to-day frequently becomes the Defendant of to-morrow, while the Defendant of yesterday often blossoms into the Plaintiff of next week. It is scarcely necessary to say after this that *Shrimp v. Lambkin* is a family dispute.

On entering my Chambers, a few days since, PORTINGTON met me with the usual announcement "that *Shrimp v. Lambkin* was again in the paper."

"SHRIMP's people dropped in, Sir," continued my right-hand man, "to say that if you had nothing better to do, you might take the lease and affidavits in the newspaper good-will matter down to Mr. Justice CHITSON's Chambers, as they have a most important appointment at 2 to-day—in fact, a matter of vital importance—and can't get on without them. They say you have all the documents, and that there are no copies."

"Is my bag here?" I asked PORTINGTON.

"No, Sir," replied my excellent and admirable Clerk, "you will remember that you last used it to carry home the pheasants Mr. THORNTON sent you, which arrived at the same time with that grocery packet from the Stores."

Spurred on to exertion by the feeling that much depended on my promptitude, I hastened to Burnah Gardens, filled my black bag with the necessary documents, and commenced my return to the Strand. I determined, as I had now plenty of time, to walk across the Park, and had got as far as the Horse Guards' Parade when, to my surprise, I discovered a throng of people and several batteries of artillery. Suddenly it occurred to me that it was the occasion of the QUEEN'S Opening of Parliament, and that the crowd before me was waiting the arrival of HER MAJESTY. I looked at the Horse Guards' Clock—it was twenty minutes past one. If I could not get across at once, I was, so far as *Shrimp v. Lambkin* was concerned, a lost man.

In vain attempts to escape, I found myself at last confined in a mob of people awaiting the procession, and unable to move either forward or backward. I was a close prisoner, and could not stir. It was



Thursday, Jan. 21.—"Queen's weather!"—"Oh, what a day we're having!"

at this moment that I suddenly became conscious of the presence of my black bag, which had already attracted considerable hostile attention. I smiled as innocently as I could; but, to judge from the expression on the faces around me, evidently my forced geniality created an unfavourable impression. I would have given worlds at this moment to have got rid of my black bag, even with its precious freight of leases and affidavits, as I felt that it was seriously endangering my safety. All the stories of the dynamite outrages, invariably associated with a black bag, came back to me, and at this supreme moment of my existence my nose was seized with a fit of irritability which I felt could only be cured by gentle friction. I did not dare to raise my arms, for fear of creating suspicion. In one hand I had an umbrella and handkerchief, in the other my black bag, which became heavier and heavier in my numbed half-frozen fingers. It was at this moment that a man in a pot hat, who looked like a cross between a very country butler and a very town-bred gamekeeper, approached me, and stood beside me. In an instant some of my rougher companions slunk away.

"Now," said the new-comer, in an undertone to me, "we don't want no disturbance. We've 'ad our eye upon you since you've been here—and we intend to keep an eye on you till you step it."

I indignantly protested against this uncalled-for interference, and asked him what he meant.

"Never you mind what I mean, but just keep your hands where they are, for if you attempt to move them it will be the worse for you."

"Do you suspect my bag?" I cried, indignantly; "for, if you do, I'll open it and show you what it contains."

"Don't be a fool!" said he, in a hurried whisper. "All our men are spread about, and if the roughs saw you and me having a disturbance over a black bag we might both get badly hurt—you because they didn't know you, and me because they did. So, to make things quite safe, put your hands together and there you are."

With this, to my great surprise, he cleverly clutched hold of both wrists of my coat and effectually handcuffed me. Again my nose put itself painfully in evidence, and my numbed fingers, which suffered terribly from the cold, began to relax their hold. I informed my captor that I could retain the bag no longer, when he told me that if I dropped it "it would be the worse for me."

It was in this painful and humiliating position that I saw my Most Gracious Sovereign pass me. I raised a feeble cheer, but was not allowed to lift my hat, as my loyalty suggested would have been appropriate to the occasion. I can only hope that if HER MAJESTY recognised one of her most devoted servants covered in her presence, she will not attribute it to any feeling of disrespect, or any legal claim to wear my hat in the presence of my King, which, I am well aware, is the sole privilege of one of her nobles. Immediately the Royal Procession had passed, and the lines of spectators were broken, I turned indignantly to my captor, and demanded an explanation.

The man, on finding from my card who I was, was profuse in his apologies, but excused himself on the score that "he was quite sure that none of his people had ever seen me at the Sessions, the Bailey, or the Royal Courts."

Angrily throwing myself into a hansom, I drove at a furious rate to Mr. Justice CHITSON's Chambers, where I found "one of SHRIMP's people" quietly lounging in the corridor.

"Here they are!" I cried, excitedly, thrusting the precious documents, which I had drawn from my brief-bag, into his hands. "I hope I am not too late!"

SHRIMP's Representative looked at me calmly, and then, seeming to recollect something, observed, "Ah, to be sure! I forgot! Yes, of course, to-day we were to decide whether the beneficiaries were entitled to fifteen thousand pounds under the will, or only fivepence. Well, some of the other people forgot the appointment, so the Chief Clerk has adjourned the matter until we are ready, which will be, I suppose, in about three months!"

From which it will be seen that the proceedings in *Shrimp v. Lambkin* are not to be carried on too hastily!

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

NEW PROPOSED RULES OF PROCEDURE.

(By the Wife of an Old Member.)

1. THE House to begin early, 10.30 A.M. Every Member to be in his place by 11, on penalty of a fine.
2. No Member to quit the House without giving a written account of where he is going to, and obtaining a signed pass from Mr. SPEAKER.
3. Adjournment at 1 for an hour's luncheon. This will be taken in the Refreshment Room, so that the Members' Wives, who are out shopping, can join their husbands at this meal.
4. Members to be in their places again at 2 sharp, on penalty of a fine.
5. The Ladies' Gallery to be open always to all Members' Wives, who at the commencement of each Session will be provided with an ivory ticket of admission.
6. Adjournment at 5, for tea. Ladies admitted. Members to be back in their places at 5.45 on penalty of a fine.
7. The dinner-time to be from 7.30 to 9.30. Absence from the House compulsory during these two hours. Members to be back and in their places by 9.45, under pain of a fine.
8. All fines to be divided among the Members' Wives.
9. The House to adjourn at 11.30 P.M. punctually.
10. In answer to "Who goes home?" every married Member will, on passing out, give written information as to his immediate destination. This book will be open for public inspection all day.
11. Parliament to adjourn from the third week in July to the third week in November.
12. Funds to be provided by the Nation (whatever this may mean) for payment of Married Members' London expenses (house, carriage, servants, gas, and water, &c.), during each Session. These sums to be made payable *only to the Members' Wives*, who will give their receipts for the same.
13. That Members' Wives should be admitted to all parts of the House on exhibiting their ivories; but this last expression is not to be taken as meaning "showing their teeth."

SHAKESPEARE ON ROBERTS THE CHAMPION BILLIARD PLAYER.—
"Most potent in potting."—*Othello*, Act ii. Sc. 3.

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY WAITER.



RUE, as our great National Poet observes, "Whene'er I takes my marks abroad what funny things I sees!"

No. 1.—I seed a hole row of aperiently sane people, includin one woman and a pore [diluted little boy, a standing at the Pieretick Slime Shop in Obun, drinking their glasses all round, same as at a respectabel Pub, except that they all looked jolly sollem insted of awful jolly. I at wunce confesses to having a certain amount of curiosity in my manly natur, most enquiring minds must have, but I never had the smallest wish to wark into that sillybrated drinking Bar and call for a glass of their famous mixture, having the bad taste to prefer a nice glass of hot Rum and water.

No. 2.—I seed a red flag a fluttring in the Brees at a Warehus door in the City. On enkwyring of a most respectabel porter who was a standing there, what it meant, he said it meant danger, as I shoold see if I looked up. I looked up accordingly, and seed a huge mass of goods a swinging playfully in the hair, hanging aperiently by a bit of string jest hover my pore ed like sumbody's sword in the fabel. Need I say as I took to my eels like a race horse, thanking my lucky stars that my lordable curiosity had not corst me my walabel life.

No. 3.—TE A CHOFFI!—Well, I have in the course of my long life seen many instances of bad spellin. Even I myself, I'm told, to my grate surprise, am sumtimes guilty of slite errors in that direction, but never, no never have I seed sitch a spessimen as I seed, in Chancery Lane too, of all plaices in the world, ony last week. It was at a Corfee Shop, and in the winder was printed in very large letters, "TE A CHOFFI!" meaning Tea and Corfee! Was ever sitch hignorance seen, and in sitch a Learned Lane? Ah! it's the old story, the nearer to Chancery the further from good spellin. This reminds me of a funny thing as occurd last summer, witch I shall call—

No. 4.—A gent' came into our Corfee Room, and said to me some-think as sounded like "Polly vu Francis?" Of course, I was emused at his calling me FRANCIS, but feeling sure as he was a frenchman I ansered at wunce "no Mounseer." So he took a penoil and peace of paper and wrote down "Thé" and showed it to me, so of course I said "no understanding." Fortunately there was a cup and saucer on the table, so he took it up and pretended to drink out of it, then of course I knowed exakly what he wanted, and gave him a werry nice cup of tea, and then he nodded his head, and so I gave him another cup, and then he gave me a shilling, and then went away and wouldn't take his fourpence change! leaving me quite unabel to decide witch to wunder at most, his gross hignorance in spellin, or his extreme generosity. My experience leads me to think that hignorance is one of the fruitful mothers of generosity.

No. 5.—I was a warking quietly home the other nite, and as I past round one of the nice Squares near the Pondling, I had a good long look up at the stars, and I was jest a thinking of all the wonderfool amosin storys as I had once herd a reverend Deen tell us at a Lecter at Greeshun Collidge, such as that it wood take a dubble Flying Skotch Express Trane about twelve million years to get to one of the werry neerest on 'em—and how sollem he looked all the wile as if he reely expected us to bleeve it—wen a lady run up to me out of a house as I was a passing, and she says, says she, "Pleese, Sur, will you be so kind as to cum and kill a Beadle?" I natrally started with horrer, wen she hadded, "It's ony a black 'un, it's on the stares, and neither me nor my Sister can go past it." So I went in and did the deed, and they thank me and giv me a shilling, and a glass of werry good sherry jest to set me up again after performing the fearful crush. I may be allowed to express a hope that he is not the last of his race in that partickler manshun of female delicassy,

ROBERT.

BY AN ENTHUSIAST.

"Mrs. ARTHUR ARNOLD has issued a counterblast to tobacco, cramming her canister with a surfeit of charges before firing it at the pernicious weed."—*St. James's Gazette.*

Nor for all a woman's sneers
At the joys she does not know,
Will I yield thee, friend of years,
And Nicotian charms forego.
Best of many boons to man,
Mister Punch for thee will
plead;
Hail to RALEIGH! who began—
With the Weed.

Brave Tobacco, since we knew
All the joys that thou canst give,
We have wondered, men who
blew
Ne'er a cloud to heaven, could
live.
Plaything in an idle hour,
Comfort in our sorest need,
Let us rather call thee flower,
Not a Weed.

Happy nights I've spent with
thee,
O my venerable pipe,
Born like Venus in the sea,
Walnut-tinted, old and ripe.
Cares evanish with the smoke,
By each' pensive breathing
freed;
Adding zest to kindly joke,
Fragrant Weed.

Wine works wonders, we are told,
Fills a man with power and
pride,
Rolls a flood of liquid gold,
Or a purple-tinted tide.
Yet it brings the hasty word,
And the inconsiderate deed;
Ne'er are evil passions stirred
By the Weed.

Thou canst add a charm to books,
Speed the hours on swifter
wings,
Kinder seem a friend's kind looks
Through Tobacco's airy rings.
Summer days are fairer far,
Winter's gloom we never heed,
Soothed by pipe or by cigar,
With the Weed.

Woman wot we well hath charms,
But she too can use us ill;
She may blush within our arms.
But her glance hath power to
kill.
Thou art ever-faithful found,
Fairest flower that springs from
seed,
Mightiest herb that grows on
ground,
Blessed Weed!

"PARS" PARVA.

"Où sont les neiges d'antan?" asked VILLON. Where are the snows of yester-week? we may ask of BUMBLE. Still weighting our ways and cumbering our street-corners, is the answer. A fat woman in front of an avalanche were not more stupidly helpless than BUMBLE in face of a four-inch fall of snow. Only the avalanche would sweep the adipose Mrs. PARTINGTON away, whereas BUMBLE's motto is *j'y suis, j'y reste.*

Those all too familiar Augurs, who could not look at each other without laughing, have been trotted out again lately *ad nauseam*. If they could meet now, they would not be able to look at each other without weeping—at the thought of the public nuisance they have become. Surely now they should be spelt augurs, for they are *great bores.*



THE RECENT ATTITUDE OF GREASE.

No. 1, ADELPHI TERRISS.

MR. TERRISS wrote to the *Daily News* last Thursday about "First-Nighters." He said, "I should like to put on record my entire dissent from the abuse which has been heaped on 'First-Nighters.'" Also "It is all very to claim the indulgence due to 'Ladies and Gentlemen,' but Artists should remember that they are Actors and Actresses when they are on the boards"—"*Hear! hear!*" from Us—"and if they wish to be treated as Ladies and Gentlemen only, they had better remain in that privacy with which the Public will not interfere, and where they will be free alike from public applause or public censure." How many of your profession share your opinions? And now we have got a fine chance for our one *jeu de mot* on your name, which is that we find a *Rare Avis in Terriss.*

A BAD TURN OUT.—The "Service" Papers are very properly crying out against the injustice of employing soldiers to assist at evictions. Captains of the Regular Army should not be forced to serve shoulder to shoulder with Sheriff's Officers.



SOCIAL AGONIES.

Jones (whose sense of humour is quite abnormal). "OH, BY THE WAY, I MUST TELL YOU A FUNNY THING ABOUT SMITH—SUCH A FUNNY THING!—TOO FUNNY!! YOU'LL ALL DIE OF LAUGHING WHEN I TELL YOU!!!" [Tells them. Nobody laughs a bit.]

THE LIVE SHELL.

FALLEN on board! And who is game to tackle
The dangerous intruder ere it burst?
It will not be expelled by angry cackle,
But by cool pluck and promptness. Who'll be first?
Each seems reluctant, and a little frightened,
Yet of that shell the vessel *must* be lightened.

Must be, or,—well, the imminent explosion
Will blow you both to Limbo for one thing.
Has selfish fear or jealousy's corrosion
So chilled your blood, so slackened manhood's spring,
That neither of you, now the fuze is lighted,
Dares down on it,—nor even *both* united?

A "PHENOMENA."

A CORRESPONDENT sends us this extract from the Advertisements in the *Guardian* :—

HOUSEMAID and CHOIR HELP. Rare offer; valuable servant; experienced managing housemaid; thoroughly trusty; respectable; plays efficiently harmonium, full choral service in country church. Twenty-four. Eight years' character. Address the Vicar,—specifying work required, number in family, servants kept, wages offered.

"Rare offer!" rather. A first-rate Housemaid, who can play the Harmonium, and give a full choral service, is indeed a treasure. Only twenty-four, with eight years' good character; so, according to COCKER and COLENSO, she must have begun this sort of thing at sixteen. Wherever she goes she has a great future before her. House-keeper and Precentress, and perhaps she may become a Mrs. PROUDIE.

MESSRS. GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS announce a new Volume, entitled *Men of the Reign*. Is it an advertisement for Mr. SANGSTER?

MAKING SURE OF IT.

THE Government having decreed that Mr. W. H. SMITH shall first make inquiries before reporting to them on the condition of Ireland, it may be asked—

Whether he will be permitted to have access to the official records kept at Dublin Castle, for the last six months;

Or have to seek new evidence of the state of affairs on his own account;

If the latter, whether he will cut off his hair and disguise himself as an Irish-American, for the purpose of joining the National League;

Whether, if he succeed in doing this, he will sing "*The Wearing of the Green*," and personally assist in extensive boycotting operations;

Or be present and witness the maiming and wounding of loyalist cattle;

Or whether he will endeavour to view matters entirely from the other side, and, acting himself as bailiff, serve a quantity of writs on tenants marked out for eviction;

And if he does this, whether he will put up somewhere in the immediate neighbourhood, and quietly wait to see what comes of it.

And if he is attacked by a "Moonlight" gang in consequence, and has a narrow escape with his life, whether he thinks he will have carried his inquiry far enough to enable him to send in his report to the Government.

In the course of an article on Books, entitled "Sibylline Leaves," in the *Daily News*, the writer, reviewing *The Yeomen of the Guard*, by Mr. THOMAS PRESTON, describes it as "just the book for a pleasant idle half-hour;" and then he adds, "Would there were more of them!" Did he mean "more of idle and pleasant half-hours," or "more of Mr. PRESTON's books," or "more of such books" as is this one of Mr. PRESTON's? If our first interpretation of the Sybil-line meaning is correct, we agree with him heartily. As to the others, we may agree with him when we have read *The Yeomen of the Guard*.



THE LIVE SHELL.

(WHICH OF 'EM WILL THROW IT OVERBOARD?)

THE LAY OF THE MODERN MILLINERE.

A Man-Millinere meeteth an M.P., and detaineth him.
 The M.P. protesteth,
 With emphasis,
 But vainly,
 He holds him with his watery eye,
 The new M.P. stands still,
 And listens like a man much bored;
 The Millinere hath his will.

The Man-Millinere telleth how the Shop flourished all along of the feminine fad for feather trimmings. The M.P. lapeth in to unparliamentary language. But the M.M. still pergeth away—

Telling of the tyranny of Fashion,
 And of his own parlous sin.

"Trade brisk appeared, good profits we cleared,
 Merrily went the shop,
 For feather trimmings were all the go
 With dames who dressed tip-top.

"Bonnets and hats with tiny plumes,
 From songsters plucked were dight—"
 The new M.P. slipped out a D.,
 Big Ben boomed through the night.

And W. G. was on his legs,
 One might catch the loud "Hear, hear!"
 But still prosed on that woeful man,
 That moist-eyed Millinere.

"Anon the claims of the Fashion-fiend
 Grew tyrannously strong;
 We did not dare so much as spare
 The prettiest pets of song."

"Good gracious, man, what ails you now?
 Why this hysteric sobbin'?"
 Compose yourself!" "For sake of pelf
 I WENT AND SLEW A ROBIN!!!"

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And maketh it hot for him.
 The Nightmare
 Feminine Cru-
 elty, she,
 Who makes
 men's blood
 run cold.

"A slaughtered
 Robin for
 ghastly crest,
 That Weird
 Dream-Woman
 wears.
 That bird's re-
 proachful eyes
 will drag
 Me—let us say
 downstairs.

He findeth
 forty
 winks
 a fearsome
 oriel

"Oh, Sleep it is
 a pleasant
 thing,
 A snooze is
 Comfort's
 goal;
 But I'd rather
 wake for ever
 and aye,
 Than slumber to see that dread array,
 I would, upon my soul!"

The M.P.
 diagnoseth
 the case
 wrongly.
 The M.M.
 taketh the
 plecter
 against
 Bird-
 slaughter.
 With the
 happiest
 results.

"Dyspepsia sure, thou Millinere—"
 "Hush! hush! O rash M.P.,
 I vowed that another singing jowl
 Should never be slain by me!"

"And then all little birds that are,
 I seemed to hear them sing.
 Lord! how they comforted my poor heart
 With their sweet jargoning!"

"And then I heard two Voices speak,
 As I lay like one that's dead;
 Two Voices sweet, yet sternly sad,
 And this is what they said:—

FIRST VOICE.
 "This is the man, the barbarous man,
 Who slew my favourite bird,
 And all to pander to Fashion's freaks,
 As cruel as eke absurd."

SECOND VOICE.
 "True! But the man hath penance done,
 And taken a holy vow.
 Moreover, the Women who wear such spoil
 Are the more to blame, I trow.

"Alas! that ever their gentle hearts
 Should steel themselves to slay
 The tiny tenants of myriad nests,
 To make them fine array.

"This man, and if his vow he keep,
 From Nemesis shall be freed;
 But woe to the shameless Shes for whom
 My feathered pets still bleed!"

"I woka. My ghostly tale is told;
 But the heart within me yearns
 For something done to stay the shame
 Whereat gentle blood yet burns.

"Oh, young M.P. I canst move the House
 With the Fashion-hand to fight, [stain
 That this crime no longer our women may
 In all humanity's sight?"

"He prayeth best—" "Ah! I know the
 Quoth that button-holed M.P. [rest,"

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Who agreeth
 with
 him,
 but
 fore-
 seeth
 difficul-
 ties.

"D a m p
 Millinere,
 you are
 right, I
 fear
 Good bye!
 'Twere a
 ticklish
 task and
 queer.
 But—at
 any rate
 w o 'l l
 see!"

Exit
 M.M.
 M.P.
 makes
 entry.

That Millinere, whose eye is damp,
 Whose tie is tumbled sore,
 Is gone, and the new-
 ly-fledged M.P.
 Enters St. Stephen's
 door.



POSTSCRIPTUM.
 In statu
 quo.

The House once more is in Session met,
 Bird-slaughter yet prevails;
 For feather trimmings are still the go,
 With kittens' heads, which, for aught we know,
 May be followed by puppies' tails.

M.P.
 falleth.

The Sex
 bestirs
 itself.
 Bird's-eye
 View of
 Hope.

Chance for
 the Mil-
 linere.

That young M.P. forgot his vow
 'Midst prattle and Party intrigue.
 He hath lost his seat! But the case to meet
 There be certain Dames one is glad to greet—
 A benison on their impulse sweet!—
 Have started THE PLUMAGE LEAGUE!

A League that all the birds will join,
 As all Ladies should, 'tis clear;
 For so shall they honour their charming sex,
 And so remorse shall no longer vex
 The soul of that Millinere.

"MR. BRADLAUGH's manner of taking the oath," says the *Reading Observer*—(capital name this, an *Observer* intended for Reading; only, in this instance, where was "the Reader"?)—"was somewhat noteworthy. It was a considerable time before he was able to struggle up among the crush of Members towards the table, where the Clerk (Mr. MILMAN) was swearing at each Member, singly and severally, as he presented himself." Anxious as the Junior Member for Northampton was to swear himself, this hearty conduct on the part of the Clerk, meeting him, as it were, more than half-way, must have taken him fairly off his legs; for though, no doubt, Mr. BRADLAUGH must have been conscious of the fact that he is frequently sworn at behind his back, he must have experienced some sense of novelty in viewing the process thus freely and openly indulged in to his very face.

"THE BEST HUNDRED BOOKS."—Mr. *Punch* says the best for everybody's reading are his own Volumes. There are eighty-nine of them, and the difference can be made up by reading the last five twice over.

After the Speech.

(By a Disgusted Tory.)

EUGH! Slyboots! He's "old," though I don't call him grand,
 As dodgy as *Diddler*, or *DICKENS's Weg*.
 He boasts he's "an old Parliamentary Hand,"
 Say, rather, an old Parliamentary "Leg."

Policemen and Pictures.

THE Critic of the *Athenaeum*, speaking of the collection now being shown at the Royal Academy, says:—

"Several capital Constables add to the attractions of this exhibition."

We are very glad to hear it. Shows Mr. Critic is an honest man, or he would have run away. For some time past the Police has had its eye—and its ear too—on Music: now it has "taken up" Painting. It has only to "run in" the Drama to make the Force as cultured as it is active and intelligent!



WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Professor Proseworthy (button-holing Our Artist, who wants to catch a Train).
 "OH, BY THE BYE, I HAD SUCH A CAPITAL SUBJECT FOR YOU—LET ME SEE—WHAT WAS IT? OH, I KNOW,—WHEN THE MUZZLES ARE TAKEN OFF THE DOGS, WHAT A GOOD THING IT WOULD BE TO PUT 'EM ON TO THE BORES—THE BORES OF SOCIETY, YOU KNOW—ALL MUZZLED! HAPPY THOUGHT, EH? HA! HA! SEE?"

Our Artist. "HA! HA! CAPITAL! OR LED BY A STRING, YOU KNOW—OR SUPPRESSED ALTOGETHER, SO THAT THEY COULDN'T CATCH HOLD OF PEOPLE IN THE STREET!"

[Bolts for his Train, which he just misses.]

A STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

(From my Uncommonplace Book.)

A FRIEND meets me in the street. It is the day before the opening of Parliament. His face is careworn and anxious; there is an air of impenetrable mystery about him. He beckons me away from the main thoroughfare, down into a side-street. Why this? Will I come with him? My curiosity is aroused—I will. We enter a doorway. We ascend a narrow, ill-lit staircase. Becoming accustomed to the semi-obscurity, I am aware of mysterious forms, wrapped and muffled, preceding and following us. Escape is impossible. My friend has a rapid communication with some invisible person in, apparently, a hole in the wall. There is a brief interchange of pass-words. A hand appears, then disappears. My friend moves on, and beckons me to follow. I do so. Suddenly we find ourselves in a large room, fairly lighted. Persons, seated, are arranged in four sides of a square. There are a few women among them—very few—and all are in sombre clothing. There is some whispered conversation going on in different parts of the room, but the atmosphere is laden with a sense of mute, dogged conspiracy. Dynamiters? Secret Head-Centres? If so, why am I here? There is a huge black board against the wall opposite the door, on which have been chalked, or somehow marked, ghastly white figures, ranging from 10 to 5000. What does this mean? Who are the doomed ones? How many? Are 5,000 to be victims at one fell swoop? To-morrow it again occurs to me is the opening of Parliament, and I cannot bear to think of it. My friend is speaking to another conspirator. I turn towards the door. Where was it we came in? It is not too late. I will retreat silently, unobserved, precipitately. I take two steps but the impatient shuffling of a hundred feet, and murmurs of "Sit down!" warn me

AN ENTERPRISING INTERVIEWER.

(Vide "An Interviewer and his Calling."—*St. James's Gazette*, Jan. 21.)

WHEN I became a journalist, I never, never dreamt My avocation would be greeted with supreme contempt. You ask me—am I well received? I say, with grief infinite, Receptions of a tax-collector really are not in it. For, first of all, the tax-collector doesn't care a dram; Besides, he's very seldom kicked—I very often am. I chose a certain line of work, considering it newer, And soon became a very Enterprising Interviewer.

At first I couldn't get an interview, there's not a doubt. The footman always said, "My Lord is sorry, but he's out." The observations "out" and "not at home" do not offend. They frequently are used towards one's very dearest friend. Ere long I found they had a special reference to me, But I am not the sort of man to take it placidly. I'm not a poor relation, nor objectionable wooer, So swore they should receive this Enterprising Interviewer.

In Downing Street I knock—then take the footman un-
 awares

By rushing past him in the hall, then nimbly up the stairs. It's true I see the PREMIER in a way perhaps unlawful. It's true the PREMIER's language at the interview is awful. But still it is an interview, and so he'll shortly find. Then quickly down the stairs I go—assisted from behind. I've wished the stairs were not so far between, and wished them fewer,

For as they are they hurt the Enterprising Interviewer.

But in a hurried interview like this you can't expect The article that follows to be perfectly correct. Or if a servant says, "Why don't you ring the kitchen bell?"

How can you, with consistency, regard the mistress well? In such a case—I say, I know the lady wears a wig! The article's a great success,—the circulation big; Her husband at the office calls to catch me a one—two-er, But doesn't always find the "Enterprising Interviewer."

I've dashed upon a Bishop who was ill in bed with gout; My only painless interview—he couldn't kick me out. I've forced my way on Princes, Dukes, and Statesmen of renown,

And if they made unkind remarks, I always put them down. Against my will I interviewed a Judge, who, with a smile, Did most unjustly stop my avocation for awhile. Because I sought HER MAJESTY, and simply said I knew 'er, For months you will not see this Enterprising Interviewer.

that to attempt flight now would be fatal. My friend pulls me down on to a chair. "Time's up!" I hear exclaimed. In another second full light is turned on, and for the first time I perceive a board of green cloth in the centre of the room. Ha! am I in a secret Inferno? Will the Police descend on us, and shall I be up before Mr. D'ENCOURT? The room swims round, my head whizzles I close my eyes Oh, for one minute with a smelling-bottle or even strong snuff! "Courage!" I say to myself—"a man can die but once, and I will sell my life dearly." I rouse myself. I hear a click. Of a pistol? No it is a cannon! ROBERTS has just commenced, and COOK is waiting for his turn—12,000 up, ROBERTS giving COOK 2,000 to start with. *Happy Thought.*—I wish I had two thousand to start with. Wouldn't I start! Wouldn't I have a holiday! Rather!

The following advertisement from the *Bonner Zeitung* ought to meet with some response:—

TWO GERMAN PHYSICIANS seek a learned Englishman by birth who teaches the elements of his Language, Grammar, and Conversation.

We have heard of born Legislators, and can only conclude that these two German Physicians imagine that the country which produces them will also be found equal to the supply of a born *savant*. Not, however, that the requirements of the "Englishman learned by birth" are of a very stringent order, seeing that they are comprised in his ability to teach "the elements of his language, grammar, and conversation." Given his command of the former, his claim to the latter could be proved practically enough. Any applicant for the post who can satisfy the advertising Physicians in an interview that he is learned by birth, ought certainly to be possessed of conversational powers of a high order.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

THE GRAND OLD HAND AND THE YOUNG 'UNS.

"I stand here as a Member of the House, where there are many who have taken their seats for the first time upon these benches, and where there may be some to whom possibly I may avail myself of the privilege of old age to offer a recommendation. I would tell them of my own intention to keep my

counsel, and reserve my own freedom, until I see the occasion when there may be a prospect of public benefit in endeavouring to make a movement forward, and I will venture to recommend them, as an old Parliamentary hand, to do the same. (*Laughter.*)"—From Gladstone's Speech.

House of Lords, Thursday, January 21.—Scene in the Lords to-day a Dream of Fair Women, a blaze of jewellery, a joy of Judges, and a bevy of Bishops. Everyone dressed all in his best, except the Peers themselves, who were in their worst. Huddled together on benches, closely packed on floor of House, arrayed in dingy scarlet robes, everyone misfits, they looked like a body of supers waiting to be called on in Coroner's jury scene, or some equally lively entertainment. The Peeresses and their female relations had stormed the place, driven the Lords of the Creation into these pens in the centre of the floor, where they sat in meek silence, whilst incessant chattering filled the House with the sound of sweet feminine voices. But the Ladies—God bless 'em!—were having such a day of it, enjoying themselves so thoroughly, and looking so charming that the Peers were of no consequence.

H.R.H. wore his own Peer's robes, and showed they really did not look so bad when made to measure. The worst of the Peers is, as DUNRAVEN says, that in the present depressed state of agriculture and in the impossibility of getting their rents, they have to save a penny wherever they can. Accordingly, they go to ready-made shops for their robes, and are bound to take the nearest fit that turns up.

In House of Commons another moving scene, but of different kind. No red cloaks here, nor bared shoulders, nor flashing jewels—unless we count JOSEPH GILLIS as one. House did not meet for business till four, but at noon the Irish Contingent came down and took possession of all the seats below the Gangway, making a selection of the more favoured places above it. English and Scotch Members arriving some hours later found themselves evicted from their old seats, bound to take up their places in the side-galleries. From the Peers' Gallery, JOSEPH, Viscount ARCH, sat side by side with GEORGE, Marquis of HOWELL, the two noble Lords regarding with supercilious air

the struggling crowd beneath. New Members in great force; had recovered their breath after the rush to the Lords to hear Queen's Speech read, and now employed it to give notice of innumerable motions. Then they were constantly popping up in unexpected places and attempting to address the SPEAKER from forbidden quarters. QUILTER opened the Ball by quite a curious progress. Was standing amid the throng at the Bar when his name was called.

"Sir," he said, "I beg to give notice—"

Got no further before he was set upon by old Members, and severely hustled. QUILTER naturally indignant. If this was the famous courtesy of the House of Commons to new Members, he'd take a little less of it. Hit out valiantly in response, but numbers overpowered him. Hustled to the Cross Benches, where he began again. "Sir, I beg—"

Assault recommenced.

QUILTER entrenched himself in the corner before the Cross Benches, where, to his surprise, he was allowed, without further interruption, to complete his notice. Turned out he intends to bring in Bill for Better Security of Beer.

House roared with laughter for five minutes. QUILTER looking about him in amazement.

"Thought he was the Accountant fellow," said CHAPLIN, regarding him through his eye-glass; "but suppose he's in the cork line. Bung is on his mind."

A mistake all round. Old Members wished to inform new one that he could not speak except from within the line marked by the Cross Benches, whilst QUILTER had intended to give notice of a Bill "for the Better Security of the Purity of Beer." In the excitement of the moment purity had deserted him.

Several new Members made maiden speeches on the Address, to Mr. BERESFORD HOPE's great discontent. "In my time," he growled, "it was thought an impudence for a new Member to open his mouth



THE SCENE IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

in the first Session. Now they make their maiden speech on the Address, and one actually proposes to move an Amendment, which amounts to a vote of Want of Confidence! I think I shall follow NEWDEGATE. Can't stand much of this."

Business done.—Address moved.

Friday.—House again crowded in floor and galleries. SEXTON resumed Debate on Address in speech less wind-baggy and therefore better than usual. He was only an hour and a half at it, which for him is what an ordinary remark is to average man. Always admitted that SEXTON is a good, even an eloquent speaker. What I have mourned over has been his funereal tendency to smother his speech amid dust-heaps of verbiage.

New Member still to the fore, a source of increasing marvel. One of his favourite dissipation is to stroll between the SPEAKER in the Chair and the Member on his legs, a deadly breach of Parliamentary etiquette. To-night JOSEPH, Viscount ARCH, having descended from the Peers' Gallery, thought he'd stretch his legs and make a little tour of the House. *En route* came between SEXTON and SPEAKER. A roar of execration went up from the crowded benches. His Lordship paused, and instinctively turned up his coat-sleeves. If this was the mob howling at aristocracy the sooner matters were brought to an issue the better. Taking a step on to the floor of the House, and gazing round defiantly, his Lordship mutely invited the mob to "Come on!" An attempt made to drag him down upon the Front Opposition Bench. But he is a heavy man to move, and, disentangling himself from the grasp of the assailant, retreated in good order, repeating his original offence of passing between SEXTON and the Chair, and so safely reaching the Bar, stood shoulder to shoulder with his fellow peer, GEORGE, Marquis of HOWELL, ready for any emergencies.

Later in debate another anonymous Member (half the House is anonymous just now) performed a similar feat. The Sage of Queen Anne's Gate was on his legs, speaking disrespectfully of the Duke of WESTMINSTER. The New Member strolled down the House with light heart, and passed right under the Sage's nose. The roar that went up literally prostrated him. He lay flat on the Gangway, looking up at the Sage, who, with hands on hips, regarded him with a prolonged and cutting stare. It was piteous to see the abject agony of the New Member as he lay in the Gangway, timidly returning the glare of the Sage. Presently, when the Sage returned to his consideration of the Dukes, New Member cautiously rose, crept up the Gangway, skirted the wall under the Gallery, moved with increasing pace as he neared the door, and disappeared from view. If this was being a Member of Parliament, perhaps the defeated Candidates were not the least happy of men.

Another New Member, one MATHER, distinguished himself in a fresh direction. Debate opened on Irish Question, and continued thereon, speech after speech. When MATHER got his innings, supposed he would add some valuable remarks on the same subject. But, with a wink at the SPEAKER, New Member humorously plunged into discussion on the Education Question. Next Member resumed discussion on Irish Question, and MATHER's maiden speech stands isolated in debate "like a fly in amber," as Sir JOHN LUBBOCK observed.

Business done.—Further Debate on Address.

A Strange Fancy.

WHAT does this mean, from the *Daily News*?—

TO PROPRIETORS OF PERIODICALS, &c.—A known AUTHOR, fiction, histories, articles, and comic matter, well up in starting papers, editing, and managing, is open to an ENGAGEMENT. Salary no particular object. A periodical requiring pulling up preferred.

We thought that when a periodical "required pulling-up," it was generally at the police-court. "Salary no object." This advertiser is evidently poking fun at the Public, for he mentions "comic matter" among his qualifications. He is undoubtedly a real wag.

"NID NID NODDIN'—IN OUR HOUSE"—AT WESTMINSTER.—During Mr. SEXTON's brilliant and powerful speech on Friday last, he alluded to what concessions Mr. GLADSTONE would be inclined to make to the Home Rulers. Whereat, it is reported, "Mr. GLADSTONE deliberately nodded three times." A great deal was made of this Lord Burleigh-like nod by the *Post* and *Pall Mall*. But Mr. PUNCH, quietly reviewing the situation, ventures to offer the suggestion that the *Ex-Premier* was asleep.

WHEN this "hekabibbion" business is quite through, will this searching inquiry have sensibly—(*Query*, in any case "sensibly")—increased the number of readers of, say—CONFUCIUS and Mr. CRAIK?

MR. WILLIAM MORRIS will introduce into the patterns of his wall-papers several peculiar Socialistic designs.

A CRY FROM THE BENCH;

OR, JUSTICES JUST ICE.

Enter High-Sheriff and Javelin-Men, conducting the two Judges to their Official Lodgings.

High-Sheriff (bidding adieu to the Judges on threshold). And I hope sincerely that your Lordships will be quite comfortable.

Judges (together). Oh, no doubt of it. You'll come in and have a glass of wine?

High-Sheriff (aside). If they only knew that I've given them shilling Claret and cheap Saumur? Can't help it—the county's so dreadfully poor. (*Aloud.*) Thanks, but I won't disturb your Lordships.

[Exit Sheriff and Javelin-Men. Mr. Justice Byles. Come, Brother, 'tis an imposing edifice, at all events. Why (*in Hall*), how's this? (*Shivers violently.*) It's like an ice-house.

Mr. Justice Styles (moving on). Perhaps the Dining-room will be better. What an abominable fire! Positively it's made of Coke! Why, this is contempt of Court. (*Wraps himself up in a blanket which he pulls hurriedly from one of the beds.*) Isn't there an icy draught coming in from somewhere?

Mr. Justice Hawkins complained, at Norwich, that the Judges' Lodgings were only fit for "Arctic Foxes or Polar Bears."

Mr. Justice Byles (who has been examining rooms). Draught! I should think there was. Why, just look here! [*Pulls aside a curtain, and discloses a large hole in the wall—*

garden and snow-covered paths visible through aperture. *Mr. Justice Styles.* Oh, this is shameful! *Mr. Justice Byles.* What shall we do? Issue a *mandamus* to the Sheriff?

Mr. Justice Styles. My fingers are too cold to look up Law-books, but I doubt if there's a precedent for such a course. A peremptory injunction to the nearest carpenter or mason would be more to the point. (*Falls rather heavily on floor.*) Upon my word, there's ice on the carpet! Yes, it's really a slide!

Mr. Justice Byles (eagerly). Then certainly a *caveat* to the little boys of the neighbourhood ought to issue at once. And did you notice the furniture? Come straight out of some old curiosity shop, I should imagine.

Attendant (entering). A cold collation awaits your Lordships in the Library.

The Judges (together, very angrily). Cold be—(*sudden pause*).

Mr. Justice Byles (peremptorily). Go away, fellow, and heat it.

Attendant (surprised and pleased). Thank your Lordships! [*Exit.*

Mr. Justice Styles. Why did he thank us? Oh, (*tries to dance*) my feet are like icicles! How are your poor feet?

Mr. Justice Byles (sadly). I don't think I've got any left—not even a contingent remainder.

Mr. Justice Styles. I've heard one's fingers and toes drop off when they're frost-bitten. Perhaps we shall leave ours behind as "remanets"! It's too bad.

Mr. Justice Byles (professionally). Yet it's a really interesting legal question whether a High Sheriff is liable for impliedly guaranteeing that our lodgings are habitable, if you can view it in that light.

Mr. Justice Styles (peevishly). But I can't view it in that light. I'm much too cold; and as we've decided ever so many times that a tenant must look out for himself, I really don't see what remedy we have. I only wish I was in a jolly comfortable cell at the County Gaol, like those prisoners to be tried to-morrow.

Mr. Justice Byles. I'm so hungry! (*Rings bell.*) [*Re-enter Attendant.* Well, where's the "collation"?

Attendant. It's finished, my Lords.

Mr. Justice Styles. Finished! We told you to heat it—

Attendant. Yes, thank you, my Lords. I did heat it. It were very good. (*The Judges collapse.* *Attendant sees there's a mistake somewhere, and adds persuasively.*) But there's some of the mutton left, and if your Lordships wouldn't object to sitting by the fire in the kitchen—

Mr. Justice Byles. Eh, Brother STYLES?

Mr. Justice Styles. The Court concurs, Brother BYLES. And if this worthy person could procure us some boiling water—

Mr. Justice Byles. A little lemon, sugar, some whiskey—

Attendant. Two tumblers and a couple of churchwardens? Yes, my Lords; and perhaps your Lordships have got your own tobacco with you? Oh, very good,—my Lords, this way.

[*The venue is changed by consent to the kitchen.*]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

THE HORSES IN THE GARDEN.

COVENT Garden, of course. The Great International Circus, under the management of the People's Canterer, WILLIAM of Holland, deserves to be a great success. Unfortunately, on the occasion of my visit, Signor PAUL CINQUEVALLI, "L'Incomparable," was prevented by illness from performing, so I did not see what I am



A Wiry Couple.

informed is the most wonderful part of the show. But we saw Miss JESSIE O'BRIEN, the Lady Jockey, a very graceful and clever "act," and Mr. GEORGE BATTY on the perfectly bare-backed and reinless steed. What a sight Rotten Row would be if all equestrians were brought up to ride like Mr. BATTY and Miss O'BRIEN, and all horses trained to be so obedient! In the hunting-field all dangers from being dragged in the stirrup, all chance of girths breaking, in fact all trouble and saddlery expenses avoided by the employment of the Bare-Backed Steed. Then there were Miles. ELVIRA and GISELLA on the slack wires—a feat they could have performed with ease out-of-doors during the recent snow-fall, when the overhead-wires were slackened everywhere.

Miss NELLIE REID, "with her celebrated leaping-horse, Sydney," delighted us; though, when I observed the word "celebrated," I began to think how "out of it" I must have been for years, seeing that this was the very

first time I had ever seen, or even heard of, the "celebrated" horse, Sydney. My loss I admit, and so, *au revoir*. What I always love to remark is the air of disdainful indifference assumed by the *Equestrienne*, when she is being carried round the Circus by the horse at a walk, or is standing still in the intervals between the scenes of her "act." How she ignores the Clown! With what a lazy look of half-awakened curiosity she casually scans the audience, apparently disposed to regard them as intruders, or admitted as a favour to see her take her usual riding exercise. Then, when she can no longer refuse to recognise the existence of Mr. Merryman, and when that eccentric Droll, with the permission of the King-master, places his hand on his heart, and effusively addresses to her a declaration of his passion, how she looks down on him from her saddle with a sweetly deprecating smile, as though she would say, "Poor fool! how I pity thee! but how I despise the Ring-master and the public who encourage thee! But there, the hoops are ready. Away poor Fool! and—hoop-là!"

A Circus is a great pleasure to most of us, I imagine, greater perhaps than, as rational beings, we care to admit.

There is a great feature, greater even where all is great in the Great International Circus, and that is the Great International Band, dressed in scarlet and gold uniforms, gallantly conducted by Marshal JOHN FITZGERALD, who looks the personification of Martial Music in his blue and gold uniform and his fierce moustache. No wonder that, under such leadership, this brave band attacks with admirable precision, accompanies the horses over the bars, and urges them on to victory! The band of a Circus is ordinarily a conventional affair; but this is, as I have already said, a very strong feature of the show; and, but that we have come to see the horses, might well have a quarter of an hour's performance all to itself. By the way,—*Happy Thought*,—why shouldn't the



Napoleon Holland; or, The People's Canterer.

Musicians come in mounted on horseback, and give us a Grand Instrumental, Ornamental, and (of course) International Overture, Entr'acte, and Finale? A Galop performed by the Orchestra on trained steeds, conducted by Marshal FITZGERALD with his Marshal's *bâton*, would be something to draw all London and the Provinces. Four ponies to one on its success. Pause, WILLIAM of Holland, before you reject for ever the idea thus offered you by such a regular beggar on horseback as

HARD NIBBS.

P.S.—Excellent House the night I was there; and, going round to view the stables, I was glad to observe that the stalls were quite full.

P.P.S.—I have not yet seen Mr. COGHAN's new drama, *Enemies*, at the Prince's, written, I believe, for Mrs. LANGTRY. There is, I hear, an idiot in it; not the first on the stage by many, but, I am told he is a great idiot. That eminent and stately tragedian, Mr. KEMBLE, plays, so I read in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the part of a "dissolute nobleman." All, to whom Mr. KEMBLE's aristocratic bearing is familiar, will acknowledge that he must look and play the part to perfection. Fortunate Manageress to have such a chance for a pictorial advertisement all over London. "The Beauty! the Idiot!! the Dissolute Nobleman!!! All now appearing at the Prince's Theatre! Walk up! walk up!"

Trois Femmes pour un Mari is to be seen at the Criterion. It is said to have been most successfully adapted by Mr. RAE. "Who?" asked somebody a trifle deaf. "Hoo-Rae!" answered Mr. C. WYNDHAM after the first night. The title in English is as clumsy as the French—*The Man with Three Wives*. Why not *Much Married?* or a *Rae-union?*

A new dramatic author has appeared. Young Mr. WILLIAM SAPTE. His comedy, called *Speculation*, produced at a *matinée*, was not particularly strong or original; even the Mesmerism has been used before in a three-act farce at TOOLE's, but whose it was I forget. However, Mr. SAPTE's is at all events a fair start, and that it is not from a foreign source is a point in his favour. He'll succeed after he has worked at the trade, or, as the school-boys say, after he has "sapped" at it. His literary future is as yet a matter of *Speculation*.

N.

A PARTICULAR COMMUNICATION.

STATE FARCE IN TWO ACTS.

ACT I.

Ministers parting after a recent final Cabinet Meeting.

Lord S-l-sb-ry (finishing his concluding remarks). Well, then, that's settled. We go out. A great bother the QUEEN being down at Osborne. Dear me, I never thought of that. I can't manage it in this weather. I have it, I'll telegraph.

Sir M. B-ch. Or send someone? Why not ROWTON?

Lord S-l-sb-ry. Capital! Of course, that's what I'll do; I'll send ROWTON. She won't want me. Yes, ROWTON shall start at once.

Dispatches him forthwith, with instructions to make a "particular communication" to HER MAJESTY, and then proceeds to make his own arrangements for the next day, mapping out his time carefully as Scene closes.

ACT II.

Lord S-l-sb-ry (discovered taking a hurried luncheon after a morning spent in official interviews. Looks at the clock). Ah! nearly three. ROWTON ought to be about having his audience now. I wonder how he's getting on. Lucky job I thought of sending him, for really, rather than face that three hours to Portsmouth, and then that crossing in the fog, to finish up with, why, I'd—(Enter a Messenger with Telegram. Gives it to Lord S-l-sb-ry. He opens it.) Ha! a Telegram—and from ROWTON. Let's see what he says. (Reads.) "I'm no use. You're to come at once." Come at once, and I was to see HATZFELDT at four. Bother! This comes of resigning. I told BEACH what it would be. Here am I, at my age, obliged to go tearing up and down the South-Western like a school-boy out for a holiday. Really, at such a crisis, HER MAJESTY ought to be upon the spot, or, at least, let one manage by deputy. Here—bother! Where's Bradshaw?

[Consults it, and finds he has just twenty minutes to catch a train. Pulls himself together, and manages it by throwing over all his appointments, and leaving everything at sizes and sevens. Finally, after facing the three hours to Portsmouth, he arrives at Osborne after dark, when he is shown in to HER MAJESTY, and again repeats, at her request, a "particular communication" to her, with sulky courtliness.

THE Burnley Factory Girls, who in the eyes of their masters, are, as far as their "giving themselves such hairs" goes, peculiarly unsatisfactory girls, won't have their fringes interfered with. They say it is infringing their rights. Fringes have gone out of fashion, but if the Burnley girls think they look better when they've "got 'em on," for goodness sake let 'em wear them.

MUZZLING THE GREEK DOG.



N.B.—The newspapers said "there is a pause in the action of Greece." Observe "the paws in the action of Greece," as shown by our Artist.

Canis loquitur:—

EVERY dog has his day, and I thought mine was come:
But Hope's promise once more turns out only a hum.

Oh, bother the blue-eyed deceiver!
Bow-wow! All their plaguy "precautions" and stuff
Against what *they* call madness are simply enough.
To put a poor tyke in a fever.

Sheer rabies indeed! What an insolent error!
Fact is, though they're big, they are frantic with terror
At me and my shining incisors.
See how they all cluster and clamour around me!
Long since, if they could, they'd have hanged me or drowned me.
My *soi-distant* "friendly advisers."

Cave Canem? Oh, yes! There'd be pretty fine work,
If I once got my teeth in the calf of the Turk,
The bloated, burglarious old noodle!
He has robbed and ill-used me for ages, and now
Must they check me as soon as I raise a bow-wow?
'Twould "put up" the veriest poodle!

S. A. R. D. O.



THE EARLY BIRD.

Mr. Maydew slips on an old Coat and Hat, and exercises himself by sweeping the Snow from his Gate.

News-Boy (who does not recognise the Proprietor of "Larkhall Villa"). "HULLO, OLD 'UN, YOU'RE ON THE JOB EARLY! 'SHOULDN'T 'A THOUGHT THEY'D 'A BEEN UP TO GIVE IT YER. 'MEAN TO LOOK SHARP WI' MY PAPERS, AN' COME OUT AN' MAKE A EXTRY BOB OR TWO MYSELF!"

Oh, just once to fix on his flesh! It would puzzle
The best of them, then, the Greek "Growler" to muzzle.

I'd scatter 'em!—just ask GENNADIUS.
But shut in like this in a circle of foes!—
Ah, shouldn't I like to pin one by the nose?

Then the circle would widen its radius.

And GLADSTONE, too! He prate of patience and duty,
As though he were BEACONSFIELD'S self. *Et tu Brute!*

A fig for a friendship so flabby!
I haven't a friend, that is painfully plain,
When the great HOMER-worshipper bids me refrain,
And I'm even deserted by LABBY.

SCARCELY COMIC!

(The Latest "Funny" Story from Burmah.)

THE luckless Prisoner, bound hand and foot, awaited tremblingly the fatal signal. In front of him stood a file of soldiers, with loaded rifles, prepared to deliver the death-dealing volley. In his rear a stone wall—overhead a clear sky and a bright sun. All was ready for the tragedy.

Then there was a far-off murmur, which increased in volume and came nearer and nearer. What was it?

The Prisoner turned his eyes towards the quarter from whence the sounds proceeded. He had heard of British justice, in his boyish days he had read an old English story, in which the condemned, on the eve of his execution, had been reprieved. Was he reprieved? Did this murmur, that had now grown into a shout, mean that he was to escape from the jaws of death?

Evidently the firing-party were of that opinion, for they "ordered" their arms and stood at attention. The Officer in command stepped a few paces forward, and awaited the instructions of the Provost-Marshal, who he now discovered, was galloping towards him, followed by an orderly carrying a tripod.

"Stop, stop!" shouted the Provost-Marshal, holding up his hand in the greatest excitement, "Don't fire! Don't fire!"

Then came a mighty shout of "Reprieved!" and the Prisoner raised his eyes skywards, and almost fainted from excessive joy.

The Officer ordered the firing-party to unload, and brought them into "fours right," with a view to marching them off the ground, when he was angrily accosted by the Provost-Marshal, whose orderly had dismounted to fix the tripod already mentioned.

"What are you about, Sir?" he exclaimed. "Who gave you orders to retire your men?"

"I presume, Sir, the execution is countermanded; or, at any rate, postponed," replied the Company Officer.

"Not at all, Sir. On the contrary, as the light is now excellent, the sooner you get to work the better," was all the Provost-Marshal's retort.

The Officer turned to his men once more, and, with an air of disgust, gave the order to load. The Prisoner trembled in every limb with an agitation too terrible for words. "Ready!—present!—"

"Stop!" again shouted the Provost-Marshal. "What are you doing? I haven't got the focus yet."

"Well, Sir," replied the Company Officer, dryly, "perhaps you had better give the word yourself."

"Thank you, I will," said the Provost-Marshal, withdrawing his head from some black calico curtains to turn to the firing-party.

"And now, my men, take your time from me. As I say 'Three!' I will remove the cover. But don't fire before or after. I want to photograph him as he dies! One—two—three! Capital! I don't think he moved!"

A RESIDENCE FOR MR. ARCH, M.P.—"Hind's Observatory," that is if the worthy M.P. has no objection to Hind quarters. Or would he like Saville Roe? After a season or two in town the Son of the Soil will become so highly polished, that he will be known as the Marble ARCH, M.P. By the way it is true that he has refused to become a Masen, lest the Craft should insist upon his being made a Royal ARCH?

A RED-HOT COLE.

LORD COLE made a foolish speech,—as he has conclusively proved by explaining it,—at Fermanagh, when he recommended the employment of Protestants to the exclusion of Catholics, because the former were Loyalists and the latter Nationalists. If he had advised his



Viscount Cole's Entertainment, Jan. 13.

tenants to prefer Unionists to Separatists, without reference to creed, it would have been sufficient. It does not follow that because an Irishman is a Protestant, he is therefore, what is termed, a Loyalist; Mr. PARNELL being a notable example to the contrary. It is such hot burning Coals as this one, that, on both sides, are so dangerous to the powder-magazines of the Irish temperament. In our illustration we show Lord COLE giving an entertainment in the style of his peaceable and mirth-provoking namesake, the Ventriloquial Lieutenant. This glowing pictorial COLE comes from a FURNISS.

"THE STRANGE CASE OF DR. T. AND MR. H."

Or "Two Single Gentlemen rolled into One."

CHAPTER I.—Story of the Bore.

MR. STUTTERSON, the lawyer, was a man of a rugged countenance, that was never lighted by a smile, not even when he saw a little old creature, in clothes much too large for him, come round the corner of a street and trample a small boy nearly to death. The little old creature would have rushed away, when an angry crowd surrounded him, and tried to kill him. But he suddenly disappeared into a house that did not belong to him, and gave the crowd a cheque with a name upon it that cannot be divulged until the very last chapter of this interesting narrative. Then the crowd allowed the little old creature to go away.

"Let us never refer to the subject again," said Mr. STUTTERSON.

"With all my heart," replied the entire human race, escaping from his button-holding propensities.

CHAPTER II.—Mr. Hidanseek is found in the Vague Murder Case.

MR. STUTTERSON thought he would look up his medical friends. He was not only a bore, but a stingy one. He called upon the Surgeons when they were dining, and generally managed to obtain an entrance with the soup. "You here!" cried Dr. ONION, chuckling. "Don't speak to me about TREKYL—he is a fool, an ass, a dolt, a humbug, and my oldest friend."

"You think he is too scientific, and makes very many extraordinary experiments," said STUTTERSON, disposing of the fish, two entrées and the joint.

"Precisely," replied ONION, chuckling more than ever—"as you will find out in the last Chapter. And now, as you have cleared the table, hadn't you better go?"

"Certainly," returned the Lawyer, departing (by the way, not returning), and he went to visit Mr. HIDANSEEK. He found that individual, and asked to see his face.

"Why not?" answered the little old creature in the baggy clothes, defiantly. "Don't you recognise me?"

"Mr. R. L. STEVENSON says I mustn't," was the wary response; "for, if I did, I should spoil the last chapter."

Shortly after this Mr. HIDANSEEK, being asked the way by a Baronet out for a midnight stroll, immediately hacked his interrogator to pieces with a heavy umbrella. Mr. STUTTERSON therefore called upon Dr. TREKYL, to ask for an explanation.

"Wait a moment," said that eminent physician, retiring to an inner apartment, where he wrote the following note:—

"Please, Sir, I didn't do it."

"TREKYL forge for a murderer!" exclaimed STUTTERSON; and his blood ran cold in his veins.

CHAPTER III.—And any quantity of Chapters to make your flesh creep.

AND so it turned out that TREKYL made a will, which contained a strange provision that, if he disappeared, HIDANSEEK was to have all his property. Then Dr. ONION went mad with terror, because, after some whiskey-and-water, he fancied that his old friend TREKYL had turned into the tracked and hunted murderer, HIDANSEEK.

"Was it the whiskey?" asked STUTTERSON.

"Wait until the end!" cried the poor medical man, and, with a loud shriek, he slipped out of his coat, leaving the button-hole in the bore's hand, and died!

CHAPTER THE LAST.—The Wind-up.

I AM writing this—I, TREKYL, the man who signed the cheque for HIDANSEEK in Chapter I., and wrote the forged letter a little later on. I hope you are all puzzled. I had no fixed idea how it would end when I began, and I trust you will see your way clearer through the mystery than I do, when you have come to the imprint.

As you may have gathered from ONION's calling me "a humbug, &c., &c.," I was very fond of scientific experiments. I was. And I found one day, that I, TREKYL, had a great deal of sugar in my composition. By using powdered acidulated drops I discovered that I could change myself into somebody else. It was very sweet!

So I divided myself into two, and thought of a number of things. I thought how pleasant it would be to have no conscience, and be a regular bad one, or, as the vulgar call it, bad 'un. I swallowed the acidulated drops, and in a moment I became a little old creature, with an acquired taste for trampling out children's brains, and hacking to death (with an umbrella) midnight Baronets who had lost their way. I had a grand time of it! It was all the grander, because I found that by substituting sugar for the drops I could again become the famous doctor, whose chief employment was to give Mr. STUTTERSON all my dinner. So much bad had been divided into the acidulated HIDANSEEK that I hadn't enough left in the sugary TREKYL to protest against the bore's importunities.

Well, that acidulated fool HIDANSEEK got into serious trouble, and I wanted to cut him. But I couldn't; when I had divided myself into him one day, I found it impossible to get the right sort of sugar to bring me back again. For the right sort of sugar was adulterated, and adulterated sugar cannot be obtained in London!

And now, after piecing all this together, if you can't see the whole thing at a glance, I am very sorry for you, and can help you no further. The fact is, I have got to the end of my "141 pages for a shilling." I might have made myself into four or five people instead of two,—who are quite enough for the money.

TO BUMBLE.

BLESSED BUMBLE, well we know
How you treated us 'mid snow:
Left it lying in the street,
Terrible to weary feet;
Now the same insensate law
Leaves us helpless in a thaw.

Streets are wet, then in a trice
Lo! the surface gleams with ice;
Heavy snow comes, apt to "ball,"
While the toiling horses fall;
Later, BUMBLE sees the mud
Roll in Acherontic flood.

People, getting frantic quite,
Letters to the Press indite;
BUMBLE's flabby finger goes
To his erubescens nose;
Don't they wish, he seems to say,
They may get it cleared away.

Autocrat of London town,
We are helpless 'neath thy frown;
Locomotion at thy will
Ceases, and the city's still.
Englishmen! take heart of grace,
And drive BUMBLE from his place!

THERE has, of course, been a rush of New Members to purchase Mr. HENRY LUCY'S Shilling *Popular Handbook of Parliamentary Procedure*. No New Member should be without this in his coat-tail pocket. To mere outsiders it is interesting, and about as useful as a Manual of Freemasonry to any one who, being a man, is not also a Brother. The *Popular Guide* will not make one of the Non-Elect an "old Parliamentary Hand" any more than getting CARLISLE'S *Manual of Freemasonry* by heart will make a fellow-craftsman of the uninitiated. Some of the old forms and ceremonies are very quaint, or, at all events, read so. The *Popular Handbook* tells us that the Comptroller, bringing in the formal reply to the Address, "stands at the Bar, distinguished by his uniform, holding a white wand in his left hand and a roll in his right." The Comptroller must look like a Fairy Baker, or the Good Genius of Her Majesty's Household Bread. But, buy the book, it is well worth studying, and far more real value for the money than any ordinary reader will get from the purchase of the latest unwholesome pot-boiler of the Shilling Sensational Shudderer Series.

AMATEUR WORK.

(By a New Hand.)

SINCE the days of my boyhood when, unsolicited, I re-hammered the drawing-room grand with a quantity of old kid gloves cut in strips, which I subsequently fastened on with paste, I have always been of opinion—notwithstanding the fault afterwards found with the tone of the instrument—that there was a great deal that could be done by oneself in a house, without having recourse to outside professional assistance, provided you only set about it in the right way. It was, therefore, with the greatest satisfaction that I read the following advertisement, that seemed at once to respond to the chord that had already been struck in my own being. Here it is:—

Now ready, Price 6d., Post free, 7d.,

AMATEUR WORK. ILLUSTRATED. FOR FEBRUARY.

Be your own Carpenter and Builder.
Be your own Decorator and House Painter.
Be your own Cabinet-Maker.
Be your own Plumber and Gasfitter.
Be your own Organ Builder and Violin Maker.
Be your own Printer, Lithographer, and Bookbinder.
Be your own Upholsterer and Picture Frame Maker.
Be your own Shipwright.
Make your own Furniture,

See AMATEUR WORK. The FEBRUARY NUMBER NOW Ready.

Now there could be no mistake about this. Here was the whole gamut of trade, at one's very hand, to be run through without the intervention of the tradesman. To tell the truth, much as the announcement delighted me, it did not take me by surprise, for I had already in several domestic departments inaugurated the scheme of "home work" with, I flatter myself, very fair prospects of success; and though I may claim to have become my own painter and decorator, and am about, I trust, to become my own builder also, still I wished to develop into my own violin-maker, to say nothing of being, as soon as I could manage it, my own printer, bookbinder, and upholsterer, and so I sent for the Number in question; but of this more anon. My present business is, by a reference to my own experience, to throw such additional light upon Amateur Work, practically carried out, as will induce the beginner who might otherwise be discouraged, to persevere with some hope of attaining ultimate success. And I cannot perhaps do better than begin with that simplest of all domestic processes, the Re-papering of a Room, giving my rough notes of my own experience of the business, jotted down at the time:—

"Commenced dining-room this morning. Flock-paper to be first stripped off. Not having any ladder, place, with the assistance of the man who sweeps the crossing at the corner, the sideboard on the dining-room table, and an arm-chair on the top of that. Stand on the arm-chair, and begin at the top. Find that the paper adheres obstinately to the wall. Crossing-sweeper suggests scraping it with a carving-knife. Try it. Break a couple, and give it up. Evidently walls require damping. Proceed to damp them at first with crossing-sweeper's broom, dipped in a pail of water. No use. Only little bits peel off. Crossing-sweeper says he thinks the walls want a "regular good soaking." No doubt he is right, and I endeavour to administer one by standing in the middle of the room by a constantly supplied wash-tub, from which I pitch pailfuls for five hours in all directions. Place streaming. Am informed that the kitchen ceiling beneath has given way, and come down. Am not surprised. To facilitate matters, I send to the nearest ironmonger's for a hydrant, and go over it all once more. Efforts successful. By tearing it first with a toasting-fork, and then dragging it forcibly with a coal-shovel, the paper is slowly detached. Sit up all night at it. Stick to it the next day, and the next night too, but get it nearly all off by the afternoon of the third day.

So much for my rough notes on "preparing" the walls, to which I can add nothing but that I fancy that the next time I had to repeat the process, I should certainly throw open the dining-room windows, and set the chimney on fire, in the hopes of attracting the notice of the Fire Brigade, as I am convinced that their prompt arrival on the scene with their engines would, at a small cost, effect a great economy of labour, and saving of valuable time.

But to proceed. Being not only my own Paper-hanger, but own Artistic Decorator as well, I had determined on a bold experiment in taste. Half-way up the wall I intended to try a sombre dado, but above this a frieze of, if possible, Greek dancing-figures. These last, however, I was unable to obtain anywhere. I tried at the Stores, but it was of no avail, and the nearest approach I could get to what I wanted was a bundle of unused theatrical posters, the subject I secured being one, I fancy, used in the advertising of a sensation drama produced some short time ago at Drury Lane, and representing two men quarrelling on a mast in the midst of a shipwreck. Of this picture I had secured two dozen, and as the figures were life-size, I felt no doubt that their repetition round the dining-room, above the dado, would, though not precisely carrying out my original

design, nevertheless convey an impression of the exercise of much artistic originality and unconventional taste.

But the telling of how I dried and sized my walls, trimmed my paper (a most troublesome process with nail scissors), and finally hung my frieze, I must relegate to some future occasion.

GERMAN AS HE IS WROTE.

To all who remember with appreciation that inimitable little work, *English as She is Spoke*, we can confidently recommend the perusal of a neat and handy little volume entitled *The English-German Correspondent*, by HOSSFELD. That, however, this is by no means a One-Hoss-feld effort, a very cursory perusal will amply testify, the little volume in question effectually making good its promise that by its aid "anyone acquainted with the English language will be enabled to compose a letter in German" straight off on any commercial subject whatever. Indeed, every department of trade is touched in its pages, and from the floating of a company to the sinking of a ship, nothing appears to be left out. Any intending emigrant to Samoa could not do better than provide himself with HOSSFELD's *Correspondent*, that in any international misunderstanding could be appealed to with good effect. What, for instance, could be better than the following concluding sentence from the chapter headed "Litigious Affairs":—"Wir rechnen auf Ihre freundschaftlichen Bemühungen, um die streitigen Punkte auf zufrieden stellende Weise auszugleichen"? This would pacify the most fire-eating German Captain at once.

LODGERS IN THE LANE.—The Drury Lane Lodge of Freemasons was opened a week ago. Lord LONDENBOROUGH, whom we welcome back to active service after his late most serious accident, is the Master. AUGUSTUS DEUBIOLANUS, representing one side of Human Nature, is the Senior Warden; and the very latest Solicitor-General, Sir JOHN GORST, the Gorst of his former self, the Junior Warden. ARABI MASHA BROADLEY is the Secretary; and Mr. PETTIT, the other side, or "little" side, of Human Nature is the Junior Deacon. Among the members is Brother THOMAS THORNE, and then WOODVILLE is next on the list; but surely this is a misprint for "Vaudeville,"—at all events, coming after T. THORNE, it looks very like it. Then there are Brother GLYNDS (the tragic Brother), and CHARLES (his friend) WYNDHAM, and Brother HERBERT CAMPBELL, the Comic Singer. Where at the opening ceremony was Mr. HARRY PAYNE, with the red-hot poker? Mr. T. H. BOLTON, M.P., was present in evening costume, wearing one of his "Extraordinary Ties,"—he spells it "Tithes" in his Bill, but it is evidently "Ties." Dr. W. H. RUSSELL—"Square" made the speech of the evening, and the two Wardens delighted the company with a duett, "*We've been to the East, we've been to the West*," which was rapturously received. The Drury Lane Lodgers kept it up till a reasonable hour, and then went from labour to refreshment, which they found in sleep.

SHILLY-SHALLY.

(By a Loyal but Anxious Liberal.)

AIR—"Sally in Our Alley."

Of all the follies on our part

There's none like Shilly-Shally,

A weakness that the Liberal cart

Upsets continually.

There's not a cry,—Home-Rule,

Church, Land,—

To which I will not rally,

But there's one thing I cannot stand,

That's foreign Shilly-Shally.

Of policies absurd and weak

The worst is Shilly-Shally.

If Office we're about to seek,

I fear that principally.

Put to the test, I'll do my best

Enthusiastically,

And follow GLADSTONE like the rest,

But oh! don't Shilly-Shally!

Let "Pussy" be allowed to purr,

As Leader, musically;

But not as Foreign Minister,

To play at Shilly-Shally!

If at the F. O. we may see

True nerve and nous, O Halle-

Lujah! how happy we shall be

Saved, saved from Shilly-Shally!

"THE BEST HUNDRED BOOKS."—A Correspondent writes to say that Mr. Punch was wrong in his arithmetic last week when he told everyone to read his eighty-nine volumes, and make up the difference by "reading the last five twice over. And," says he, "he will then only have done 94." No, Sir; that note appeared in the 90th volume; this reply appears in the 90th volume, as you will perceive. Good: you have finished 89 vols. You are reading vol. 90. Good. Take five volumes, any five, double them. Now, either twice five is ten, or it is not. But, assuming the first hypothesis to be true, let $a =$ Punch volumes, then $5a \times 2 = 10a$. Then $10a + 90a = 100a$, i.e., One Hundred Punch Volumes, and there you are! Or, if not, where are you?

NOTICE OF MOTION.—That, with a view to the improvement of Parliamentary procedure, the Black Rod be immediately placed in pickle.



MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

"AT THE BACK OF THE HOUSE THERE IS A STEEP HILL—SO WE TURNED ALL THE BATHS WE COULD FIND INTO TOBOGGANS AND HAD A GLORIOUS TIME!"—*Extract from Julia's Correspondence, January 25.*

THE FRIEND OF AGRICULTURE AND THE NEEDY NEW VOTER.

A CONTRIBUTION TO MODERN ANTI-JACOBINISM.

(Imitated from the celebrated *Sapphics of Canning and Frere.*)

FRIEND OF AGRICULTURE.

NEEDY New Voter! Whither are you wending?
Bad are the times, and hard upon *your* order.
Prices fall fast;—your stomach feels a vacuum,
So does your pocket!

Nubbly-knee'd rustic! little know the proud ones,
Who at their button flaunt the expensive orchid,
What dreary work 'tis delving all your days, and
Ending a pauper.

Tell me, GILES JOSKIN, whom your vote inclines to.
Is't the rich Rad, who only aims to use you?
Or the kind Squire? or Parson of the Parish—
Lavish of blankets?

Is it sly JOE, who's playing his own game, or
Arch-diddler ARCH? Are you the dupe of "ransom,"
Or roguish land-schemes, baited with that bogus
Cow and Three Acres?

(Have you read *Popular Government*, by Sir R. MAINE?)
Tears of compassion tremble on my eyelids.
Tell me your tale; turn up those Rads, and trust the
Pitiful Tory.

NEEDY NEW VOTER.

Tory? Lor' bless ye, *he* has proved a sell, Sir.
What hath he done for I, or for the farmer?
This poor old hat and breeches, yon bare acres,
Show *him* a diddle.

Promised Protection? Boh! Can't take me in so.
Cow and Three Acres? That's a Tory scare-crow;
But there *be* some small hope in altered land-laws
And small allotments.

I should be glad to think yer honour loved us;
Might, if ye'd been the first to gi' us the Vote now.
But *do ut des*,* as BIZZY puts it; *that* is
My politics, Sir!

FRIEND OF AGRICULTURE.

Give *thee* the Vote? I wish we'd seen thee starved first.
Wretch! whom no thought but gain can move to gratitude;
Sordid, uncultured, Socialistic, stupid
Radical cat's-paw!

[*Kicks the New Voter, compares him unfavourably with the intelligent Conservative Working Man, and exits in a transport of Constitutional enthusiasm and universal Anti-Jacobinism.*

* Evidently GILES now reads his newspaper.

WISHES FOR SIR WILFRID.

(On his Egyptian Tour.)

1. THAT he may get rid of all his ale-ments.
2. That he may be recognised on the banks of the Nile as a jolly good Fellah.
3. That the *Red Sea* won't make him an Ultra-Radical.
4. That he will induce the KHEDIVÉ to sign the pledge.
5. That he may rescue Egypt from the dominion of a Sublime (and crusted) Port.
6. That he may bring back a really good Temperance Drink.
7. That he will invest the new MAHDI with a Blue Ribbon.
8. That his presence may conduce to the (harmless) elevation of the Egyptian people.
9. That he may strike a blow at the worst of the Egyptian bonds—the Soudanese slave-trade.
10. That his sojourn at SHEPHERD'S Hotel, at Cairo, may be marked by the introduction of a satisfactory "Liquor Bill."

THE BITTER CRY OF LONDON (IN THE SNOW-TIME).—"Ave yer door done, Mum?"

BULL IMPERIAL STORES



“HERE WE ARE AGAIN!!!”

PAPERS FROM PUMP-HANDLE COURT.

"PROBATE, DIVORCE, AND ADMIRALTY DIVISION (DIVORCE)."

ONE of the privileges of those who practise at the Bar is unquestionably the great respect they obtain at the hands of their non-professional relatives, when any legal point seems to require settlement. The fact that So-and-so is a Barrister, in the lay-mind, is equivalent to endowing So-and-so with all the attributes of a Lord Chancellor. Thus it comes that my Maiden Aunt, who lives a very quiet, retired life, in a secluded village in Devonshire, whenever she requires assistance in a matter of difficulty, appeals to me for help. It happens that this estimable lady has recently been making her will, and with my assistance (of course, aided by her own Solicitor), has been prospectively presenting my children with that pleasantly quaint little interest, merrily known amongst lawyers as a "vested remainder." It is scarcely necessary to say that while these tiresome formalities have been in progress, my Maiden Aunt has been enjoying our hospitality at Burnah Gardens.

"My dear," said my admirable relative to me one morning, "I have never seen you in your wig and gown—can't you take me into Court, and let me hear you conduct a case?"

As it happened, this request, at the moment, was most embarrassing. As luck will have it, I have noticed that whenever my Maiden Aunt stays with us, I have no brief—this has occurred on several occasions—it was again the case. So I explained, that at the moment I was devoting most of my time to Chamber practice (which I described as the delivery of opinions on intricate points of law, and the like), and had no time for merely appearing robed before a Judge and Jury; a matter, I suggested, of minor importance.

"But surely all the greatest men at the Bar appear sometimes in Court; don't they," my dear?" queried my Aunt.

"Oh, certainly," I replied, in an airy manner, "when they have nothing better to do."

And then I hastened to say, that although, for the reasons I had given, I had no special case of my own requiring decision in open Court, nothing would give me greater pleasure than to accompany her to a hall of justice.

"I should like to go with you where you most practise. Where is it?" Again my Aunt's inquisitiveness became embarrassing.

"I devote most of my energies to Probate and Admiralty," I replied, somewhat curtailing the name of my Division, because my Aunt is very "particular," and "serious." She never goes to theatres, and considers even Mr. CORNEY GRAIN, although most amusing, "a sadly frivolous young gentleman."

So one morning, when the rather sudden postponement of a Sunday School excursion into the country had disarranged my admirable relative's list of engagements, I undertook the pleasant task of piloting her into the Court of Admiralty. I was robed early, and, with my Aunt by my side, I obtained admission to the well-known realms of that most admirable authority upon all matters connected with a life on the ocean wave, Mr. Justice BUTT. Rather to my surprise, the Court was full of ladies. There were ladies disputing the Benches generally hypothecated to the Junior Bar, ladies in the public gallery, ladies in the Judge's special box, ladies on the Bench—in fact, ladies everywhere.

"This seems to be a very interesting case of shipwreck," I said to my Aunt. "I have never noticed so many of the fair sex here before. You will observe that anchor;" and then I gave the history of the emblem of hope recently erected (apparently in a spirit of railleury) in our Division. "By-and-by a silver oar will be brought into Court," I continued, "and his Lordship on the Bench will have the assistance of Brethren of the Trinity House, in undress naval uniform, as assessors."

"Will you tell me who these all are, dear?" said my Aunt, looking with awe at my learned friends and colleagues.

Anxious to afford every information, I gazed round, expecting, of course, to see the leader of the Court, that most excellent gentleman and statesman, the Prince of WALES' Attorney-General; strange to say, the once Stage Manager of the Cambridge A.D.C. (alas! how many years ago!), was conspicuous by his absence, but in his place sat another distinguished Cantab, whose triumphs, however, were gained in the Cricket Field rather than in the Theatre; and next to him was Mr. Inderwick, Q.C. Among the silks, too, I noticed some of the most eminent men at the Bar. Behind them appeared a number of familiar faces. They belonged to Juniors like myself.

At this moment his Lordship entered the Court, which, of course, caused a general rising. The Bench and the Bar, with gestures of mutual respect, exchanged greetings.

"Now," said I, in a whisper, "we shall have the Trinity Masters, and you will hear a story of the sea that I hope will interest you."

There was a hush. The ladies craned forward, and brought their fans and opera-glasses to the front, and a distinguished Junior read the pleadings. I could scarcely believe my ears! What had I done? For a moment I was stunned—almost unmanned! I cursed myself a hundred times for my carelessness. I thought of my poor children

with their "vested remainders" that could disappear in a moment if a certain document were to be torn by a justly angry woman! I did not dare to face my indignant Aunt! What could I say in excuse?

It seemed to me, as I listened to Mr. Inderwick, Q.C., as that learned advocate clearly set forth a number of necessary but embarrassing facts, that explanation was impossible! The wronged female by my side was quite silent. I did not venture to look at her, but felt that a torrent of reproaches was ready to hand to be poured on my luckless, inconceivably silly head. Oh, why had I not inquired of the Usher whether Admiralty cases were being taken? Or even Probate matters would have been tolerable. But this! Here was my Aunt actually, at my invitation, assisting at a trial that she would never have heard of had it not been reported *verbatim* in all the daily papers! It seemed like a horrible nightmare, a death-dealing practical joke! However, now there was nothing to do but to sit out the opening, and then withdraw with my no doubt rightly denunciatory Aunt before any witnesses could be called to substantiate Mr. Inderwick's statement.

With a white, scared face, I stonily gazed at the clock as the hands moved slowly round. At length, after a most impressive peroration, in which he mourned over the depravity of human nature, as exemplified in the case under consideration, Mr. Inderwick resumed his seat. It was then that I ventured to address my Aunt, in a voice trembling with deep, but suppressed emotion. I told her that we would go now, and as a concession, to try to regain her justly forfeited good-will, offered to accompany her to any meeting with a philanthropical object that might be being held at the moment at Exeter Hall. "Oh no, dear," replied my Aunt, to my unbounded astonishment. "From what that gentleman has said, it seems the case is a most interesting one—I should like to sit it out." And she did!

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

HARMONY FOR HIBERNIA.

UPON my word and honour,

I read T. P. O'CONNOR,

Till the Irish Pig

Seemed dancing a jig,

PARNELL seemed an angel, and HEALY a Whig,

Upon my word and honour!

WE understand that Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR's panegyric poem (in two volumes) entitled, quite suitably, *The Parnell Movement*, has suggested to one of our leading musicians the theme for a sort of Musical Masque of an Arcadian character, in which the gentle spirits of the Irish Parliamentary Party will take the leading parts. It will be called *The Groves of Blarney*. We cannot reveal the plot, which is Irish, and therefore, of course, is kept dark. But we are happily in a position to indicate some of the characters.

Mr. PARNELL, the Coryphæus, will be a Gentle Shepherd of sweet temper and engaging demeanour, Virgilian in style, with a dash of SHENSTONE. Shy and retiring by disposition, with so tender a heart that even the pastoral necessity of sheep-shearing is almost too much for him, he will be forced, by circumstances beyond his control, to the position of King (uncrowned—the insignia of power being hateful to him) over an Arcadian people in unwilling revolt against sanguinary tyranny. One touching point in the piece is when, at the moment when he should be mounting the Car of Triumph in the final procession, he is discovered, with his coat off, ciphering assiduously at a more than usually puzzling and lop-sided Subscription List.

Mr. BIGGAR plays the part of a Niobe-like Nymph, with more than the Mulberry One's capacity for "turning on the main." This lachrymose creature is a swineherdess, in the sense in which Circe was so over the companions of Ulysses after their transformation. She is not ashamed of her occupation, or, indeed, of anything, her utter imperviousness to that emotion being the "note" of her character, and the pride and joy of her companions. But though unashamed, she is in other matters of so exquisite a sensibility, that a single "Bravo!" has been known to cause her to "burst into tears."

Mr. JUSTIN M'CARTHY takes the rôle of a truly Virgilian Swain, with a taste for eclogues, and a fondness for kid.

Mr. SEXTON is a village Demosthenes, whilst Mr. T. D. SULLIVAN is the Tyrtæus of the fields.

Mr. ARTHUR O'CONNOR, on the contrary, is the three Parcs rolled into one—cold as Clotho, lethal as Lachesis, and inexorable as Atropos—in appearance. At heart he is as sentimental as LETITIA LONDON, and as punctiliously humanitarian as a *Spectator* antivivisectionist.

Mr. HEALY will "create" a very complex part, involving psychological problems more subtle and insoluble than any of Mr. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON's. In the piece he will be found at his best at night, which he always passes in sleepless contrition for the impetuous—but well meant—insolences and outrages which characterise his daily walk and conversation.

Gentle O'KELLY, rollicking EDWARD LEAMY, urbane O'BRIEN, tender-souled T. P. O'CONNOR himself, and others of the simple saintly set are fitted with rôles equally appropriate.



TRUTH SOMETIMES BETTER THAN FICTION.

Pictor Ignotus. "TELL ME, JONES, TELL ME CANDIDLY—DOES THIS PICTURE OF MINE REMIND YOU AT ALL OF TITIAN, OR REMBRANDT, OR VELASQUEZ?"

Jones (who is candour itself). "WELL—A—MY DEAR FELLOW, CANDIDLY, YOU KNOW, AND SINCE YOU ASKED ME, IT—A—DOESN'T!"

Pictor Ignotus. "OH, THANK YOU FOR THAT WORD! THOSE FELLOWS WERE ALL WRONG, YOU KNOW!"

WHO'S TO FILL IT?

THE Report of the Dock Yard Management Committee, dated January 12th, is now published, and furnishes some interesting information as to the duties devolving, under the new regulations, upon the Civil Assistant to the Admiral Superintendent. According to the Report, the functions to be discharged by this ubiquitous official are of no common kind. Not only is he expected to advise the Admiral "on all questions of a professional or technical character," but also to act as a sort of moral buffer between his chief and the heads of the various Departments in the Yard, as he will "be held responsible as between the Admiral and the Departmental Officers for the distribution of labour." He is further to be looked to "to report all hindrance or irregularity of work," "to take cognisance of any idleness on the part of the subordinate officers or men," and keep himself so well informed of the progress of all the current work, that he "can furnish the Superintendent at any hour with the state of operations at any part of the Yard." But the demands on his activity and intelligence do not end here. It is added that, to enable him to do this, he will be called upon "constantly, and at uncertain intervals, to visit the various parts of the Yard, including the various workshops and all ships on board of which workmen are employed."

The fulfilment of this last duty, which, necessitating, as it does, an unbounded activity with a capacity for suddenly springing on to the scene and turning up quite unexpectedly, seems to indicate some acquaintance with previous training as a pantomime sprite, ought to test severely the physical powers of the Civil Assistant. That the Authorities regard it in this light is clear, from their expression of opinion that though he be allowed an office in which to retire, he is not when there "to be hampered" by any work whatever—a judicious provision, which may enable him to recover himself for another round. He is, however, warned that whatever irregularities he may discover, he "must observe the greatest courtesy" in their detection; a direction he might possibly comply with by bursting in on his inquisitorial visit, hat in hand, with a smile on his countenance and some such polite phrase as, "I hope I don't intrude!" or "Pray, don't mind me!"

On the whole, the duties of the new Civil Assistant to the Admiralty seem to demand the exercise of both moral and physical qualities of a high order; and it is to be hoped that whoever gets the appointment will be prepared to display simultaneously a remarkable fund of refined intelligence, gymnastic activity, and diplomatic tact.

It is to be hoped that the Duke of EDINBURGH's recent visit to Berlin has turned out entirely to His Royal Highness's satisfaction, and that he managed in his double interview with Prince BISMARCK to get the figure he had fixed on for the sale of his rights of succession to the Duchy of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. One thing looks well. He met the reigning Duke, with whom he had such disagreeables in 1883, and appears to have "made it up" with that potentate. This is as it should be, for it is only fitting that the Duke, when bent on raising a little money, should, as a matter of course, take care to be on good terms with his Uncle.

WHATEVER disadvantages are popularly supposed to attach to a residence in Eastern Europe, at the present moment, certainly expensiveness of living cannot be reckoned among them. It appears that the Montenegrin patriot, PEKO PAULOVITCH, not long since received a grant of land from the Servian Government, and £3 a month, upon which sum he managed to support an entire family of thirteen persons (including five children) in "comparative comfort." This feat, that would startle even a British farm-labourer, he, however, was destined completely to eclipse, when a change of Government occurring, he had to betake himself to Bulgaria. Here his pension was cut suddenly down to five shillings a week, but PEKO PAULOVITCH seems to have managed to make ends meet even on this reduced stipend, and though he is at the present moment at Odessa, on his way to visit his son at Orenburg, apparently rather hard up, yet, no doubt, he will soon turn up again at Tirnova, and begin practising his highly successful economy as rigidly as ever. The statistics he could furnish would be invaluable in this season of agricultural depression, in the midst of falling prices and general indigence. Mr. ARCH ought to get hold of him at once.

NOT PICCADILLY ROAD.

(Street Ballad sung by the New Thoroughfare.)

AH! call me anything you please.

"Haymarket Gardens," if you choose.

Or, planted all my length with trees,

"Boulevard" perhaps might suit your views?

Or "Cranbourne Row" or "Seven Dials Place,"

No matter—I can bear the load.

But oh! do not my site deface,

And name me "Piccadilly Road!"

If "Bradlaugh Avenue" were vain

Some other names the case might meet.

There's "Arch," or even "Chamberlain."

Would both sound well tacked on to "Street."

"Grand Old Man Lane" some tastes might strike,

And pay in part a debt long owed:—

But there,—pray call me what you like,

But oh! not "Piccadilly Road!"

EXCESSIVE MODESTY.

THE *Times* suggests that possibly the reason why wealthy Londoners and others do not eagerly compete for the honour of helping forward the proposed Beaumont People's Palace at the East End, is that Millionnaires are so modest! If that is really the reason of the indisputable and discreditable fact that our Millionnaires display so little munificence and public spirit, *Punch* can only parody the popular couplet, and say:—

"Such 'modesty' admits of no defence,
For want of public pluck is want of sense."

Let the Millionnaires "do good," not necessarily "by stealth," but with open boldness, by sending in their spare thousands to the Beaumont Trustees for this excellent work; and if they "find it fame," Mr. *Punch* assures them they will have no sort of need to "blush."

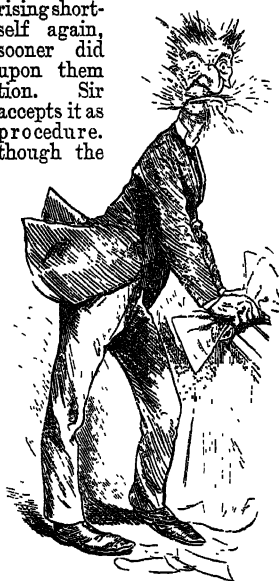
ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

"THIS IS THE COW THAT TOSSED THEM OUT," &c.

House of Commons, Monday Night, Jan. 25.—RANDOLPH, with rose in his button-hole and handkerchief hanging out of his breast-pocket held on by the hem, *à la BOURKE*, had a good time to-night. Question Burmah, HUNTER submitting on Address, Vote of Want of Confidence in Ministers. Usual hitherto for Members at least to learn the way to the Cloak Room, and to find their way down to the Terrace before they attempt to unseat Minister of the day. New Members of New Parliament have changed all that. In addition to HUNTER's great feat two New Members to-night positively moved the adjournment of Debate because the House would not listen to them!

One was Sir RICHARD TEMPLE, who has spoken every night since the Queen's rising short-self again, sooner did upon them tion. Sir accepts it as procedure. though the

Exterior of the Temple, by Our
Con-Temple-lative Artist.

Speech was read. To-night RICHARD, ly before midnight, proposed to be him-as on Thursday and Friday. No Members catch sight of him beaming than they set up a roar of execra-RICHARD getting used to this now; a part of ordinary Parliamentary Stood waiting with benignant smile, twitching of his moustache betrayed inward emotion. Pretty to see Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL nursing his knee, and looking on with sweet content. He knew something of this, but at least he had been in the House more than three days before it began to roar at him. House has promptly made up its mind about Sir RICHARD TEMPLE, and when it does so it is inexorable for all time to come. Henceforth he may as well go and address Niagara as attempt to talk in the House of Commons.

"Why is it, Toby, dear boy?" he said to me, with a tear in his voice, after the contest was over, and he had sat down, beaten and depressed.

"Well, Sir RICHARD, since you have asked me plainly, I will answer you frankly. I think it's your moustache. House of Commons is, as you have already learned, much like a lot of Undergraduates at Commemoration. They take a violent

objection to a particular hat, or a necktie, or a gentleman with a bald head, and peremptorily insist upon its instant removal, even though, in the case of the bald head, it would be fatal. House cannot stand your moustache, Sir RICHARD. The way it bristles at the Liberal Party, personally threatens Mr. GLADSTONE, and makes the SPEAKER tremble in his shoes, is aggravating. Make up your mind either to sacrifice it, or your chances in Parliament. Don't do anything rash. A hair pulled out every day would speedily make your Parliamentary fortune."

"It's a little hard on me," said Sir RICHARD, rubbing the offend-

ing attraction wrong way, and making my flesh creep with terror.

"They don't say anything about RANDOLPH'S."

"No; but look at the difference. There's a polished, disciplined, even deferential look about RANDOLPH'S moustache that counteracts his nightly aggressiveness. Now you, I believe, are not naturally aggressive,—really a mild, companionable man. It's your moustache that does it. Excuse plain words, and, perhaps you'll think, undue magnifying of trifles. But trifles carry great weight in the House of Commons; and, besides, you couldn't call your moustache a trifle.

Business done.—Further Debate on Address.

Wednesday Morning.—One o'clock in the morning and the House of Commons in state of intense excitement. House crowded in every part. Side-galleries filled, a throng at the Bar, a crowd round the

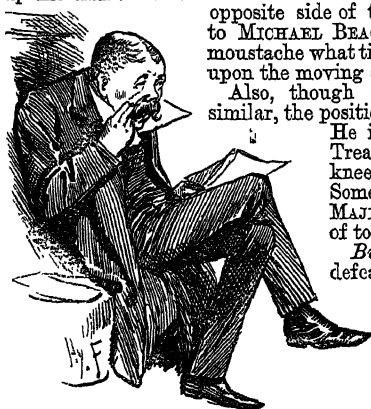


Unseated Members.

SPEAKER'S Chair, Members sitting in the Gangway, and standing up on the Back Benches. Motion is that the Address be agreed to. JESSE COLLINGS has moved Amendment embodying great principle of Three Acres and a Cow. Tellers just in. Clerk at table receives report from JESSE COLLINGS, and hands him back the paper which means that Amendment has been carried. Then mob below the Gangway on Liberal side break up like the sea rent by torpedo explosion. They leap upon the benches, shout themselves hoarse, and cheer like madmen.

Fancy I've seen something like this before. It was June then, an hour later in the morning. But in its main features the scene was identical. The same crowded House; the same sudden upheaval in the very same quarter; the same leaping on benches, and the same shouts amid which rises the triumphant cry "Coercion! Coercion!" Only one figure I look for in vain. There is someone standing up

on the corner seat below the Gangway waving his hat and throwing up his arms. But it's not RANDOLPH. RANDOLPH sits on the opposite side of the House in near contiguity to MICHAEL BEACH, and tugs nervously at his moustache what time he looks with forced smile upon the moving scene opposite.



Randolph Meditating.

Also, though the scene is so curiously similar, the position of GLADSTONE is changed.

He is not sitting to-night on the Treasury Bench with pad on his knee writing to the QUEEN. Someone else must tell HER MAJESTY of the strange chances of to-night.

Business done.—Government defeated by 329 Votes against 250.

Wednesday Afternoon.

—Passing through Euston Station this afternoon, came upon the Markiss. "Hope your Lordship isn't going to run away and leave us?" I remarked,

with that genial playfulness that endears me to my friends. "No, TOBY, I'm waiting for Mr. SMITH. Would you mind keeping me company?"

Not at all. Always like a chat with the Markiss.

"Of course we're out, you know," he said, "and I'm not sorry, for it's been a hard, unsatisfactory time. Making bricks without straw used to be considered bad when in its day it was the Egyptian Question. But it's nothing to attempting to carry on a Government without a majority."

"Well, cheer up, Markiss. You, at least, have come out of it well. I should say, at a moderate computation, that within the last seven months you have raised your reputation as a statesman by fifty per cent."

"Praise from Sir HUBERT TOBY, is praise indeed," said the Markiss, with a courtly bow. "Ah, here's the train, and here's our Mr. SMITH. How do, SMITH? Pleasant journey across the Channel?"

"Not very. But I've done my duty, and have brought you home a policy."

"Thank you, but you're a little late. You've not been gone long, it's true, but in the meantime we've found a policy, and it has landed us out of office. No, thank you, don't trouble to open your carpet-bag. Don't care to see any of your samples. The thing's done. See you in the House, shortly, - TOBY. Good-bye!"

Struck me, as they walked off, that SMITH looked a great deal smaller coming back from Ireland than he did when he set out.

Thursday.—Another crowded House. Everyone on tiptoe of expectation. Will the Government resign, or have they pleasant little surprise in store by announcement of Dissolution? Not long to wait to know all. HICKS-BEACH rises from place where GLADSTONE stood on the Twelfth

of June, and in same mysterious manner announces dispatch of Communication to HER MAJESTY. Wild horses wouldn't draw from him more then. But everybody knows what the Communication is. Sir M. HICKS-BEACH resumes his seat. No one rises to speak. A Motion for immediate Adjournment agreed to, and with sudden, simultaneous movement, the crowd on the Benches on either side rise and meet in a broad and turbulent stream on the floor, making for the doorway.

So curiously like the scene of seven months ago!

Business done.—The Government's.

"THE THIN RED LINE"—OF THE FUTURE.

(As it will be if John Bull does not put his Foot down.)

OH "Thin Red Line," the thought of which will still Make KINGLAKE's readers with proud passion thrill, How wilt thou fare in the next fray, if "found," By coggng knaves with steel that will not wound? "Give them the bayonet, boys!" How the old cry Will move the foe to mirth and mockery! Why need they fear brave hearts and iron hands, Why dread the charge that nought—till now—withstands, When blade and point, in which our heroes trust, Play false at the close pinch. Prone in the dust Of a lost field—by base home traitors lost— Betrayed by dogs who batten at his cost, Foiled by official fooldom, sold to death By skulking hucksters, with his latest breath How will the Mammon-murdered soldier curse The wretches who, to plump a felon purse, Doomed him to slaughter, and his land to shame! The Thin Red Line? A memory, a mere name, Spectral, reproachful as slain honour's ghost, Will be that title, once a nation's boast. If England doth not rise in righteous wrath, And sweep these traitorous hucksters from her path, Ere patriot hearts sardonic mockery feel In the old legend, "True as British steel."

AN INTERVIEW AT OSBORNE.

Monday Afternoon. Mr. GL-DST-NE waiting. The QU-N enters.

H-r M-j-sty. Ah, Mr. GL-DST-NE, so glad to see you. Missed you cruelly for the last seven months, but feel all right again now you've come back. If there is a Minister I like to have about me, it's you. I feel so safe. No wars abroad. No turmoil at home. No blowing up of railway-stations all around us, as that funny RANDOLPH says. We can all sleep in our beds—or perhaps I should say in our berths—with you at the helm.

Mr. GL-dst-ne. Your M-J-STY does me too much honour.

The Qu-n. Not at all. They talk about dismemberment of the Empire, and all that. But now you're at Downing Street, and EDINBURGH's in charge of the Mediterranean Fleet, all my anxieties are over. By the way, how would you like to have CONNAUGHT as Lord Protector in Ireland?

Mr. GL-dst-ne. Ahem! Your M-J-STY will remember that old associations and memories would make the Irish a little chary about welcoming a Lord Protector. They had one once, you know.

The Qu-n. Yes, I forgot that; but whatever you do, don't have me up to town again to open another Parliament. I caught a very bad cold last week.

Mr. GL-dst-ne. I solemnly assure your M-J-STY that we shall now get on all right. The necessity for a dissolution is not within measurable distance, though what the dim and distant future may bear in its bosom, is more than I can say.

The Qu-n. Very well, I trust you entirely. Go on and prosper, and don't let us have any more dissolutions and crises.

Mr. Gladstone (brightening up—he hadn't expected to be received so graciously). Your M-J-STY doesn't often visit the theatres nowadays, though I believe the Duke of ED-NB-RGH is not averse, upon occasion and terms, to take a box. But if you will graciously permit me to use a quotation from the late JOSEPH GRIMALDI, an Italian statesman of illustrious descent, I would say,—"**HERE WE ARE AGAIN!**"

[Exit, with toe-and-heel step, singing, "*Rum-tiddy-iddy, rum-tiddy-ti!*"]

On a Late Ducal Outburst.

(By an Alarmed Liberal.)

OH WESTMINSTER, WESTMINSTER! Wild on the wing As young birds are your words, which calm wisdom rebukes, It is clear that our Party—in terms of the Ring— If the peace would maintain, must not "put up its Dukes."



The O'Smith. Big with fate. The start.



The O'Smith. Small and early. The return.

BEACH rises from place where GLADSTONE stood on the Twelfth

"HENGLER'S AND HORSIER."

HAVING become, after a good many years of play-seeing and circus-viewing, rather *blasé* of these favourite amusements, I now frequently take with me, to help me in forming an opinion as to the merits of a performance, a young gentleman I call "Tommy the Tester." He has been brought up, so to speak, to the business. He is still of very tender years, and only two seasons ago so took to heart "the Demon of Mischief" at a pantomime, that he had to be consoled with buns and acidulated drops in the Refreshment Department. Last year he accompanied me to see Mr. TOOLE in *Paul Pry*, when he laughed so much that we were nearly turned out for creating a disturbance. If I had not threatened him with loss of his pudding at his dinner for a week (which more or less sobered him), our presence would not have been tolerated. This year he has greatly grown both in body and mind, and combines with the keen enjoyment of extreme youth the critical acumen of considerable experience.

When I told Tommy the Tester that I proposed taking him to see the Steeple-Chase at Mr. HENGLER'S establishment, he confessed that he had long wished to visit the Circus where, he reminded me, the favourite drama of *Roostwood* and the popular "Staghunt" had been performed when "he was quite a child, eighteen months ago."

It was a matter of some regret to us to find that a part of the programme was over before we reached Argyll Place. However, we were so delighted with the performance of a young lady, called Mlle. FONTAINEBLEAU, that we quickly dried our tears, and enjoyed her gambols with a number of poodles.

"Why is she called Mlle. FONTAINEBLEAU?" asked the Tester. "Isn't that a place in France?"

"Quite so," I returned, always ready to afford information. "If she had been English, she would have been called Miss MARGATE, —for Fontainebleau is the French for the pleasant Thanet watering-place of which you have heard so much."

This seemed to give the Tester much food for reflection, until the antics of a most accomplished gentleman dressed as a jockey, called forth the question, whether if he "were really racing they would let him ride like that?" As "riding like that" was an allusion to a seat seemingly on the extreme tip of the horse's tail, I was forced to confess that, without being myself strictly a sporting man, I imagined that no set of Stewards would permit it. At the "wheezes" of SANDY and YORICK, the Tester simply screamed, putting his head on the cushion of the box, and rolling it about in an ecstasy of merriment. He was also tickled at "the American Riding Machine" although he doubted the genuineness of the victims selected from the audience for a lesson. He was less satisfied with the "Lancers' Quadrille," danced *en militaire*, on horseback, pointing out that "they didn't know how to salute as he had seen it done by the Guards at Wellington Barracks." The length of the preparations for the wonderful bicycle *troupe* caused some grumbling which, however,



Home Rule at Hengler's. Two Pat'uns.

was appeased by buns. When we *did* see their performances, however, both the Tester and myself applauded loudly. A rather scornful lady, in a riding habit, who made her thoroughbred do everything but anything *au naturel*, earned from my young companion the verdict of "Well, after all, it's very clever!" He was less satisfied with a very fat acrobat, who, seemingly when he had nothing better to do, jumped on to the shoulders of his daughter, observing indignantly, that "that wasn't the way to treat your children."

By this time, the hour had arrived for the event of the evening, the "Steeple-chase." My young friend, the Tester, took much interest in the preliminaries, asking numerous questions about weights, colours, and welshing. I may say, at once, that the representation was most admirable. However, we were rather puzzled at two uncouth creatures, who had a great deal to say, of a quaint, humorous character. Neither the Tester nor I could make out who they were intended to represent, as they appeared to be a cross between scare-

crow and North-American Indians. At last my infant companion uttered an exclamation of delight and shouted—

"I know who they are! One of 'em said 'Bedad!'—they must be meant for Irishmen!"

The Tester was perfectly right, as an examination of the programme proved them to be "Hibernian Sportsmen." For all this, the Steeple-chase was most realistic, although certainly, on account of the narrowness of the course, the horses had to follow one another like University boats at a bumping race. To conclude—"All's well that ends well," and the performances ended well—before eleven.

SQUIBLER.

THE OFFICE OF CITY-MARSHAL.



"Yessir! Sutt'nly Sir!"

THE grand old Copperashun will have one of the most importantest and one of the most difficultest tasks to perform next Fursday week as ever they had.

To the great regret of all of us, who liked to see a cerrymonial office filled with dignity, the late City Marshall has gone to his rest. Peas be with him!

To them as is not aware of the werry onnerable dooties attatched to this high office, it may seem strange that there should be amost thirty of the werry hiest officers in Her MAJESTY'S millitary service as is candy-dates for about seven pound a week and the ire of an horse on speshal occasions. I thinks as this last derangement is rather shabby, I shoold have thort as how the Copperashun knowing the himportance of striking a mob, wood have bort an horse for their Feild Marshall as wood have struck everyboddy, say a 17 or 18 hands hire, and have guy it him. However that is only a dtail to which one need not hang werry much impertense.

I have seed all the Candid-dates, at least in print, from the werry hiest, the Major General, down to the werry lowest, the Clark in the Controller's Office, so I spose as the Controller is a Solger, tho' I shooldn't hev thought it to look at him. Ah, one may easily think to whose nobil figger my memory fondly turns when trying to realise a model City Feild Marshall. Need I menshun the onered name of WIDDYCOM? With that egperienced Weteran marshalling his forces in Gildhall Yard on Lord Mare's Day how needless would be the trembling anxiety of his Lordship and all his warking Gentlemen as to the successful turning round of the Carriage of state with its six powerful horses and their six tugging and prespiring grooms! There has been a tork of arsking Mr. SAM BURN, the sillybrated hartist, to take the post on account of his butifol riding, but it was thort he would not draw so well in that capassity as in his ordinary one, or rather in his extraonerry one.

As far as I remember the QUEEN herself has only got one Feild Marshall, so I spose as she coudn't werry well spare him, or else a good seven pound a week woodn't be a bad edition to no one's incum. I nose as I shoold think so. Marshall PONTIFEX MAXIMUS was also thought of, but it was found as he coudn't posserbly be spared from his himportant dooties of Ward Clark, or we shoold hev had such a City Marshall, and a Marshallless two, for briteness and dignity, as the City ain't often seed.

It was thort at one time of putting ewery candiddate through his most diffyult tarsk, that of riding on horseback all the way from the Manshun House to Gildhall, with only two Policemen to take care of him, right through the hole traffick in Cheapside, but sum of the werry boldest on 'em begged to be xcused from the terryble hawdeal unless accompanied by the LORD MARE, but it is said they are all to ride up and down King Street wunce, and three times round Gildhall Yard, on the morning of election, and the Police Surgeon is to be in attendance in case of haccidents.—One enthoosiastick Common Councilman wentured to surgest that all the thirty candidates should be dressed in their full regimentals and mounted on thirty of SANGER's most butifol horses, should preseed the LORD MARE on his way to Gildhall on the day of Election. Wot a brilliyant idear! Why the hopening of 'Parlyment woodn't be within two miles of it. Try it, my LORD MARE, try it, nor leave the tarsk to your next pre-desessor.

ROBERT.

"TOBY, OR NOT TOBY?"

THE above "is the question" put to us by several Correspondents, to whom we reply, thusly:—The M.P. for Berkshire is still unmuzzled, and retains his seat, as the excellent House-Dog he is. For this fact, *Mr. Punch* says, our inquirers must take his own word and Toby's assurance (he has lots of it), and not trust to any "To-by ter dicta."



'AS YOU LIKE IT.'

Orlando-Morley (about to grapple with Terrorism in Ireland). "I COME BUT IN, AS OTHERS DO, TO TRY WITH HIM THE STRENGTH OF MY YOUTH."

Rosalind Hibernia. "NOW, HERCULES BE THY SPEED, YOUNG MAN!"

MEM. FROM SOME MEMOIRS, 1840.—"THE QUEEN has been attacked for going down in person to Parliament, just after the news arriving of the Landgravine's death; but she consulted her relations, the Princess AUGUSTA particularly, who advised her to go: said it was a public duty, and that they had all been brought up in the doctrine that the discharge of the duties of their station was to supersede everything. So she went." This is from the Gossip GREVILLE, whose diaries some folks must wish at the—well, word that rhymes with GREVILLE. A great deal has happened since 1840. But perhaps in '86 Her Good Gracious MAJESTY may have been reading these Memoirs, eh? "So she went."

NEW READING.

MRS. RAM is always studying her French. Overhearing somebody observe that French dramatists could not object to any not strictly proper English play, as they did not come into Court with clean hands, Mrs. R. cut in with—"Well, the chief French dramatist had clean hands, I'm sure, for wasn't his motto '*Je prends mon bain où je le trouve?*'?"

SAMBOURNE



ELEVATION.

Wife (of newly-elected Working-Man M.P. to her Visitors). "OW D'E DO, MRS. FUZBUSH! PRAY TAKE A CHERE, M'UM. THOUGH I HAM A LADY NOW, IT WON'T MAKE NO DIFFERENCE IN MY MANNERS!"

GETTING INTO THEIR PLACES.

(Extracts from a few Ministerial Diaries.)

Admiralty.—Well, here I am, with a really *pukka* appointment. Very glad. Settled it at *tiffin* with my Right Hon. friend. Now what shall I do next? See if I can't use up some of my old Indian ideas. Made the Whites and Natives absolutely equal over there. Capital! I will have no more officers—reduce the entire Service to the common denomination of a Private of Marines! So pleased with the notion, that I told the Office Messenger, who was just putting up my *punkah*, all about it. He seemed surprised, and has just returned to ask for leave to go out in search of another situation, as he says he believes this place will be shut up within a fortnight! The same ignorance against which I had to contend so strenuously when I was Viceroy of India.

Home Office.—Wonder how HARCOURT is getting on with his Budget. On the whole, I think this is the pleasantest berth of the two. Well, I shall take things quietly, and never sign a death-warrant in a hurry. Hullo! What's that awful row? Messenger says that it's an infernal machine that's just exploded in the waiting-room. I explain that, now we are on such excellent terms with the Home-Rulers, that kind of nonsense is indefensible. Messenger says "he begs pardon, but he expects it *was* a little backward in going off. He thinks it must have been meant for either Sir RICHARD or Sir WILLIAM." Not impossible, but I do wish PARNELL's people would be more careful!

Office of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.—Well, really my new robes look very well indeed. I made up my mind to have them when I saw how they became my venerated Chief at the opening of the Law Courts. Liked them better than the Lord Chancellor's robes, because *he* has to wear a wig. Wonder how CHILDERS is getting on at the old place. Don't think he can do much harm, except perhaps ruin the hangman. Pleased I have stuck to the G. O. M. It's only proper that I should support PARNELL. He's a sort of connection of mine. We are both related to the Royal Family.

Foreign Office.—Can't see any more of the ROTHSCHILDS! They do so bother me about giving them early information, in return for

putting me on something "really good" on the Stock Exchange. I have got so tired of "tips" since I gave up racing. I wish they wouldn't do it! And now I must get my German Dictionary, as I am going to write to BISMARCK.

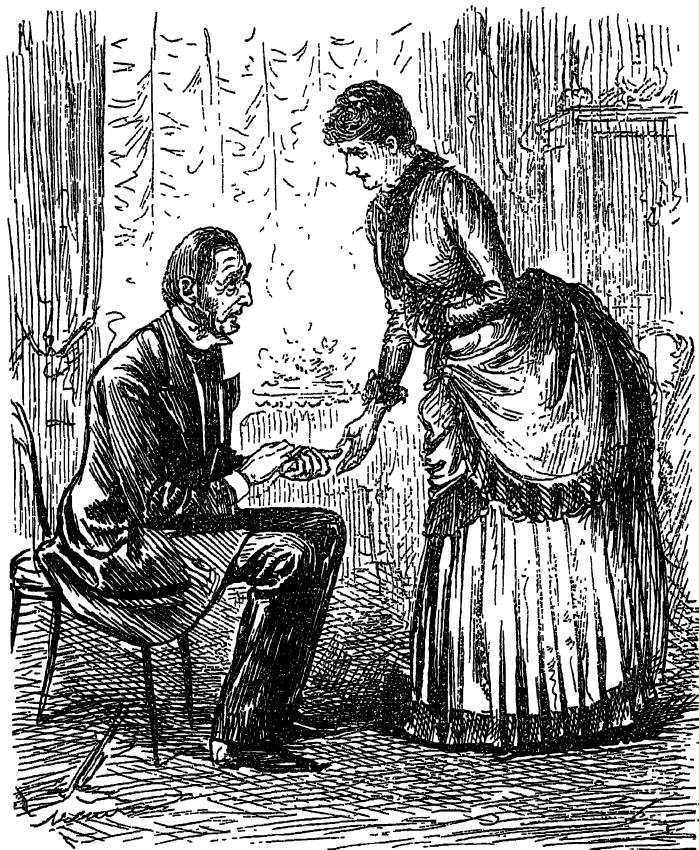
War Office.—Can't do better, I suppose, than walk in the steps of HARTINGTON. First-class Chief. In spite of having his room (which is much better than my old one), I wish I had him back. The place not much altered. I thought they would find out some day about those bayonets!

Colonial Office.—Now I think I have made a good [beginning. I have ordered a snub to be administered to Australia generally and collectively, and am going to employ the remainder of the day in snoozing. How sorry BISMARCK will be to lose me! He always used to call me— Too sleepy to finish the sentence.

Local Government Office.—Hard lines! Wouldn't let me be Chancellor of the Exchequer, and wanted me to turn into a First Lord of the Admiralty? "Not if I knows it. Not for JOSEPH—I never was meant for the sea!" Enough to drive me back to the screws! I would cut the whole affair, only I think I shouldn't now have a chance of getting on to the Vestry, and I can't do without political life.

Chief Secretary's Office, Dublin.—Come, really this is most gratifying! Hadn't an idea I was so popular. The people took the horses out of my carriage, and dragged me here. Very pleased indeed. Wish I were still Editor of the *Pall Mall*; wouldn't I have given them a leader about my reception! Rather wish I hadn't written that article in the *Fortnightly*, to which the Archbishop took such exception. Who'd ha' thought of *his* reading it! Just laid down my pen to receive an enthusiastic deputation, who brought with them a casket for my acceptance. Most kind of them! Always said the Irish were a warm-hearted race! Let's see what it is. Hallo! This isn't fair! Hi! National Police! Here, somebody! *Blessed if they haven't left me an infernal machine, and it's going off!*

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know where's the best place to buy Chessmen? Evidently the Pawnbroker's. But inquire of the Director of the "Monday Pops."



A MEDICAL OPINION.

Eminent Physician. "I FEEL VERY QUEER. I WONDER WHAT CAN BE THE MATTER?"

Anxious Wife. "SHALL I SEND FOR DOCTOR PILCOX OR DOCTOR SQUILLS?"

E. P. "NO, NO." *A. W.* "OR ANY OTHER DOCTOR?"

E. P. "NO; WE ALL GO IN FOR THINKING EACH OTHER SUCH HUMBUGS!"

SONG OF THE TRAM-CAR MEN.

MRS. REANEY has tried our oppressors to spoil,
And to shorten the hours of our days of hard toil.
Here's her jolly good health, and let all of us say,
"We are now well prepared for a REANEY day!"

"Trespassers, beware!"

"THE erection of a number of notice-boards warning the public off" seems to be a singular result of dedicating an open space to the public good. Yet, according to "Z," (writing to the *Times*) this is the only result, after three years, of the acquisition, as recreation ground, of the large open space known as "London Fields." The public is so accustomed to notice-boards, and so used to being warned off, that those particular forms of "recreation," from sheer familiarity, are likely to be regarded with indifference, if not contempt. Nor is an "open space" of much use, if it is closed—to all except the East Wind and the sparrows. Somebody seems to want stirring up in this matter.

To Joseph.

My dear ARCH, never mind, though MACDONALD's unkind,
Let partisans chide, and philologists bore;
You may well be content (as they think) to be hind,
Since your cause is so much to the fore.

MR. THOMAS HARDY is writing a Serial Story for *Macmillan's Magazine*. It will probably run through the year, and be known as "a Hardy Annual."

POETRY ON THE CHEAP.

A SOMEBODY calling himself "LOCHNELL" has perpetrated a volume entitled *Saxon Lyrics and Legends*, after *Aldhelm*, in imitation, apparently, of the unrhymed, and not too rhythmical, effusions of the "old Saxon minstrels or gleemen." The fact that "in the dimness of the bygone years" the Abbot of Malmesbury, who knew no better, indulged in this irregularly chopped-up prose, cannot be accepted as an excuse for "LOCHNELL," who *ought* to know better, vexing the ears of nineteenth-century readers with this peculiarly aggravating sort of "verse-making," as he ingenuously calls it. This is the sort of thing that meanders jerkily through over a hundred pages:—

Such songs have I
For listening ears;
But at nightfall,
When the pale moon,
Silver gleaming,
Shineth o'er the hills,

Then sing I only
For myself.
The nightingale
Listens, weeping,
To a song
Sadder than hers.

No wonder! One pities poor Philomela compelled to listen to such a "song." An owl might object, and a crow complain. If "LOCHNELL" sang only for himself, as he suggests, no one need protest. But he doesn't. He prints his "poetry," and puts a price upon it. Poetry, quotha! *Touchstone* is here outdone. The "right butterwoman's rank to market" is not in it with LOCHNELL's jumpy doggerel. "I'll rhyme you so eight years together," says *Touchstone*, in ridicule of amorous *Orlando's* false gallop of verses. But here be no rhymes even; so *Touchstone's* task would be still easier. As thus:—

Here we are again!
Lend me your ears.
Hope they are long,
Like old Midas's,
Or, Bully Bottom's
I sing only
For donkeys.
Easy business.
Rather!
Take short sentences
From *Mavor's Spelling Book*;

Blend them deftly
With mixed metaphor,
With maudlin moonshine;
And there you are!
ALDHELM did it
In Anglo-Saxon;
Why not "LOCHNELL,"
In limping English?
First-rate notion!
Beats TUPPER,
Or WALT WHITMAN.

So it does. TUPPER of the sprawling sentences, and WHITMAN of the "barbaric yawp" have written with much economy of rhyme, rhythm, and all other poetic adjuncts. But for poetry on the cheap, commend us to this sham-Saxon "LOCHNELL"!

FROM THE GALLERY.



Corney Grain as a Handelian Chorus.

You will meet excellent company at the German-Reeds' now, where they are performing an amusing piece by Mr. T. MALCOLM WATSON, which is chiefly remarkable for the brogue of Miss FANNY HOLLAND, as an Irish peasant girl, and Mr. TAFF REED, as a North-South-West-Country-East-ender. The music, by Mr. J. CALDICOTT, *Mus. Bac.*—which stands for "Musical Bachelor," a person in great demand,—is tuneful and sufficiently dramatic. Then comes Mr. CORNEY GRAIN, with his "Election Notes." This keeps the audience in bursts of laughter for a good half-hour,—an excellent half-hour. Mr. GRAIN as a Handelian Chorus, is "All there," every bit of him. His political ballads are capital. Mr. GRAIN may soon have some new matter for his song—when an Irish ditty will probably be added.

NIBBS.

THE MINISTERIAL CRISIS.

(From the Doorstep and Keyhole News Association.)



All Eyes and Ears.

It is our duty to state that a report circulated yesterday, by a rival association, alleging that yesterday morning Earl GRANVILLE called at ten minutes to ten, is wholly without foundation. It was ten minutes past. We are not able to say precisely how long Lord GRANVILLE remained in consultation. We have, indeed, reason to believe that he must have departed by the back-door, for the utmost vigilance on the part of our Representative failed in tracing his subsequent movements.

The noble Lord was followed at twenty minutes to ten by Lord HARTINGTON, who had walked over from Lord GRANVILLE's, having unfortunately just missed the 'bus. Lord HARTINGTON was evidently in deep thought, his hat being slightly tilted over his eyes, and one hand (the right) in his pocket. Our Representative closely followed his Lordship, there being some reason to expect that, if he drew his hand out of his pocket, it might be seen whether he was holding a piece of paper, which might contain his final refusal to accept office. His Lordship, unfortunately, misconstrued the intention of our Representative, and suddenly drawing his right hand out, narrowly missed bringing it in contact with the nose of our Representative. But public duty must be performed; and this incident is only mentioned as indicating the temper in which the noble Lord approached Mr. GLADSTONE. On knocking at the door, he was admitted immediately. The interview lasted twenty minutes, and our Representative, following at a safe distance, is able to state that his Lordship emerged upon the Park, and walked in the direction of Piccadilly.

At five and a half minutes past eleven, some sensation was created by the appearance at the end of the Terrace of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. Our Representative, sitting on the kerbstone, and producing his "flimsy," had commenced to write a despatch clearly indicating an attempt to form a Coalition Government. It would have made a good bit of lineage, but Lord RANDOLPH, after looking up the Terrace, pulled at his moustache, and walked down the Duke of York's steps in a south-east-by-east-half-west direction. We had at one time thought of completing our Representative's sketch of the Coalition Government, and sending it to the evening papers, with intent to contradict it in the morning issues. But accuracy has ever been our object, and truth our pole-star.



Startington.

We have authority to state that Mr. GLADSTONE rose as usual this morning. He had tea and toast (dry), and was overheard to ask for an egg. It would not, perhaps, be well to attach too much importance to this fact. But it is well known that in certain circumstances a great deal more comes out of an egg than meets the eye at first glance.

Precisely at five minutes past nine Earl GRANVILLE (who wore an overcoat) called, and was at once admitted. We have autho-

At ten minutes past eleven Mr. CHAMBERLAIN drove up in a four-wheeler. It was noticed that he wore an eyeglass. It was further observed that he carried an umbrella, though the forecast of the weather for the day—"Same as No. 5"—did not warrant the precaution. We have reason to believe that this was meant as a demonstration, designed to intimate to Mr. GLADSTONE that there were more umbrellas than one, and that, if Mr. CHAMBERLAIN did not get his own way, he might be forced to raise his. He was immediately admitted. He remained in consultation with Mr. GLADSTONE for only eleven minutes.

On issuing he was met on the door-step by Mr. JOHN MORLEY, and



The Rival Umbrella.

the two remained in earnest conversation for five minutes. Our Representative approached, and fumbled at the bell for some time, meaning, if the door opened, to ask whether Mr. SMITH lived there. The ruse, however, though well planned, was not successful, and nearly led to disastrous results. Our Representative overheard nothing, whilst the footman who opened the door said he (our Representative) "knew very well that Mr. SMITH didn't live there; that he had been seen lurking about the place for some days; and that, if caught there again, would be given into custody."

A penny a line does not soothe feelings thus wounded; and it is only a sense of public duty that sustains our Representative in these trying times.

Lord RICHARD GROSVENOR was in and out all day, perhaps on the whole more in than out. At twelve o'clock Lord ROSEBERY and the Marquis of RYON arrived, arm-in-arm. They were at once admitted, but remained only a short time, from which it may be inferred that Mr. GLADSTONE had nothing to say to them. Messengers were in attendance, and were busily employed running to and fro between Carlton House Terrace and the residences of other Ministers-designate. Our Representative intercepted several of these messengers, and, with his usual urbanity, proposed to save them the trouble of carrying the despatches. The offer was in each case firmly, though not politely, declined.

At one o'clock Mr. TREVELYAN drove up in a hansom. He remained in consultation for twenty minutes. On emerging, he walked in the direction of Pall Mall.

We are able to state, upon the highest authority, that Lord SALISBURY will not remain Foreign Minister after the completion of Mr. GLADSTONE's Ministry. Such a course would obviously be as inconvenient as it is unprecedented.

We are authorised to state that the report that Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE is to be Chancellor of the Exchequer in the new Ministry is without foundation.



Our Representative retires.

"THE ROYAL LIVER SOCIETY."—In answer to numerous Correspondents who have seen this heading, but are too busy to study the reports in the papers, we beg to explain that the object and *raison d'être* of this Society are, as evidenced in its title, the preservation of the Royal Constitution. The Presidents are Her Gracious MAJESTY and H.R.H. the Prince of WALES. The Consulting Medical Men belong to the Royal Household, assisted by Dr. QUAIN, with power to add to their number. There is a yearly subscription, and for this, every member is entitled to a certain number of boxes of podophyllin pills and other Liver prescriptions, signed by the Committee. The Rules of the Society enjoin daily exercise on horseback if possible; if not, on foot, or bicycle, or gymnastic. The Mounted Members of the Liver Society may choose their own hours for horse exercise in the Park, or where they will. When H.R.H. the President takes his regulation ride in the Row, all the members of the Liver Society are expected to be present attended by their Livery servants. Those members who have no stables of their own are bound to use Livery stables. For further particulars ask anybody.



HAPPY THOUGHT!

Sir Pompey Bedell (poling the fire in his new Smoking-room). "THIS WRETCHED CHIMNEY HAS GOT INTO A MOST OBJECTIONABLE WAY OF SMOKING! A—I CAN'T CURE IT."

Bedell Junior. "JUST GIVE IT A COUPLE OF YOUR CIGARS, GOVERNOR!—IT 'LL NEVER SMOKE AGAIN!"

AT THE CROSS-ROADS.

THE way has been long, and the road has been rough,
And the rider, though sturdy, the steed, though 'tis tough,
Are a little bit weary and pounded.
Not yet, all the same, is the day at an end,
Still stiffer, perchance, is the way they must wend,
And by manifold dangers surrounded.

He sits his third mount, which must see him safe home,
And now, late in the day, to the Cross Roads has come,
In a country that's strange. 'Tis a teaser
Which path to select, and the sign-boards, 'tis clear,
As critical *cruz* to our rider appear,
As the Rubicon did to great CÆSAR.

So much, unforeseen, may depend on his choice.
He hears a straight tip in the country lad's voice.
The canny and billy-cock'd Cowboy
Seems little in doubt as to which road is best,
And in wild rural routes, or a cross-country quest,
A Nimrod *may* learn from a ploughboy.

How will he decide? One thing's evident, quite,
If he turn to the left, or diverge to the right,
A bad bit of road lies before him.
Here's wishing him luck, a sure seat, a stout soul,
And a safe finish-up at a glorious goal,
Ere the shadows of night settle o'er him.

CHANGE OF NAME.—IMPORTANT.—Mr. JOHN MORLEY, on taking office as Chief Irish Secretary, will be known as "RORY O'MORLEY." He may adopt the last line of the chorus of this song as his motto, "And 'tis all for good luck says Bold Rory O'Moore."

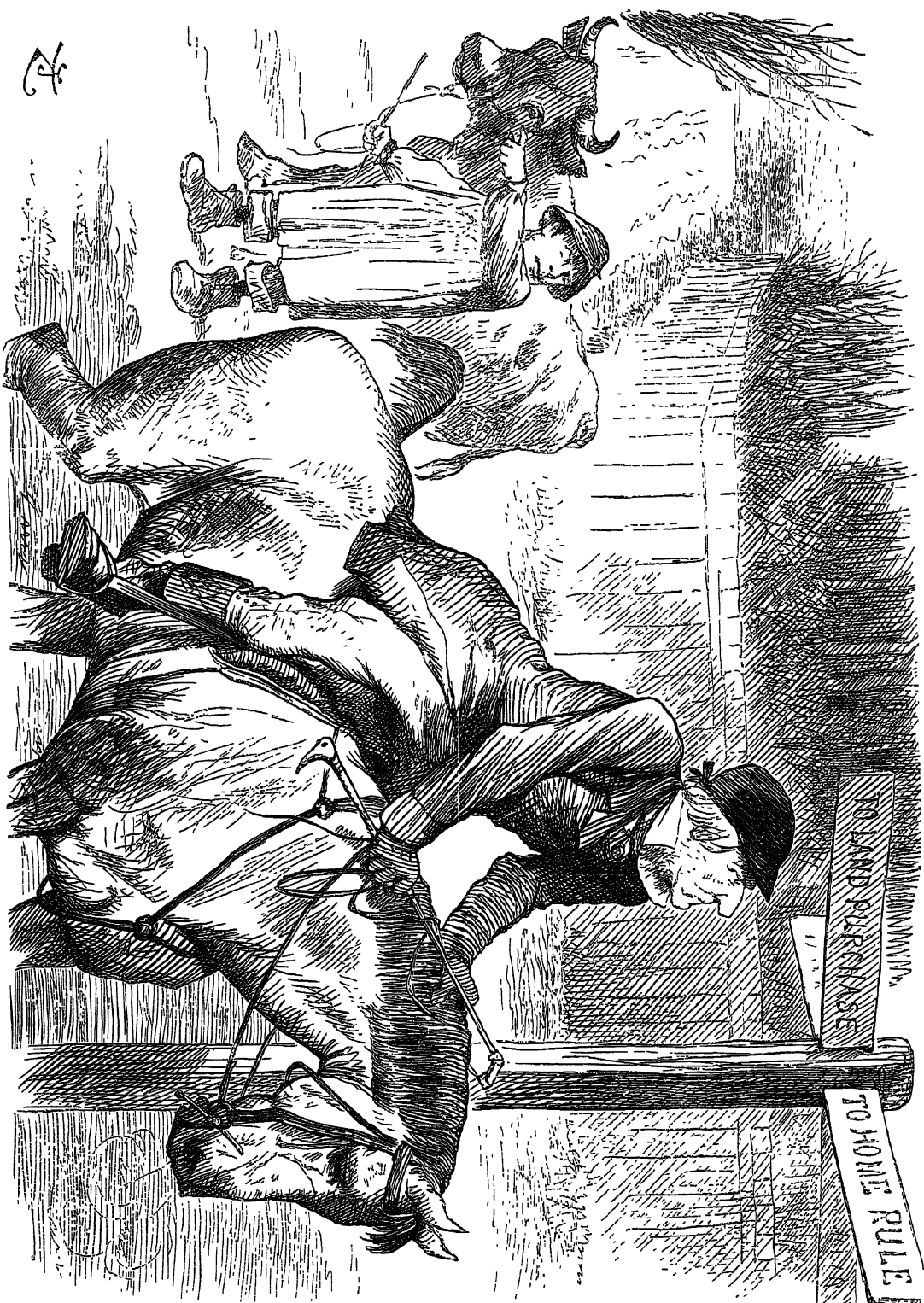
DECORATIONS FOR DOCTORS.

DEAR DR. PUNCH,

As the universally recognised representative of the Medical (as of every other) Profession, you doubtless read, with frequent interjections of "Hear, hear!" an admirable oration lately delivered on its behalf at Netley Hospital by Dr. QUAIN. "He would gladly see some special recognition of the services of Medical Officers, and it would be a great and gracious act of the QUEEN to institute a decoration, which might be called 'The Order for Medical Merit.'" Allow me to say, with a slight reservation, "Ditto to Dr. QUAIN." I wish Her Most Gracious MAJESTY would, by and with the advice of her trusty Councillor, the G. O. M., be pleased to award some special recognition to meritorious medical men. Only, I had rather that it should be something other than a decorative Order. Distinguishing Titles would not be bad things, such as the Marquis of Magnesia, Baron Bluepill, and so forth; and why not, as there's a Count Hunyadi Janos? If I were meritorious enough, I should be not above accepting a Peerage. In case the Sovereign created Sir JAMES PAGET a Duke, I should fling up my billycock (not now being in actual practice), and cry, "Hooray!" A distinguished Physician or Surgeon would be not only ornamental, but useful in the House of Lords. As such, I would willingly take a Dukedom, or even an Earldom, if I had amassed enough money to maintain the dignity. But I shouldn't care a button for any button-hole decoration, or star, or ribbon. Fancy HARVEY, or JOHN HUNTER, particularly fancy ABERNETHY going about with a medal or a strip of silk or satin attached to the portion of attire anterior to his pectoral region. I can't fancy myself—supposing I had been meritorious—at least if I could, I had as lief my said billycock were replaced with a Beadle's cocked-hat, or that I were privileged to wear Mr. JEAMES'S shoulder-knot. But then I confess that I am not a courtly character, which may, perhaps, be one of the reasons why a prosperous professional career was impossible for yours, truly, an ancient

SAWBONES.

ONE OF THE SWEETS OF OFFICE.—Cabinet Pudding.



AT THE CROSS ROADS.

JOE (THE COW-BOY). "HOL!—*THIS* BE YOUR ROAD, MEASTER!"



“IN THE DIM AND DISTANT FUTURE.”

First Sportsman (cantering along easily). “I say, we shall see you at dinner on the nineteenth, shan't we?”

Second Ditto (whose horse is very fresh, and bolting with him). “If the beast goes on like this,—hanged if you 'll ever see me again.”

THE BATTLE OF THE GERMS.

By a Nervous Sciolist.

BACILLUS v. *Bacterium*!

The case put so looks passing rum.
Yet we are told that in our bodies
They wage wild war, which vastly odd is.
When a *bacterium* would kill us,
We may be saved by a *bacillus*.
Complaints, from phthisis to hysteria,
Are probably due to *bacteria*.
Bacteria your lungs attack,
Import *bacilli* in a crack,
And the new guests, if sound and bold ones,
Will instantly expel the old ones.
So we're the battle-field of germs!
At such a thought one rather squirms;
It gives a nervous man the fidgets
To think these microscopic midgets
Within our frames are always going it,
And commonly without our knowing it.
We all must learn, though, willy-nilly,
Which are *bacteria*, which *bacilli*;
For those are foes, whilst these are friends,
And therefore everything depends
On whether our lung-guest mysterious
Is a *bacillum* or *bacterius*.—
No, no, *that's* wrong, I'm getting mixed,
I must acquire a knowledge fixed.
Strange that such difference should be
'Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee;
Or rather (hope it's all a hum!)
Bacillus and *Bacterium*!

SONG FOR MR. CHAMBERLAIN ON REFUSING THE FIRST LORDSHIP OF THE ADMIRALTY.—“*I Never was Meant for the Sea.*”

ALLSOPP TO CERBERUS.

MY DEAR MR. TOBY,—I take this opportunity of informing you that I never was a Knight of Malta, and that though I have been raised to the Peerage—which makes Bass so bitter—I have still three sons in the Beirage. I hope—I should say, I hope—that you will long remain in the House, to continue those papers, with which the Canine Muses (no relations of MEUX's) inspire you. I am not in the habit of paying single-barrel'd compliments, but accept this from yours truly,
HENRY ALLSOPP.

P.S.—I shall now employ my leisure in bringing out a New Edition of *Allsopp's Fables*. I shall bring it out under a *nom de plume*, and call myself “A Member of the Hop-position.”

Poor Pigeons!

A GRAND pigeon-shooting match came off the other day at Monaco. Just the place for it. Monaco abounds in pigeons. “The shooting was very exciting, the birds being occasionally very fast,” as the Monaco pigeons commonly are. The pigeons have a short life and a merry one at Monaco. “Regardless of their doom, the little victims play,” and oddly enough it is only when there's “not another shot in the locker” that the pigeon-shooting really commences. Another strange thing is, that the hardest hit pigeons are the strongest on the wing; they fly straight back from Monaco to London, and if they are not feather-headed they don't return in a hurry.

THE MESSAGE OF THE ROSEBERY.

(After Waller.)

Go, my PRIMROSE,
Tell them the new Secretaree
Is one who knows
His mind, and hath not a weak knee,
How bland soe'er he seem to be.

Tell them you're young,
And in so high a post untried;
But having sprung
Into the saddle at one stride,
You're going to sit down and ride.

Small is the worth
Of a “light hand” that soon gets tired;
Better stand forth
As the strong man so long desired,
Abroad respected, here admired.

In GRANVILLE we
The fate of weakness *debonair*
May clearly see;
Put down your foot, sit firm and square,
And keep us free from shirk and scare!

NOT SUCH A FOOL, AFTER ALL.—The King of BAVARIA has done a number of foolish things, but he has certainly said one wise one, as reported in the *Times*, which is well worth recording. Being asked to sanction the State prosecution of some journalist who had written a pamphlet against him, he replied, “No; let him write what he likes, as long as I can do what I please.” Royalties would do well to jot down this sentiment in their note-books.



INFLUENCE OF THE PRESS.

Editor, Proprietor, and Principal Contributor of the North Pentonville Gazetteer (dictating Leading Article to his Son and amanuensis). "OUR MIND IS RELIEVED AT LAST—WE HAD ALMOST FEARED—THAT PRINCE BISMARCK—MIGHT HAVE TAKEN SUCH A COURSE—THAT WE—ALBEIT WITH UNFEIGNED REGRET—SHOULD HAVE HAD TO OPPOSE HIS COLONIAL POLICY TOOTH AND NAIL—WE CAN HONESTLY CONGRATULATE HIM—ON HAVING ELECTED TO FOLLOW—AT LAST—THE LINES WE HAVE SO CONSISTENTLY LAID DOWN FOR HIM—IN THESE COLUMNS—AND WE CAN PROMISE HIM OUR UNDIVIDED SUPPORT," &c., &c., &c.

A HOPEFUL LOOK-OUT.

(By a Much Mother-in-Law's Victim.)

THERE came to me tidings of grace
From a Breach of Promise case,
And a chance of relief from an old, old grief, with my
mental eye I saw,
When I read about Counsellor WINCH,
Who can help a poor chap, at a pinch,
To get rid without fuss of that dread incubus, a cantan-
kerous Mother-in-law.

I confess that I fail to see
What the subtle procedure can be
Of his occult art, to allay the smart of my chronic do-
mestic "raw."

Oh, wise philanthropist, where
Did you light on that secret rare,
Which, you hinted one day, would at once do away with
my noisome Mother-in-law?

She's ugly, intemperate, mean,
And inconveniently lean,
With the beard of a goat, and a wrinkled throat like an
aged turkey's craw;
Her temper is awfully bad,
She looks upon me as a cad—
No tongue can tell the attributes fell of my vile old
Mother-in-law!

I must hasten a bargain to clinch
With the wily, ingenious WINCH.
If I ask him to dine, perhaps in the wine with which she
moistens her maw
He may drop a soluble pill,
Or some delicate drug that will
In a quiet way the mischief play with my gruesome
Mother-in-law.

Or, possibly—who can tell?—
He may know some potent spell
To waft her afar to a distant star, clutched fast in an
Afreet's claw;
I could see her depart with a grin,
But I should not envy the Djinn
Told off to fly for a week through the sky in charge of
my Mother-in-law!

Whate'er Mr. WINCH's plan
To redress the wrongs of man,
Be it dagger or bowl, I declare on my soul that I do not
care one straw;—
But I promise to sing his praise
In superior votive lays,
When, my sorrow to ease, he shall graciously please to
"remove" my Mother-in-law.

WHERE ARE WE NOW?

January 1.—The Chief Commissioner of Police, by way of giving London dogs a nice New Year's Present, issues the following order:—

"All Dogs found in the streets without muzzles will be instantly lassoed and shot. Owners will be required to carry their Dog licence, properly framed, suspended by a chain round their necks, or on some other conspicuous part of their persons. Dogs not previously shot will be suffocated at the 'Battersea (Long) Home for Lost Dogs,' and the owner, if found, will be required to pay the expenses of suffocation and subsequent burial, and to enter into his own recognisances to come up for judgment when called for."

January 5.—"Nothing gives so much innocent pleasure as a little variety," says the Chief Commissioner, and signs this new notice:—

"The Order of January 1, with regard to Dogs, is hereby rescinded. Dogs are not required to be muzzled in the streets, or anywhere else. Nobody need take out a licence, unless he wants to do so. If Dogs are not under proper control, the Police are recommended to look the other way. Should a Dog insist on following a Policeman to the 'Battersea (Long) Home,' the Committee of the Home will be happy to keep him for one month certain, after which time he will not be suffocated, but merely 'narcotised,' and a suitable tablet erected to his memory."

January 10.—Owing to the Chief Commissioner's little finger having been snapped at as a tempting morsel by a stray Fox Terrier, the following peremptory Order to Constables has been issued:—

"Dogs, especially Fox Terriers, to be destroyed when seen! Policemen are recommended to carry with them (in their helmets) a sponge soaked in chloroform, a bludgeon, and an Express rifle, all of

which are likely to come in handy when tackling a particularly ferocious cross between a Siamese Bulldog and a Siberian Bloodhound. Outside the six-mile radius, Dogs on a first appearance in any public place to be warned, and on a second offence to be invited to accompany the Constable to Battersea.

"N.B.—The Secretary of the 'Battersea (Long) Home' wishes to correct a misapprehension. Dogs sent to the Home will neither undergo suffocation nor narcotisation, but a process of anaesthetisation, terminating in their deaths."

January 20.—The Chief Commissioner's medical adviser having pronounced that he is in no danger from the snap of the Fox Terrier, as the skin has not been even broken, consents to publish an amended Order to the following effect:—

"Dogs must either be led, or muzzled, or otherwise. Within the six-mile radius it will be enough if they are accompanying their masters, provided they do not stray more than twenty yards in front, or on one side, or behind, or otherwise. Policemen will carry yard-measures in their pockets to measure distances. Dogs without muzzles are still liable to be lassoed or otherwise, and taken to the 'Dogs' (Long) Home at Battersea,' where they will either be suffocated, or narcotised, or otherwise."

January 25.—All the above Orders are rescinded, pending the result of a medical inquiry into the mental condition of the Fox Terrier that snapped at the Chief Commissioner's little finger. A series of entirely new Orders is confidently expected in a few days.

ADVICE GRATIS.—Read Dr. ROBSON ROOSE's *Wear and Tear of London*, in the *Fortnightly Review* this month. Dr. ROOSE knows all about it. He should have entitled the article "*Roose in Urbe*."

THEATRE ROYAL ST. STEPHEN'S.

OLD FAVOURITES, FRESH ADDITIONS TO THE COMPANY! NEW SCENERY, DRESSES, AND APPOINTMENTS.



Mr. Critic Punch. Yes, WILLIAM, fair "all round" company. But what's your programme?

Manager W. E. G. Well, they've got their parts in two new Irish pieces,—much the same costume for both,—but I haven't quite settled which I shall produce first.

Mr. Critic Punch. Who's that in the corner? Not a member of the company. Eh?

Manager W. E. G. No—ahem—not exactly. He's an Irish author,—got a good deal of influence outside,—he has some very original plots, only rather too strong—they wouldn't be licensed here. But (*confidentially*) I shall be able to arrange with him, and make an adaptation myself, which, I fancy, will prove a hit.

Mr. Critic Punch. Um! I hope so. Good day.

[*Exit Mr. Critic, and the business commences.*]

THE REASON WHY?

THE *Times* Correspondent at Cairo, commenting the other morning on the effect produced in Diplomatic circles there by the news of the Ministerial changes in progress at home, says—"The political crisis in England has caused a complete stagnation in the Diplomatic world here; and the KHEDIVY, SIR H. D. WOLFF, SIR E. BARING, MUKHTAR PASHA, and NUBAR PASHA are indulging in general frivolity, balls, and dinners, as if realising that the advent of a Liberal Government to power meant the cessation of any serious attempt at a settlement of the Egyptian Question." That the illustrious personages referred to above should, while waiting for news, allow themselves the privilege of a little extra dancing and dining seems natural enough; but what is meant by their indulging in "general frivolity?" Does it imply a raid on the local lamp-posts, or a game of International Leapfrog; or, possibly, the preparation of a booby trap for the purpose of catching the French *Chargé d'Affaires*? If the last, we shall probably hear more of the matter.

Meantime it does not seem quite clear what SIR H. D. WOLFF can find to be generally frivolous over, unless it be the acknowledged failure of all his recent efforts at negotiation to put the Soudan business on a more satisfactory footing. This perhaps, as revealed in the publication of the latest Blue Books, might induce a feeling of light-hearted despair, somewhat akin to frivolity, and possibly account for his condition. Still, SIR E. BARING and the KHEDIVY ought to know better: they might recognise from experience the fact that a change of Government at

Downing Street, does not necessarily mean a change of policy on the Nile. They surely ought to realise, that whoever are "in" or whoever are "out," we somehow seem capable of only playing "the same old game" in Egypt, over and over again. Anyhow, judging by the published reports, it may fairly be said that the achievements of the late Government have not been of such a very startling order as to warrant "complete stagnation" in the Diplomatic world, or, for the matter of that, "general frivolity" either, at the mere prospect of a Ministerial change.



THE STUDENT.

Lord Randolph is delighted at being out of Office, as he will now have leisure to study "Lord Beaconsfield's Correspondence with his Sister."

Forgive and Forget.

"THE MACDERMOTT" as Solicitor-General for Ireland! This is truly liberal. Wasn't it to *The MACDERMOTT* we owed the celebrated Jingo Music Hall chorus, "*We don't want to fight, but by Jingo if we do!*" This appointment is only equalled by that of a PRIMROSE to be one of MR. GLADSTONE'S OWN Private Secretaries. True Liberality!

How It's Done.

On Three New Peers.

So SALISBURY the cup of honour fills, And bows to BECKETT, ALLSOPP, and to MILLS:—
Thus Banking, Beer, and Abbey Restoration,
Shore up hereditary legislation.

THIS sudden change of Ministry is very hard on the Almanack Compilers. Here's *Whitaker's* barely out, and all wrong in its Ministers within a month. Perhaps the Proprietors may bring out a Special Edition this week for 1886, and dropping the title of *Whitaker's Almanack*, will call it *Threakears' Almanack*.

AMATEUR WORK.

By a New Hand.

I HAVE already described the process of "preparing the walls of a room for papering," but before I dismiss the subject, and proceed to something else, I ought to say a few words as to the general condition of dampness in which I found them to have been left by the necessary drenching to which they had been subjected. To dry them as speedily as possible was my first object; and not exactly knowing where to obtain a brazier, I conceived the happy idea of contracting with several itinerant vendors of hot chestnuts to pass their day in the dining-room with me, bringing their apparatus with them. At first, though we made a comfortable party of seven, there was no perceptible increase in the temperature; but, finding this, I soon remedied it by buying up the respective stocks-in-trade of my various guests, and relegating them to the kitchen for dinner. I then plied their braziers assiduously with coke until I had established a thoroughly good white heat all round. And this I continued for ten days, by the end of which time, though the amount of my butcher's book was considerably increased (I having meantime become responsible for the daily board of the proprietors), the walls were so completely dried as to have cracked in all directions, and shrunk away from the woodwork of both the door and window-frames, which had themselves started at all their joints, and refused either to open or to shut, or to fall into their proper places again.

But I only mention this experience by the way. My main object, on the present occasion, being to describe how I fulfilled the mandate of *Amateur Work*.—"Be your own Chimney Sweep."

Having decided that before I put on the paper, it would be as well to get through with this domestic operation, I proceeded forthwith to make all my arrangements. But the following rough-hand notes, jotted down at the time, will perhaps best convey some idea of how I carried on the process, and be of value to anyone, who like myself, is disposed to attempt it without professional assistance.

Commenced preparations for sweeping the dining-room chimney this morning. Began at 7 A.M. by removing the handles from all the brooms, and the poles from all the window-curtains in the house. To the longest of these latter I fasten in the place of the ordinary sweep's brush, a good-sized Christmas tree that we happen to have over from a New Year's children's party, on the premises. By dint of great exertion, manage, after removing the top of the register with a coal-hammer, to get this sufficiently far up the chimney to enable me to make the first join, which I do by tightly strapping on a second pole to that already attached to the Christmas tree. Having effected this, I push vigorously, but feel I am making so little way, that I determine to send in to the man who lives next door but one, to ask him to come round and lend me a hand. He does. Our united efforts succeed in forcing the second pole fairly out of sight, but by the quantity of bricks and mortar that come down the chimney as we "make way," for a couple of hours, with the "one, two, three, and now altogether, boys," with which we try to enliven our labour, I fancy things can't be going quite all right. Manage, however, to start a third pole, but after getting a foot of it up, it sticks hopelessly. Can't get it back again either.

The man from the next door but one suggests sending to the corner of the Square to ask the retired Colonial Bishop, who has "had experience in sweeping chimneys in the Bush," to step round and give his advice. Send for him. He comes. Explain to him that we have got a tree up the chimney on the top of three curtain-poles, and can't get it to go one way or the other. He says he is not surprised, and that the only way to sweep a chimney with a tree is to do it "from above," and let it down with a rope from the top of the house. Determine to do it. Ask the retired Colonial Bishop if he will mind getting out on the roof, and letting the roasting-jack, attached to a rope, down the chimney, in the hope of catching the tree with the hook, and pulling it up. Hesitates a little, but finally, on being much pressed, takes off his coat and apron, and complies. Go out in the road to look at him. Crowd assembling. Perilous position—but he pays out the rope capitially. He shakes his head. Evidently he can't "bite" the tree. I halloo up to him, "Never mind—try again!" People next door send in to say that the roasting-jack has come straight into their soup, and nearly put out their kitchen-fire, and they are sending for a policeman.

Make signs to Colonial Bishop that he has mistaken the chimney. At last he sees me, and tries another. Shakes his head again. Again shout out to him not to mind, but to have another try. He does. Nods his head. All right this time. He has evidently caught the roasting-jack in something, for he is tugging now with all his might and main. Great cheering from the crowd. Go in and see whether the pole has made any advance. The man from the next door but one says it hasn't budged an inch. Sudden shout from crowd. Rope has broken, and Bishop has rolled backwards through roof. Fortunately not much hurt. Says, however, he has left the roasting-jack in the chimney, and that the only course now is to ascend it from the dining-room. Try this, and find it quite impossible!

The man from the next door but one suggests "opening it up." Determine that this is the only course, and send for a pickaxe. Commence by making a tremendous hole over the dining-room mantelpiece. Hack away, following course of chimney up to ceiling, finally being held on to top of sideboard stood on end sideways by man from the next door but one and Colonial Bishop, when, by a supreme effort, I bring the drawing-room hearthstone down suddenly on our three heads.

And here I may as well pause in my narrative to state that the upshot of our efforts was the recovery of the tree, the roasting-jack, and the two poles, doubled up and splintered, about three-quarters of the way up the drawing-room wall, where, on laying it open, we found them firmly imbedded in the flue of the kitchen-chimney of the adjoining house. This result we achieved after strenuous and unremitting labour, by about twenty minutes past eleven, P.M.; but as the Colonial Bishop, who says he feels "bad in his back," has been summoned for trespass, and I shall have to make good sixty-seven square feet of damaged brickwork before I have even a dining-room chimney to sweep, I cannot with thorough confidence pronounce my first attempt to do it without professional aid a perfect success. Still, I would certainly not discourage the beginner, and say to him, "Don't be your own Chimney-Sweep." On the contrary, I would bid him try his prentice hand with a certain amount of boldness, making the proviso, perhaps, that though somewhat contrary to his true principles as an Amateur, he might find it to his advantage possibly to pick up, as a preliminary, a second-hand professional broom.

THE *Figaro*, speaking of the secession of one of the Members of the Comédie Française, says, "*Le motif? . . . pas besoin d'interviewer le jeune artiste.*" New dictionary word. What is the form of the first person singular present indicative? *J'interviewe?*

A TABLE

Showing the Fluctuations of a Joke for a given Week.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Told it the first time with immense effect	1	2					
Asked to repeat it by general consent	1	2	3				
Repeat it without being asked	1	2	3	4			
Try it just once more	1	2	3	4	5		
Button-hole a man, and tell it him in a corner	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Spring it on an acquaintance whom I meet in the street	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Tell it to somebody, who says he has heard it before	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Find it begin to fall a little flat	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Try it in the smoking-room at the Club, but no one laughs	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Repeat it to an omnibus conductor, who doesn't see it	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Notice that when I enter a room smiling, people leave it	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Am shunned generally by my relatives	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Cut by all my acquaintances	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Spoken to by nobody	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Am obliged to drop my Joke	1	2	3	4	5	6	7



GENEROSITY BEFORE JUSTICE.

First Bohemian. "I SAY, JOE, I WISH YOU WOULD LET ME HAVE BACK THOSE FIVE POUNDS YOU BORROWED OF ME LAST WEEK!"

Second Ditto. "OH, MY DEAR FELLOW—SO SORRY—BUT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE. I'M IMPEUNIOUS TO SUCH AN EXTENT THAT I—"

First Ditto (Happy Thought). "COULD YOU LEND ME FIVE POUNDS?"

Second Ditto (off his guard). "MY DEAR FELLOW, WITH THE GREATEST PLEASURE IN LIFE—"
[Forks out the same.]

"DEFENCE, NOT DEFIANCE."

SIR,—The recent stirring events in the West End, when London, for one evening, at least, was in the hands of the Mob, must fill the breast of every true Englishman with feelings of the greatest disgust and indignation! The Police have been blamed, but are not the inhabitants of this great City equally culpable? Why did not the respectable classes rise in their hundreds, like one man, and challenge the enemy? Like one man, I repeat—like me! Now, Sir, I will tell you what I did on that ever memorable Monday, and let my conduct prove an example, an admirable example, to everyone else.

I rose early, having received information that the Mob threatened to sack the West End. My first care was to prove to the cowardly ruffians that I was prepared for them. I hunted for a red shawl that had once belonged to an aged relative, and then, with the addition of a clothes-prop, that had been lying half-forgotten in the park-like grounds of my back-yard, constructed a most admirable standard. This I surmounted with a red woollen sailor's cap (*en suite*) that once belonged to my youngest boy. Raising this imposing banner over the portico of my hall-door, I impliedly defied the revolutionary hounds to do their worst! Having completed this preliminary, my entire domestic staff were set to work to pack up the whole of our valuables (including the silver plate and some china), and convey them, in triumph, to my banker's. "Now, you villains," I murmured, menacingly, "come and take them—if you dare!"

By this time my noble sons—three children, with voices of an angel—had learned at their brave mother's knee the tune of "*The Marseillaise*," and were singing it out of the nursery window with immense vigour! I thought, "If these dastards do come this way, they shall have a warm reception!" For a while all was quiet—much to my disgust, as I wished to show my prowess—my power!

I was cursing the luck that seemed to seize from my lips—or rather

A FEW "IFS" FOR ONE BUTT.

If A. and B.—they're man and wife—
Are rather tired of wedded life,
If A. and B. should both agree
To make a Co-respondent, C.,
Will A. and B. get their divorce,
And C. be never a whit the worse?
If so, then they, to gain this end,
Would find in C. a useful friend.
If possible, then many a farée
May be performed in the Court of Divorce.
Where Judge and Clients and Counsel may
Their parts with gravest faces play.
If such a case arise, has not
The Court's informer a power got?
Cannot it order inquest
Into the charge against friend C.?
This is the mode on the Continent,
If not so here—then which is wrong?

"BETTER LATE THAN NEVER."—The Oxford Undergraduates have just started their A. D. C., or Amateur Dramatic Club. Its Elder Sister at Cambridge is now just—well, we mustn't mention the lady's age. We can't forget that she started like a *Cinderella*—in whose history a certain Prince played a prominent part—while this young one at Oxford appears before the world with approbation of the Vice-Chancellor of the University and the Mayor. The Lady, therefore, comes out with something very superior, by way of "Gown," and is at once accepted and received by the *élite* of the Town. And their first performance, on last Saturday night, when the new Theatre was opened, was *Twelfth Night, or What You Will*. When the Cambridge A. D. C. commenced, in fear and trembling of Proctors, their piece ought to have been, *Any Night, or What You Won't*. But stolen pleasures are sweet, and these were, at all events, harmless. Our Representative is at Oxford, and will have something to say about the O. U. A. D. C. in our next.

"CHERCHER LA FEMME."—A "difficulty" between Mr. PARNELL and Mr. TIM HEALY. When two men quarrel, the first question of course is, "Who is the Lady?" And when the answer has been given in this case, the exclamation will be "O! SHEA!"

COMBINED NAME FOR THE TWO AUDLEY STREETS (suggested February 9, 1886).—Dis Audley Street.

my breast—a civil Victoria Cross, when a shout of "They're coming!" told me that the time had at length arrived for action! Hastily assuming the military garb of an ex-Militia man, prepared for the worst, I hurried into a Hansom, and, in the twinkling of an eye, was at the Wellington Barracks. I was well received by the Sentries on duty, and even feebly recognised by the Officers at the School of Instruction. Then I explained my plan to the Captain of the day. I proposed that the whole regiment should turn out, and be sent to the front! "And," I continued, "to prove with what rapid strides Science is progressing, I will lead them—through a Telephone—myself!" Will it be believed my proposal was declined! But I was invited to remain at the Barracks—at my own suggestion.

The excitement grew, until at length I considered it necessary to pay a visit of inspection to the cellars. So desirous was I to see that they were in a proper state of defence, that I stayed in them for hours, until one of the soldiers informed me that all danger was over, and I need keep my weary watch no longer! It was then that I determined to return home, feeling that the mob having dispersed, London was safe from further invasion.

I retraced my steps until I reached my hearth, which is at the same address as my home. As I neared the door I heard the voices of my children still singing the "*Marseillaise*," and found the red flag floating from the portico! I looked right and left, and finding I was unnoticed, entered my hall. Drawing my sword, I declared that I would execute marvels of valour before it again was sheathed, and to fill up odd moments, began to toast crumpets on its sharpened point. Night closed in, and we were Saved! Saved!! Saved!!!

Thus did I defend London a week ago! And what I could do surely there are others who could do also!

Pour encourager les autres, I sign myself,

Yours daringly,

27, Little Peddington Square.

A RESERVED OFFICER.

SNEAKING SEDITION.



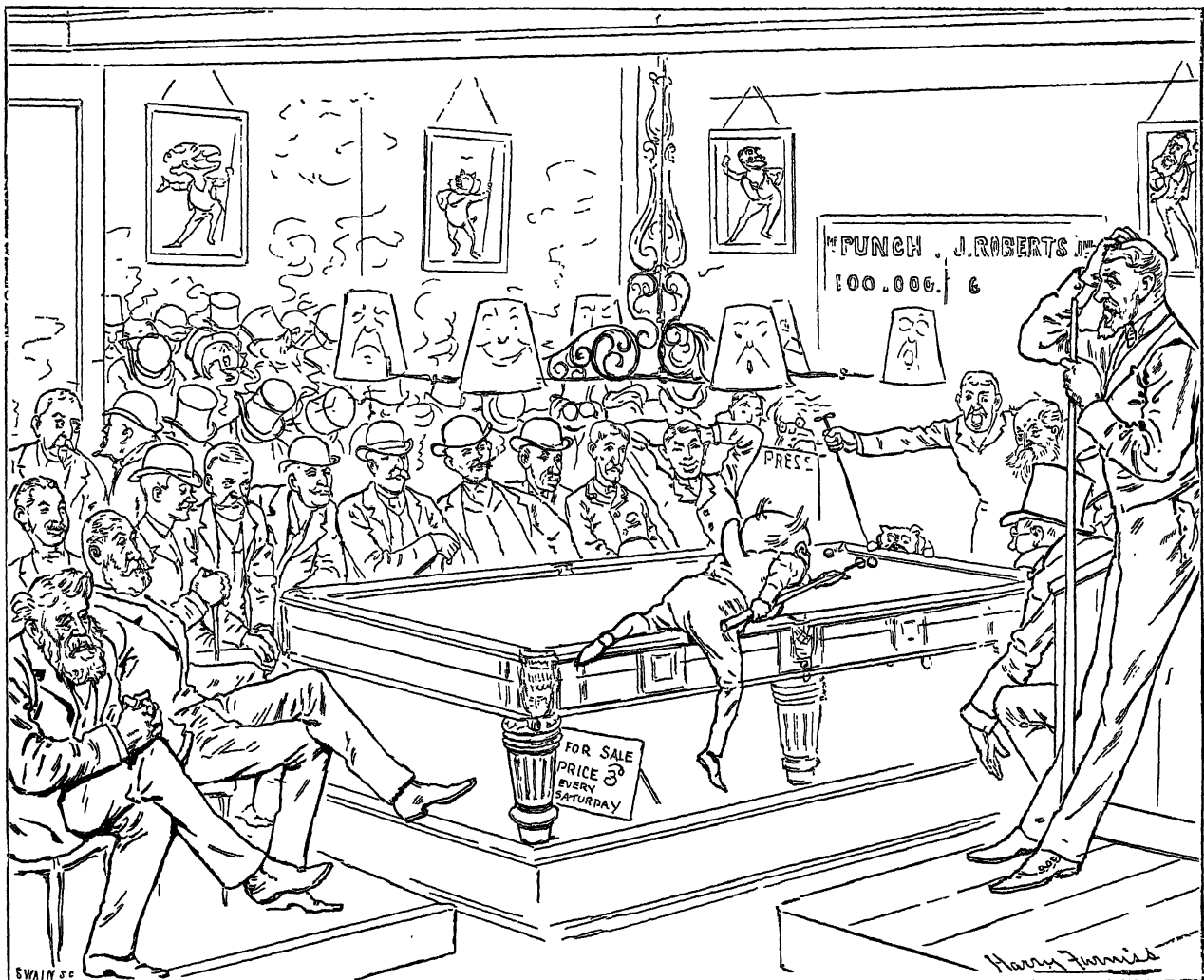
MR. PUNCH GIVING THEM ROPE ENOUGH.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN declines to recognise Messrs. HYNDMAN, BURNS, CHAMPION & Co. as the true representatives of the unemployed workmen of London. MR. CHAMBERLAIN in this does well, though he puts it rather mildly. Official reserve and diplomatic reticence may make it necessary to intimate delicately to a skunk that it is not suggestive of frankincense, or to beg a tiger at large not to make itself too troublesome. Mr. Punch, however, is not bound by official

reserve, or tied down to diplomatic reticence. And revolutions are not quelled, any more than they are created, with rose-water.

The Trumpeter in *Æsop* did not escape punishment on the plea that "he neither had, nor could, kill any man, bearing no arms, but only a trumpet." The reply of his captors was practical and pertinent: "Though you yourself never fight, yet with that wicked instrument of yours you blow up animosity between other people,

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 28.



A BILLIARD TOURNAMENT.

and so become the cause of much bloodshed." Could Æsop have been posted in Trafalgar Square on our latest Black Monday, he would, in the three or four blatant Trumpeters of Sedition who prated a mixed mob to passion-heat, and then discreetly withdrew whilst that passion found vent in wrecking and ruffianism, have seen the completest modern "application" of his old-world apologue.

They neither do nor can kill any man, these cowardly Catilines of the gutter. Poor creatures, no! Their weapon is wind; they are the bellows, not the flame—the trumpet, not the sword. Comfortably broadcloth'd denouncers of middle-class comfort, adequately pence-provided railers against the wicked well-to-do, they counsel robbery that they think will not touch their pockets, and suggest the shedding of any blood but their own.

Represent the unemployed workers, indeed? Not they! They represent fanatic hatred, and shallow conceit. That is to say, they represent *themselves*. Egotistical excoGITATORS of a brand-new social scheme, they call upon poverty, which is blind, and ruffianism, which is ruthless, to help them in bringing about the chaos which they are pleased to consider an essential preliminary to their own pet improvement upon Providence. "Principles are rained in blood," says the Poet Laureate, sorrowfully. And it is sadly true. But these sanguinary egotists cry to Heaven for the red shower, to make their own spindling little fads to flourish.

The cause of the poor in our days requires strenuous and unselfish advocates. The terribly unequal distribution of the good things of life, and the unjust social arrangements which help to bring it about, demand the solicitous attention of the thinker and the philanthropist, the economist and the legislator. For these very reasons, no good man will wish to see that advocacy in the hands of the empirical firebrands of fanaticism, or that cause fought out at the

instigation of sophistry, and with the aid of ruffianism, in the streets. That will only check sympathy, and put back practical improvement. The sacking of struggling tradesmen's shops, in times, too, when distress is by no means confined to the unemployed operatives, is no step on the road to the righting of social wrongs, or the relief of the suffering poor. Demonstrations that begin in a flood of incendiary clap-trap and end in an orgie of brutality, will do not good, but harm, to the honest wage-earners. That these are "exploited" by the Capitalist, the Monopolist, and the Middleman, is too true; but that will not be avoided by their allowing themselves to be exploited in another way by the spouting Sedition-monger and the Official Self-seeker. Mr. BURNS may orate, and Mr. KENNY may "organise," but there is no help in them. The cry "To your tents, O Israel!" may one day have to be sounded, but not at the summons of such as these.

Interrogated by interviewers, Messrs. HYNDMAN & Co. are full of sounding assumption, and of oracular swagger. "We" contemplated this, and "We" intend to do that. What they *have* done, aided by disgraceful official negligence, is to give a few London streets for a few hours over to the vilest and most violent form of Mob-law. Of that achievement they possibly are proud. Verily they ought to have their reward. Mr. Punch has pictorially suggested what that reward should be, if they had their full deserts. Mr. BURNS is of opinion that to hang Members of Parliament would be "to waste good rope." Mr. Punch would feel, he admits, no such strained scruple in Mr. BURNS's own case. A gentleman who talks so glibly of gallows and lamp-posts for the objects of his frothy enmity would no doubt feel that he would honour the rope, rather than waste it. Failing such payment in full, a fine of, say, £10,000, to be applied to the relief of the prevailing distress, might approximately meet the

case, Mr. HYNDMAN and his friends being put to prison, with hard labour, until they had fairly earned that sum, so that it might not be said that they, at least, were amongst the unemployed.

Do they not deserve it? Dealing with an excitable mob, partly composed of suffering toilers and partly of skulking scoundrels, blood is on their lips, murder and cruel outrage at their hearts. Fools they may be, but not *such* fools as to be unaware of the possible outcome of such incitements addressed to such a multitude. "Work, Bread, or Blood!" seems to be the motto of Mr. HYNDMAN's choice. He must have known that an appreciable portion of his audience did not want either, but loot and licence. These he was prepared to give them, at the expense of the innocent, in order to further his own preposterous and impracticable schemes. To enlist the aid of the predatory classes in the cause of Chaos, is a singular preliminary to the Socialist Millennium. It would be a folly in the crassly ignorant; in the intelligent or instructed it is an atrocious crime.

But whilst we denounce, and righteously denounce, this detestable pact of fanaticism with ruffianism, let us not lose sight of, or sympathy with, the real sufferers in these hardest of hard times. A hundred thousand paupers in London! That terrible fact does not need the sanguinary comments of the blatant BURNS to bring its meaning home to the minds and hearts of wise and kindly men. The prolonged and pitiful sufferings of the industrious toilers who are really "Out of Work," only themselves, their families, and the few sympathisers who have an opportunity of intimate observation can rightly appreciate. Poor souls! The majority of them would use their last remnant of strength to kick such a firebrand as BURNS out of their half-stripped homes if he came talking violence and villainy to them. So much the greater their claim upon our sympathy and assistance. Much in the way of wide-reaching reform and social readjustment will have to be done in the interests of these ill-paid, precariously-employed, but industrious workers and wage-earners before their condition is made tolerable, and their remuneration approximately just. But the duty of the hour is aid to the actually suffering.

The shameful scenes of Monday should not slacken anyone's sympathy, or shut anyone's purse-strings. HYNDMAN & Co. did not care though the innocent suffered for the guilty. If the Mansion House or other Funds suffer from *their* fault, *we* shall be sharing it. The workless Working-Man all must compassionate, and all should help, now by friendly aid, hereafter by well-considered reform. It is the drunken, violent, *un*-Working-Man, the tool of sedition-spouters, the ready ally of ruffianism, the danger to all classes, and the disgrace of his own, whom *Mr. Punch*, speaking the sentiments of all honest men, despises and denounces. It is amongst such as he and such only, that self-styled "Representatives of the Unemployed," like Messrs. HYNDMAN & Co., are likely to find recruits for their Army of Anarchy. That Army had a field-day on Monday, and gave a surprised City and a disgusted community a taste of its quality. For that perhaps we may, after all, be thankful; for we know now "with whom we have to deal." The Army must be promptly disbanded, and its leaders—brave leaders, who lead from the rear!—suspended, if not precisely in the manner pictured in the cut, in one equally summary and decisive. And in the necessary work of doing so *Mr. Punch* is persuaded that the first to "lend a hand" would be those genuine, industrious, often hardly-used, but honest and entirely unsanguinary wage-earners, whom the Arch-Anarchists so stupidly traduce, and their ruffianly followers so shamefully travesty.

TO WORKING-MEN.

COME all ye British Workmen who lead honourable lives,
And labour for the hearth and home, for children and for wives,
Repudiate the evil deeds late wrought by roughs and those
Who are the enemies of Law, and Order's bitter foes.

The sullen tramps who every form of occupation shirk,
The loafers who have never done a day of honest work;
The thieves who sneak down areas, the burglars armed to slay,
The doers of all kinds of wrong that shun the light of day.

Smug HYNDMAN, in his broadcloth, urged such men to smash and rob,
But wot we well his watch and chain were safe within his fob;
He egged curs on to outrages, to wage a social war,
Yet kept his own skin safe the while he cheered them from afar.

Such are no fit companions for honest folk and true,
Such are no real allies, good friends, for Working-Men like you;
We know your hardships, and Heaven send you better days in store,
But down with those vile plunderers, and list such men no more.

Teach them that British Workmen hold the Law in due respect,
Teach them who robbed defenceless girls, you've strong arms to protect;

Down with these Social Democrats, let Workmen lend a hand,
And sweep these thievish miscreants for ever from the land.

THE RUNNING FOOTMEN!

WELL, we are living in stranger times than even I supposed possible. I was materially prepared for a good deal when I heard



Putting his best foot foremost.

Cabinet Ministers a mockin at Citty histitoo-shuns and Citty sherryimonials as had bin a goin on for sentrys amid the hincreeing respect and veneration of all the most important parts of mankind, and then achshally proposing to erbolish 'em at one fell swoop! But the ordashus preposition met with its dew reward, and the rash Nite was hurled from his lofty heminance, and fell!

But, alas! the gibes and geers he flung about so freely had took root, and, for the first time in the histry of mankind, a Lord Mare,

in all his pannoply of state, a going for to pay his respees to his lawful Prinse at his hown lawful levy (whatever that may mean), insted of being reseived with that degree of haw and respec to which he is so akustomed, was achshally chivvied by a howling mob! And had it not been for the gallient conduct of his two nobel Footmen, in their Cocked Hats of Power, and their Gold Sticks of Offis, assisted by a few duzzin Pleacemen, no one nose what mite not a appened. Let us draw a whale over the drefdul idear, and proceed.

Well, the werry nex thort as strikes my bewildered mind is one of contrarst, and witch tho' one for regret, is also one for proud rejoicing. Can any one doubt that, if the gallient City Officials stood their ground manfully to protect their own LORD MARE and Marster from insult and danger, that they wood have stood even much more bolder, and much more gallanter to defend their own LADY MARESS and Missus? Why, suttently not. Werry well—then now to my tail of contrast.

Let my readers carst their eyes from Traffalger Square to Ide Park. From the seen of glory to the seen of shame. What is it that I sees in that arnt of Buty and Fashion? Can I bleeve my eyes? Yes, I can, and I do, and what do them estonished and blushing eyes see? A cowardly Mob a tacking defenseless butifal Ladies in carriages, and the lordly Footmen with their gorgeous array, and their fatted calves a running away faster probably than they hever run afore, a leaving them as they was bound to pertect, and whose clothes they was a wearing, and whose vittels they was accustomed to heat, four full meals a day, besides hextras on hollydays, to the untender mercies of a howlin Mob! What a subjee for thortfool meddytashun!

The grand old Citty so edicates its ofishals from the werry ighest to the werry lowest, that they are always reddy at the caul of duty, and ewen the humbel Footman defies the howling mob to move him from the foot-board to witch he has attained by long ears of good conduct and onest ambition, and meets their derysive shouts with the paleness of shupreme contempt.

On the hother hand the aughty swells of the West End selects their amost equally aughty Footmen for their right, or their figger, or their prowd demeanor, and so wen the hour of trial comes, the hireling fleas becoz he is a hireling, and not traned in the parth of duty by the traydishuns of the past and the haspirashuns of the future.

And as it is with Footmen so it is with Waiters. If you wants respec from 'em you must show confidene in 'em, or when the time of trial cums and you looks for currage from the fust or for dishere-tion, or ewen concealment, from the second, you will get insted of ether, Running Footmen and Torking Waiters, and then how long will life be wurth living? With armless Ladys left to their fate, and open arted and open tongued gentlemen finding their most secretest rewelations the common tork of their Clubs, the fashnable world will begin to wish with a si that they had follered the good example of the grand old Citty and by care, and kindness, and respec, produced sitch a crop of bold Footmen and discreet Waiters as are suttently not to be matched elsewhere in this United Kingdom of Great Britain and Wales.

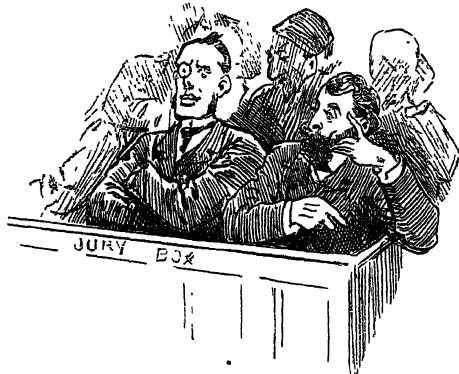
ROBERT.

FOREIGN NOTES OF A RECENT TRIAL.

To the Redacteur in Chief of the "Gazette of Paris and the other Worlds."

DEAR COLLEAGUE,

ACCORDING to your direction, I presented myself for to assist on Friday last, at the Royal Courts of Justice, to see how these Insulars conduct their law-suits. I wandered along the passages until at last I found an angry crowd of Barristers divided into two



Gentlemen of the Jury; or, Complimentary Admissions to a Private Box.

bodies—one in front of a bar, the other behind it. They fought like demons, and all declared they were "in the case." It was a dreadful sight! I am told by one of the janitors that they were a portion of "the Unemployed." The janitor made me the explanation that as I was Foreigner there would be no difficulty about my gaining admittance, if I said

I was Ambassador. I followed the advice, and was at once allowed to pass through the door into the Court. It was a wonderful sight, that Court! The place had evidently been seized by a section of "the Unemployed," for already the back benches were quite full of white-wigged Advocates. I heard from the gossip that flew about, that the case was a political one, yet full to the tops of the fingers of domestic interest. "Well," I said to myself, when I found from an Advocate the most obliging, who said he was "taking a note," that the new ATTORNEY-GENERAL had for his colleague JAMES-SIR-HENRY, "why not engage your friends?" And I was also not surprised to find from the same Advocate so polite (who said he was M. BRIEFLESS) that Monsieur JOE CHAMBERLAIN was there. "Is he not his friend?" I said, and thought that friendship has to herself the claims. Suddenly there was a crash, and the remainder of the Unemployed swept in! It was a moment of danger! How they did rush in! These unfortunate ones! Then the Judge entered, and bowed to the Bar, and, sitting in his chair, regarded the Gallery—he too had friends, this magistrate the most distinguished. At this moment there was a murmur, and the Turkish Ambassador was received. "Ah!" I to myself did whisper, "the wily old fox! He has come to see how it will help him with the Eastern Question!"

And then the moment arrived for them to commence. And now judge of my surprise, my indignation, my astonishment! They put the Jury in their box! "Well, not much in this," you say—"why not the Jury?" I will tell you—I who speak will tell you—"why not the Jury!"

"Who is he who they do put in the Jury-Box, as what you call—is it not—the Foreman?" I asked of the Advocate the most energetic beside me.

"That is Mr. CYRIL FLOWER, Liberal Member of Parliament," returned Monsieur BRIEFLESS.

I opened my eyes, but said, "Well, it is a coincidence. It means nothing! Monsieur FLOWER happens to be selected by a chance!" But there came another surprise, another horror, another coincidence—bah! coincidence! Monsieur JOE CHAMBERLAIN, Member of the Cabinet, was put into the Jury-Box! You hear, to give such a verdict they put Monsieur JOE CHAMBERLAIN in the Jury-Box! It is true that Monsieur JOE CHAMBERLAIN looked very dignified, very horrified, very surprised, at some things he heard. But ought he to have been there? Oh, shocking!

And Monsieur FLOWER! Ah! that [Monsieur FLOWER! Once he said something to Monsieur JOE CHAMBERLAIN, and "Mr. RUSSELL," (as the Attorney-General was addressed by that "Devil," Monsieur WRIGHT—Monsieur BRIEFLESS told me Monsieur WRIGHT was a "Devil." Ah! appearances they are deceitful!) shook his finger at him, and was very angry! And why was he angry? Because Monsieur FLOWER was saying "chats" (word English) to Monsieur CHAMBERLAIN when a witness was being cross-examined! Ah, "Mr. Attorney" is very fair! Very good! But there is more!

Ah, another Jurymen! Can I believe my eyes? Am I not head-mounted? The Turkish Ambassador! Yes, he too—this gloomy one—was to help! A verdict from that trio! It was too much! England is coerced! England has no liberty! Albion is perfidious indeed! So I rushed away—I waited not for the decision. That

you already know. It has come to you by telegraph. And what is it? A paradox! And what else could one expect from such a "Jury." Listen! CYRIL, JOE, the Turkish Ambassador! Bah! Accept the assurances of my greatest consideration,

(Signed) JULES CANARD.

1267, Vauxhall Bridge Road, South Belgravia.

P.S.—I am told that the trial I saw was heard without a Jury! How can this be, when I tell you—I who speaks—I saw them, CYRIL, JOE, and the Turk, with my own eyes, in the Jury-Box! It is a subterfuge, what they call a "bang-cracker-bang!" Oh, shocking!

YEO HO!

As last week we recommended the perusal of Dr. ROOSE's *Wear and Tear of London*—the *Roose in Urbe* article in the *Fortnightly*, so now we have to thank Dr. BURNLEY YEO for his consolatory essay on "Food Accessories," in the *Nineteenth Century* for this month.

"Food Accessories," though including accidentally pickles, may be taken in a general way as a synonym for "drinks of all sorts," and it is delightful to know that Dr. YEO's observations may be summed up in this golden rule—"Drink whatever you like and whenever you like it, as long as from experience you have found out that it, whatever it may be, agrees with you."

Dr. BURNLEY YEO's prescription agrees with us, and we agree with Dr. YEO.

I like you, Dr. BURNLEY YEO,
The reason why I'll let you know.
A good example do you show,
That's why I like you, BURNLEY YEO.

"Food Accessories" is so much more elegant, as a term, than "drink," that we hope it will soon be brought into popular use. "Will you take some Food Accessory? Give it a name. Another bottle of '74 Food Accessory, if you please. Now, Gentlemen, bumpers!"

Champagne drinkers and champagne firms too ought to be grateful to Dr. BURNLEY YEO, who gives it a distinct superiority over other wines in accelerating digestion. POMMERY AND GRENÔ send him a medal. Then it is absolutely a restorative in itself to be told on such authority that "small quantities of claret, hock, and even of sherry, act as pure stimulants." Bravo! Also "a moderate quantity of light beer, when 'well up,' is favourable to stomach digestion." Let it be clear, amber-coloured, decanted Bass; let it be well up and then well down. The learned Doctor is rather down on tea, but the small cup of black coffee immediately after dinner is harmless if not too strong.

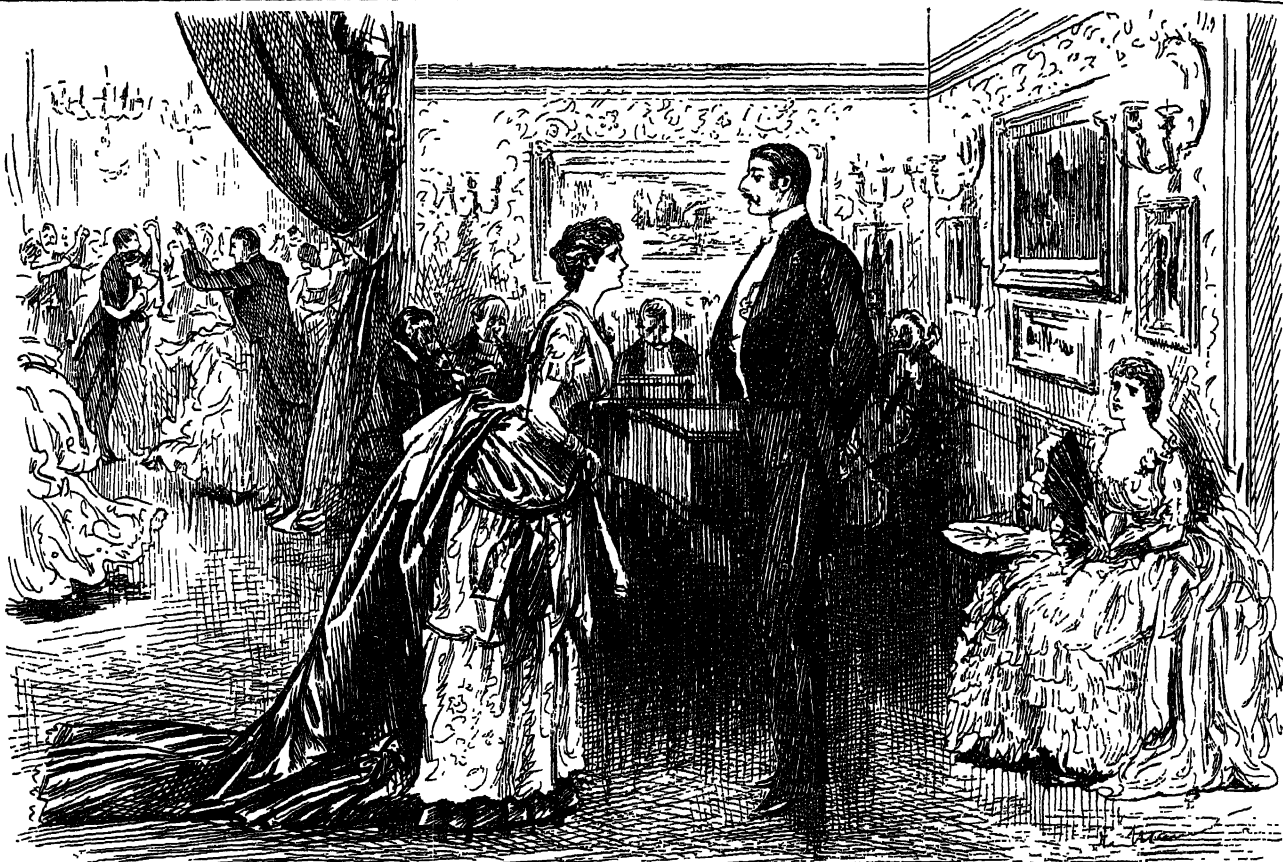
Dr. YEO utterly dissipates the idea which possesses some timid drinkers that effervescent table-waters, taken during dinner, are good for digestion. He says, "they exercise a considerable retarding influence,"—and certainly the practice is cheerless and unsociable, and now that there is such an authority against it, let us hope it will be banished from the tables of all whose "food accessories" would be insulted by being so "craftily qualified." Once more, thanks to BURNLEY YEO—a name, by the way, which is strictly English, and yet looks uncommonly like that of a Chinese Philosopher.

BEER VERSUS WATER.

WHEN the men who supply us with adulterated beer fall out with the men who provide us with impure water, the British consumer may perhaps expect to "hear something to his advantage," in due time. The other day a deputation from the Licensed Victuallers of Walworth waited on Mr. BIRON, Q.C., the Police Court Magistrate of Lambeth, complaining of unjust extra charges made upon them by the Southwark and Vauxhall Water Company. Mr. BIRON intimated his opinion that the Wiltlers, not the Water Men, were in the right, but said that opinion was not binding. Only a "pious opinion" in fact. He advised them to send a deputation to the Company! We do not know whether the Wiltlers took as their motto "*Crede Biron*." Mr. *Punch* would suggest that the two parties in this pretty and promising quarrel should refer it for settlement to the arbitration of Sir WILFRID LAWSON and Mr. ARCHIBALD DOBBS.

"At a time like the present," said the *Daily News* last Thursday, "the one thing which the Authorities must do is to keep their heads." But if the Heads are so useless as they evidently were on Monday the 8th, the sooner they are lost the better. Any change in the Heads must surely be for the public benefit. The Chief Head gets £2100 per annum. A valuable specimen of a Constable this ought to be.

THE "Labour" for the "Unemployed Rioters"—Hard, and three months of it.



BLASÉ!

Hostess. "YOU ARE NOT DANCING, MR. LESTRANGE. LET ME FIND YOU A PARTNER!"

Splendid Masher. "A—THANKS, NO. I—A—NEVAH DANCE,—EXCEPT AT CHILDREN'S PARTIES!"

"THE GREAT UNEMPLOYED."

A SONG FOR SCOTLAND YARD.

Air—"The Death of Nelson."

'Twas in Trafalgar Square
We heard Sedition blare;
Each heart was sickened then.
We'd scorned the foreign Reds
Who cracked each other's heads,
But here were madder men.
HENDERSON marked them howl and rave,
But little heed that hero gave.
Let Roughdom smash and loot, he
Stirred not, appeared not, formed no plan.
And London owned at least one man.
That day had shirked his duty.
And now the rabble roar,
And plunder as they pour;
No Bobbies stop the way.
London, for order famed,
Is startled, shocked, and shamed
By this disgraceful day!
Right dearly is experience bought.
The maddened Mob surged, smashed, and
fought,
Unchecked, for drink and booty.
From mouth to mouth the murmur ran,
"London has found a trusted man
This day has shirked his duty."
Pride feels a painful wound,
Dismay is spread around;
Our trust has been deceived.
But shirkers must be tried,
If need be thrust aside,
Our credit be retrieved.

Policedom's honour is at stake,
Policedom from its drowse must wake;
It guards home, wealth, age, beauty.
From Chief to youngest guardian
London must know that every man
Is equal to his duty!

"A RADICAL SNOB."

WHAT did W. M. THACKERAY say about him, which you will find in *Contributions to Punch*, lately reprinted in one Volume by Messrs. SMITH AND ELDER? Says he:—

"Perhaps, after all, there is no better friend to Conservatism than your outrageous Radical Snob. When a man preaches to you that all Noblemen are tyrants, that all Clergymen are hypocrites and liars, that all Capitalists are scoundrels, banded together in an infamous conspiracy to deprive the people of their rights, he creates a wholesome revulsion of feeling in favour of the abused parties, and a sense of fair play leads the generous heart to take a side with the object of unjust oppression."

"The frantic dwarf . . . becomes a most wicked and dangerous Snob when he gets the ear of people more ignorant than himself, inflames them with lies, and misleads them into ruin."

This was in 1846—just forty years ago—and, with some slight modification, necessitated by changed circumstances, what the author of the *Snob Papers* said of Young Ireland then will be found pretty true of some of Old Ireland's Patriots in this Year of Grace—may it never be of dis-grace—1886.

ADVICE TO SOCIALISTS.—Don't flaunt a red flag before the eyes of JOHN BULL.

SLUMMER-TIME.

"THE Slummer" who goes slumming in the Slums for the *Pall-Mall Gazette*—fancy a Journal with such an aristocratic name keeping Slummers in its employ!—commenced his last Friday's Article thus:—"Donning my special night-slumming costume (which is neither evening nor Court dress)"—here he is wrong; surely the costume ought to be a Court dress—a very low Court dress, also suitable for an Alley—the Special so attired might adopt the signature of ALLEY SLUMMER—with apologies to Mr. A. SLOPER, whose gift of a Testimonial Picture we have not had till now any opportunity of acknowledging. The plucky Gentleman who does the Slumming has, we should imagine, to take a considerable amount of bad drink in the course of the evening, though he only mentions two—a pint of ale, and a cup of tea. At all events it is evident that "One Swallow doesn't make a Slummer." It was an interesting Article, showing that the best allies of the Socialists are the Thieves.

A Suggestion.

MR. PUNCH,
We have Naval and Military Volunteers, why shouldn't there be a Corps of Police Volunteers, well armed, drilled as regularly as the other Volunteers? There are plenty of the Unemployed who might serve in such a Corps, and the discipline would do them a heap of good.

Yours, who has
ONE IN HIS EYE.



"THE GREAT UNEMPLOYED."

(The Chief Commissioner of Police, Feb. 8, 1886, the first Day of the Rioting.)



A MEETING OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

SOMETHING LIKE A DRAMA!

BEING unable to attend a performance of the *Galley Slave*, I sent my youthful assistant, "Tommy the Tester" to the Grand Theatre, Islington, to represent me. The Child-critic reports that he didn't know why such a name should have been selected for the piece, as there was nothing in the story to suggest it. "But," he adds, "perhaps it was because all the actors were American, though they spoke English very well, considering." He came in time for the end of the Prologue, and found, he says, a Lady and Gentleman kissing one another. Then a crowd came in and cheered them, bringing with them a little girl, in a Venice dress, all sorts of colours. Then the kissing Gentleman kissed the little girl, and the kissing Lady said, quite angrily, "How dare you? I am jealous of a child!" Then she tumbled on her knees and said, gravely, "Poor little thing, forgive me?" and then "the Curtain fell down."

The next Scene was laid in Rome, where a Gentleman in an Eye-glass was sitting abusing the ceiling. Upon this Gentleman called a very wicked person, who was, like the "Demon of Mischief" in the Pantomime, with long hair, and an Astrachan coat. He told the Gentleman in the Eye-glass that, wishing to marry a Lady (that "Tommy the Tester" subsequently distinguished as the "Golden Girl"), he had "dismissed his wife and child," and thus become a Baronet. Before this promotion, he had been only a Painter; and, said Tommy, in explanation, "You know it was a very low thing indeed to be an Artist in Rome." All this the naughty Baronet told the Person in the Eye-glass, "on his oath and word and honour of a Gentleman," that it should go no further—a pledge given on the condition that the story should not turn out to be "fishy."

Then a beautiful Lady, all covered with jewels, came in, and gave a Gentleman in a Curly Wig, her card, set in diamonds. But the Curly-wigged Gentleman was soon displaced by the Demon in the Pantomime, who drove him away, and kissed the Golden Girl "because he liked her so much." And as he was thus embracing her, his first wife and child (who it will be remembered he had "dismissed"), who "had been looking for him for years," put their heads in, and saw it. And then there was a row, and the Golden Girl went into hysterics, and the Curtain fell down.

In the Second Act the Golden Girl had married the Naughty

THE POET TO HIS QUARTERLY ALLOWANCE.

By the Author of "*Mine to-day*," "*How long will it last?*" "*How will it be?*" "*What do you think?*" &c., &c.

(WITH APOLOGIES TO MAY PROBYN AND ISIDORE DE LARA.)

COME what will, you are mine to-day,
At any rate till you've been paid away,
But you're most of you owing, I'm sorry to say,
And how will it be when I've spent you, eh?

Where shall I hide when the tradesmen call?
How shall I ever appease them all?
You are mine to-day! But I won't talk tall,
For how will it be when I have to sing small?

You are mine to-day (as is too well known),
To chink and to rattle and call my own,
But how will it be when the duns come down,
And I have come down—to my last half-crown?

You are mine to-day, in convenient form,
You'll do, for the present, to stay the storm:
But how will it be when creditors swarm?
And what *shall* I do if they make it warm?

You are mine to-day, whatever befall—
Though duns for their settlements shout and bawl—
I have got a back-door, if the tradesmen call;
There's "my Uncle" still, when I've lost my all.

IRRATIONAL AND ANTI-NATIONAL.—At Morley Hall, Hackney, there was a row. Someone played "*God Save the Queen*," on the organ, and this loyal strain was too much for the Republicans (with whom on no account must we confuse the publicans), who struck up "*The Marseillaise*." This came out in evidence, in the assault case before Mr. HANNAY, who gave the unsocial democrat fourteen days with hard labour, and without the option of a fine, a sentence which we hope would have been pronounced by Hannay other Magistrate in a similar case. But for Englishmen to take to singing "*The Marseillaise*"—bah! it's disgusting—we don't want to "adapt" our communism "from the French."

Baronet, but why she had done it the Tester could not make out, "as she loved some one else, and he had another wife, unless it was that he said he was so fond of her." And the Curly-wigged Gentleman called, and was "mistook," and by order of the Demon taken off to prison, upon which the Golden Girl fainted again, but this time fell on her face.

The next Act was the prison where were the "Dismissed" Wife, the Golden Girl, and the Curly-wigged Gentleman. And the prisoners were all in cells, the men being on one side, and, as the Tester said, "the Ladies on the other." Then they were all rescued, and went into hysterics. In the last Act the Golden Girl was kissing the Curly-wigged Gentleman, when the Wicked Baronet said "they oughtn't." But the curly-wigged one "said they ought." Then the Wicked Baronet said he hadn't married his "Dismissed" Wife, but it was proved that he had by a document brought by some people from behind a screen. Then the Gentleman in the Eye-glass, who hadn't been seen since the first Act, came on, and said that he would tell the whole story, as he now thought it "fishy." Then everybody said the Wicked Baronet ought to be sent to prison for seven years, and then the Curtain fell down. This is the plot of the *Galley Slave*, as communicated by "Tommy the Tester," which would, no doubt, have been clearer had he been a little older.

SQUIBBLER.

Song of the Socialist Spouter.

AIR—"Blue Violets."

VIOLENCE, sweet Violence!
Beautiful brute Violence!
Nice to see the dupes we've maddened to thy practice led.
Nice to see them stealing, smashing,
Shop-fronts wrecking, faces bashing,
Whilst we hug our theories, and—hurry home to bed!

OLD SAW RE-SET.—Mr. HYNDMAN in ordinary life is lamb-like. He has rather a soft and pleasant voice, with which the Rough is caught; and would his voice were a policeman! This fact is but a modern instance of the old saw, which evidently Mr. HYNDMAN adopts as his motto: "You must take the Rough with the Smooth."



DOUBTFUL.

Ponderous Policemen (in chorus to Small Boys). "HERE, YOU! MOVE OFF! THE HICE AIN'T SAFE!"

THE BOY BURGLAR AGAIN!

Morning.—Sent off to Board School for first time. Father says, "I'm such a desperate young scapegrace, he'll be glad to be rid of me." Mother says the same. Jolly new slate and satchel. Wonder what they'll fetch? Raise two bob on them at once at pawnbroker's. Meet JIMMY WILSON (by appointment) at grog-shop. Lay in twopenn'orth of brandy each, and feel up to anything. Feel like what JACK SHEPPARD felt, in that jolly book young BILL SIKES lent me. BILL joins us. Says he's got a revolver, and no end of silent matches! Hurrah! Feel more like JACK SHEPPARD than ever.

Later.—I've got revolver too! BILL said it wasn't like JACK SHEPPARD if we only had one pistol among three. Asked me if I hadn't got "any blooming pocket-money." I said no. Told me to go home and steal as much money as I could find, and come back. Didn't like it, but BILL said it was just what JACK SHEPPARD would have done, and "he'd swing for me if I didn't obey him." Ran off at once, and stole ten shillings; got a jolly revolver now all to myself, and bullets. Don't know how to load, but BILL does.

Afternoon.—JIMMY WILSON shows us empty house, where we can lie dark till night-time.

Send JIMMY (he's only twelve years old) out to get pork-pie, loaf, a dark lantern, and some bottled beer with remains of the ten shillings. Jolly feed. Council of war. What house shall we break into to-night? BILL seems to know one. Says he's had his eye on it a long time. I suggest a little riot all by ourselves, and smashing shop-windows. BILL asks what good *that* would do us? BILL's fourteen and a half, and knows more than we do. Says it's only the Unemployed that are allowed, by Government to do that sort of thing, and *we* ain't unemployed, are we? Winks. Jolly fellow, BILL. Jolly pork-pie, too. Feel rather nervous. Wonder if JACK SHEPPARD ever felt nervous. BILL calls me a sneak, and asks me what's the good of being thirteen years old if I'm not prepared to act like a *man*? Gives me a lot of bottled beer to drink. Curious, feel quite plucky again. Let off revolver by mistake, and nearly kill JIMMY WILSON, who begins to cry bitterly, and says "He'll tell his mother if I'm not more careful." BILL kicks us both, and then we clear out of house by back window for fear the report of revolver may have been heard. Spend time till dark in corner of empty field. BILL gives me penny copy of *Boy Pirates; or, the Black Gang*, to read; also *Dick Turpin*. Jolly stories, but feel cold. Shall be better when I'm really burgling. What swells we are!

Evening.—BILL produces bunch of skeleton-keys. Makes us both swear on book (which he says is a Bible) to be true to each other, and to "spill blood like water." Says JACK SHEPPARD always did this. Tell him I don't remember anything about it in book. Says if it wasn't JACK SHEPPARD, it was DICK TURPIN, and it's all the same thing. Kicks me again. Wonder if DICK TURPIN or JACK SHEPPARD were kicked before going on a robbing expedition?

Night.—Inside a house at last! Waited two hours to see people well out of it. Got in by area door. Feel jolly frightened. Revolver in one hand and lantern in the other, and don't know which is which. JIMMY WILSON has run home! BILL says "He'll kill him to-morrow for certain." Was just going to imitate JIMMY, but think I'll stay now.

On Roof.—There was a bull-dog in house, and we didn't know it. He's chased us on to roof, and is barking furiously. What a shame to leave a brute like that in the house! And he's not muzzled! What did JACK SHEPPARD do when he met a bull-dog? BILL badly bitten all over. He tried to shoot dog, but his revolver wouldn't go off. Oh dear, what will my poor mother say?

In Police Cell.—Been crying all night. Want police to send for my mother. They laugh, and tell me I'll have to see the Magistrate first. Wish I'd never read *Jack Sheppard*. BILL (in next cell) hammers on wall, and tells me "not to be a spooney, or he'll skin me alive when he gets out." Oh dear! Wish I had run away with JIMMY WILSON.

At Home.—Sore all over! Magistrate recommended Father to take me home and "birch me soundly." He did. Wonder if JACK SHEPPARD ever got birched? Locked me in a room by myself, with bread and water for food. Mother crying at keyhole. What a donkey I have been! Wonder if BILL will really skin me alive, or not?

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM hears that Mr. JOHN MOREY has been given *blanc mange* to do what he likes in Ireland.



SENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Monday, Feb. 15th.—Had a good week's rest. Very pleasant way of approaching business. Some people say it's a waste of time that Ministers should have to be re-elected. I say not. Gives us, on the whole, nearly a fortnight's holiday. Plenty of time to work later on. Also gives me opportunity of thinking over Irish Question, and finally settling it.

Great point of controversy is whether Ireland shall have Parliament of its own on College Green. Some say, Yes. More say, No. I say, let us take new view of the situation. What did MAHOMED do when the Mountain wouldn't come to him? He went to the Moun-

tain. Very well. There are difficulties about a section of Imperial Parliament setting up independently in business in Dublin. "No separation!" is the unanimous cry.

We'll not separate. *We'll all go over to Dublin!*

Pleasant change; new sensation; Saturday to Monday excursions to Killarney; pic-nic on the Giant's Causeway; eight hours at the seaside where the Atlantic breaks upon the rugged coast of Galway. Besides, such larks in the House! In my mind's eye I see us discussing question, "That Clause Three be added to the Bill." Got friend FURNISS to draw it. Seems to be some difference of opinion expressed in various parts of the House, but quite used to that at Westminster. More picturesquely expressed at College Green.

Hope this idea won't be lost sight of. Seems to me to clear up situation, and avoids all complications in connection with the "fundamental law."

AN URGENT APPEAL.

MR. PUNCH is of opinion that the Books most necessary for a "Liberal" education are, at the present moment, the Cheque-books of the Well-to-do. If one hundred of these books are at once opened, a thumping cheque drawn in each, and the same sent, without delay, to the Mansion House Fund in aid of the Unemployed, a good example will be set, which may help to teach liberality to our illiberal rich, and remove the disgrace of that Fund's standing at so low a figure after so needful an appeal in times so pitifully hard. What are a few thousands among the helpless hosts of the Unemployed? What, we may add, are a few thousands to that other host of the Unemployed, the opulent idlers of Society, who could spare, without missing it, from their superfluity, what would save the first host from lack of the commonest necessities of existence. At present, hundreds of thousands of usually hard-working poor folk "toil not, neither do they spin," simply because they can find no spinning to do, and nothing to toil at. But *their* abstention from toiling and spinning, unlike that of the curled darlings of civilisation, means misery, semi-starvation, fireless grates, empty cupboards, pawned belongings, sickness, and sometimes premature death. They are not as the lilies of the field, rather as the sickly, spindling, pot flowers of the slums.

Consider them, nevertheless, ye opulent, revelling in the wealth a large proportion of which is drawn originally from the labour of those now unwillingly idle hands. Consider their sorrowful case, and voluntarily trim just a little bit that ill-poised balance of the distribution of wealth which reform will one day have to redress, and which, if you do not take heed in time, Revolution may yet essay in grim earnest the stern and terrible righting of. Do not let alarm

or anger at Monday's sputter of street-sedition and gutter-ruffianism deter you from recognition of a real evil, or relief of a wide-spreading woe. That would be unworthy of common wisdom, and disgraceful to ordinary good feeling, a folly to be expiated hereafter, an unkindness to be remembered with shame and confusion of face. Out with your cheque-books, Gentlemen! Remember we have to teach the foreign scribes, who are busy mocking us for having the red revolution at last in our midst, and being helplessly scared thereat; we have to teach those sardonic persons that, though caught napping for once, owing to the neglect of trusted officialism, we can bountifully help our really suffering fellow-countrymen, while putting down with a firm hand the firebrand fanatics who would urge them in their hunger to wild and wicked courses. *Verbum sap.*

MEM. BY A WIRE-PULLER.

M.P.'s and Caucusites know full well
That a *Bye*-election is often a *sell*!

OF THE THEATRICAL LICENSER.—Permission to play *La Petite Marquise* refused; but *Divorçons* having been performed here before, and no one any the worse for it, is allowed. This shows that the Licenser is still PIGOTT, not BIGOT.

MISNOMER.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* calls Scotland Yard the Dodo. Somehow the title seems hardly to fit. The Don't-Don't would sound better.



THE "CRAVEN" HUNT.

Fancy Sketch by Our Great Sporting Artist, D. Crambo, Esq., Junior.

"WHAT BOYS READ."

IN the current number of the *Fortnightly*, under the above title, Mr. G. SALMON has, in a carefully-written article, endeavoured to deal with the subject of the literary provision made by modern writers for the rising generation, and, in taking a general survey of the question, has indulged in some thoroughly sound if not particularly original moral reflections. Quoting *Pelham's* friend, *Vincent*, he says: "Do not put fiction into the hands of a child with no principle to guide him. First fortify his intellect by reason, and you may then please his fancy by fiction. Do not excite his fancy with love and glory till you instruct his judgment what love and glory are. Teach him, in short, to reflect before you permit him full indulgence to imagine." Now, this has the ring of very excellent advice, of course, though there would appear to be considerable difficulty in giving it any practical shape. To fortify the intellect of the young by reason until it is capable of exercising judgment and discrimination in the selection of fiction, seems not only to be making exhaustive demands on the supervising capacities of the parent or guardian, but, in a sense, to be putting the moral cart before the horse. For the reflective process is the outcome of the imaginative. And so it comes back to this, that all depends on the character of the fiction that is supplied to the young idea when in the process of shooting. And here Mr. SALMON shows himself by no means a fish out of water, for he is ready with a hopeful and encouraging catalogue. From *Robinson Crusoe* and *Tom Brown's School-days* down through Mr. KINGSTON's delightful adventures and those of Mr. BALLANTYNE and Mr. G. A. HENTY, to the capital Stories of Mr. HENRY FIRTH, Dr. GORDON STABLES, and Mr. T. C. HUTCHESON, not omitting Mr. ADAMS, and Mr. REED who has figured so prominently in the *Boys' Own Paper*, there is a regular fund of wholesome literature for British Youth to draw upon; and as Mr. SALMON truly remarks, "thus far all has been bright and healthy."

But on turning from boys' books to boys' journals, the prospect entirely changes. Mr. SALMON continues:—

"Morally, it is the change from life to death. The majority of the periodicals which are supplied to the children of the working classes are devoid of every element of sweetness and light. They are filled with stories of blood and revenge, of passion and cruelty, as improbable and almost impossible in plot, as they are contemptible in literary execution."

This is not overstating the case. Indeed it is scarcely possible to exaggerate the nauseous quality of the trash that is prepared, in the shape of penny numbers, for the reading of hundreds of thousands of the British young of both sexes. If proof of the wide-spread character of the evil is demanded, there are the daily records of the nearest Police Courts ready with the answer. The *Boy Pirate* and the *Boy Brigand* of fiction soon becomes the boy burglar and the boy thief of fact, and the literature which takes its heroes from the *Newgate Calendar* is fruitful in its supply of candidates for the gaol and the Reformatory.

Casting about for a remedy, the scared writer of the Article in the *Fortnightly* suggests a Press Censorship, pertinently asking the question whether there is "any greater harm in writing and publishing a libel than in writing and publishing a work calculated irretrievably to injure the minds of those who read it?" The difficulty, of course, would be, where to draw the line. What amount of vice or moral obliquity in the hero would be sufficient in the Censor's eye to render the suppression of his adventures desirable? Would the details of *The Cruise of a Boy Brigand in the Adriatic*, accompanied by a couple of captive jewelled princesses, be enough? Would the mere history of a hang-dog Pirate's experiences, without

any material expression of sympathy with his views, justify an interference with the Publisher? The solution of the matter is by no means easy. Yet, as the writer points out, no greater responsibility would attach to a suppression of this kind than attaches to the placing by the LORD CHAMBERLAIN of his veto on a play which he considered unfit for production on the English Stage.

AINSWORTH's story may serve the turn of an *Opéra-bouffe* Librettist, and the scamp himself be played by a sprightly actress without much harm being done to anybody. *Jack Sheppard*, for instance, ought not to be sanctioned by the Licensor any more than *Claude Duval*, *Dick Turpin*, or any other drama of a like kind, of which the recognised motive is the veiled incentive to crime. Still, a raid on HARRISON AINSWORTH, notwithstanding the acknowledged mischief that has been done to the young and ignorant by a perusal of his cracksmen's romances, would scarcely be the same thing, and yet the cases are sufficiently parallel to admit at least of argument. We should be inclined to suppress such romances as *Jack Sheppard*, *Rookwood*, BULWER's *Claude Duval*, and also *Eugene Aram*, which was so severely and so justly satirised by THACKERAY in *Mr. Punch's* pages. For the truth about JACK SHEPPARD our readers have only to refer to one of the earliest volumes of *Mr. Punch's* series, where they will find his character as described by AINSWORTH, and his true character as given in the *Newgate Calendar*, displayed side by side in parallel columns. There was no sort of romance about the real JOHN SHEPPARD.

Meantime, for want of a better remedy to meet the evil, let parents and guardians, and those who have charge and direction of the young idea, keep their eyes open and have a special regard to the direction in which it shows inclination to shoot. It is just as ready to derive its nutriment from the "penny healthful," as from the "penny dreadful," and as a mere matter of commercial enterprise, the former could be as easily forthcoming and available as the latter. Philanthropy is continually actively busying itself about the education of the young—here is something practical for it to do—let it look to the quality of its Magazine literature. It wants some energy and some capital, but both in these days ought to be forthcoming. To drive the penny dreadful out of the literary field is not a task beyond the powers of organisation and enterprise. And it is in this direction that the first steps will be taken in the material and moral amelioration of "What boys read." The *Fortnightly* is to be congratulated on the best Salmon that has been served up this year.

MRS. WESTLAKE and Mr. BUXTON managed between them at the last meeting of the London School Board, to keep the reactionary ball well rolling, and made it pretty plain that Mr. HUGHES, with his resolutions, and Sir RICHARD TEMPLE, with his financial statement, were by no means going to have the game as easily their own way as they had imagined. What the upshot will be it is not, however, easy to determine. It may be remarked that a good deal of acrimony appears to have been manifested in the course of the debate, due possibly to the injudicious conduct of a deputation that attended at the commencement of the proceedings, from St. John's Wood. This deputation appears, according to the report, to have been "somewhat noisy," cheering the speakers who sympathised with the object of their mission, but hissing and "making adverse noises when members expressed antagonistic views." Indeed, so far did they throw themselves into their cause, that it was proposed that "they should be requested to retire," and severe comments were passed upon their conduct, that was unfavourably contrasted with the conduct of Working-Men, who had previously attended the Board. Upon receiving this snub, the hilarious deputation withdrew, but as they had been on the side of the Economists, the incident, which must have left an unpleasant feeling, was not without its effect on the subsequent course of the proceedings, which ultimately resulted in an adjournment.

It is to be hoped that the reply of Mr. EDMUND HAY CURRIE, Chairman of the Trustees of the People's Palace, to Canon WILBERFORCE's inquiry as to whether it is proposed to apply for a drinking-licence for the Institution when organised and finished, will dispose of the matter for good and for all, for nothing could be more fatal to the undertaking than any attempt to put it into leading-strings, though they be manufactured of the finest of blue ribbon. The idea that the British Working-Man, for whose benefit and recreation the East-End Palace has been conceived, is everlastingly in need of moral coddling, is quite erroneous, and any concession to it in connection with such an enterprise as that entertained by the Beaumont Trustees, would be disastrous to the whole scheme. That the people who patronise the Palace will soon learn to be temperate within its walls, Canon WILBERFORCE may be pretty well sure; and his attempt, literally, to throw cold water on the undertaking in this its initiatory stage is a great mistake. The classes for whose benefit it is intended are not in need of goody-goody legislation, but it is possible they would like to call for a glass of beer. And they ought to have it when they do.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

THE MODERN TAPPERTIT; OR, A 'PRENTICE HAND AT PADDINGTON.

Fragments from a forthcoming "No Popery" Novel adapted from Dickens to the present day.



"HUT UP, SIMON TAPPERTIT!" said JOHN BULL. "You needn't make any more of that confounded clatter. Your blows produce more row than anything else." "Sir," said SIM, with an air of inflated self-importance highly ludicrous to behold, "a BLOW will have to be struck—and a BLOW will be struck—the sound of which will go into all lands, and the echoes of which shall reverberate to the uttermost corners of the earth."

"I suppose," muttered JOHN, "that's out of the Patriot's Garland, or the Patriot's Delight, or the Patriot's Windbag, or the Patriot's Guide to Balderdash, or some such improving text-book."

SIMON TAPPERTIT was a thin-faced, sleek-haired, cock-nosed, large-eyed

little fellow, "smart but small, yet persuaded in his own mind that he was," "as big as BENJAMIN," as he figuratively phrased it. He also had some majestic, shadowy ideas, which had never been quite fathomed by his intimate friends. It may be inferred from these premises that in the small body of Mr. TAPPERTIT there was locked up an ambitious and aspiring soul. As certain liquors confined in casks too cramped in their dimensions, will ferment, and fret, and chafe in their imprisonment, so the spiritual essence or soul of Mr. TAPPERTIT would sometimes fume within that precious cask, his body, until, with great foam and froth and splutter, it would force a vent, and carry all before it. He had a mighty notion of his party—which was Blue—and his sect—which was deep Orange—and was reported to have said that in former times a stigma had been cast on these colours by the extension of a right to flaunt to their antagonists Buff and—especially—Green. This stigma, he held, was one to which the B.'s and O.'s should not have basely submitted, but should have demanded its removal of the legislature, temperately at first, then by an appeal to arms if necessary. Indeed, he would darkly, and to the terror of his hearers, hint at certain reckless fellows that he knew of, and a certain Lion Heart ready to become their Captain, who once afoot would make the Pope himself tremble on his throne.

Regarding the pause which ensued as a particularly advantageous opportunity for doing great execution, Mr. TAPPERTIT began to screw and twist his face into such extraordinary, hideous, and unparalleled contortions that JOHN, who happened to be looking towards him, was stricken with amazement.

"Why, what the devil's the matter with the lad?" cried his master, "he's choking!"

"Who?" demanded SIM, with some disdain.

"Who? Why, you!" returned his master. "What do you mean by making those horrible faces?"

"Faces are a matter of taste, Sir," said Mr. TAPPERTIT.

"Sir," rejoined JOHN, laughing heartily, "don't be a fool, for I'd rather see you in your senses."

"I'll do nothing, to-day," said Mr. TAPPERTIT, dashing down his 'prentice cap, "but grind—I'll grind up all the tools. Grinding will suit my present humour! JOE!!!" This last monosyllable was uttered with singular significance, and supreme contempt.

Whirr-r-r-r! The grindstone was soon in motion—the sparks were flying off in showers. This was the occupation for his heated spirit.

"JOE!!!"

Whirr-r-r-r-r-r!

"Something will come of this!" said Mr. TAPPERTIT, pausing, as if in triumph. "Something will come of this. I hope it mayn't be human gore!"

Whirr-r-r-r-r-r-r!

Mr. TAPPERTIT, Chief or Captain of the United Bulldogs, a violently Blue-cum-Orange Association of bold and daring spirits, aspired to a distinguished state in great political events. Hence his connection with that great Protestant and Loyalist Association. His Protestantism was illustrated by vehement protestations against any diminution—even in the interests of justice—of the Blue-and-Orange prerogatives as "a dominant and an imperial caste;" his loyalty by the utterance of scarcely veiled incitement to rebellion and Civil War. Mr. TAPPERTIT's talk in this connection was simply tremendous. He took to the Tub, and harangued the multitude—at Paddington—in the true Tyrtæus-cum-Boanerges style.

"TAPPERTIT is an earnest man," remarked one startled Paddingtonian.

"One of the foremost among them all," rejoined another. "He snuffs the battle from afar, like the war-horse. He throws his hat up in the streets, as if he were inspired, and makes most stirring speeches from the shoulders of his friends."

"Make a note of TAPPERTIT," muttered a more thoughtful observer, dubiously. "He may be advanced to a place of trust. Let us see how far he shows himself fitted for it."

"Hear, hear! Bravo!! Shows great courage on your part!!!" yelled the multitude, greatly stirred by SIMON's sounding tropes and valiant invective.

All these compliments Mr. TAPPERTIT received as matters of course—flattering enough in their way, but entirely attributable to his vast superiority. Mr. TAPPERTIT had mounted on an empty cask, which stood by way of rostrum in the room, and volunteered a speech upon the alarming crisis at hand.

"I go," said he, "to stir our fellow-Protestants to pious violence, to rouse our fellow-Loyalists to revolt. I go to bear from Protestant Paddington to Presbyterian Belfast the Fiery Cross of religious and racial rivalry, which the insanity engendered by a monstrous and unparalleled combination of verbosity and senility has long been vainly striving to extinguish."

"Hooray! Keep it blazing, SIMON!" shouted the excited throng.

"The time has come for the BLOW! I go to strike it!" shrieked TAPPERTIT.

"Good night, Captain," they cried. "We're yours to the death, remember!"

"Farewell!" said Mr. TAPPERTIT, waving his hand. "Be bold and vigilant!"

"No Popery, Captain!" roared they.

"Ireland in blood first!" cried their desperate leader, whereat the Mob cheered and laughed and dispersed.

The result of Mr. TAPPERTIT's incendiary enterprise remains to be seen. Sensible men shake their heads over the prospect of a firebrand among powder-casks.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC HAT.

[Herr LUDERS, of Görlitz, has patented a photographic hat, which carries a camera, lens, and dry plates, the latter being exposed by pulling a string, when negatives are taken at the will of the wearer.]

If they knew what I wear when I walk in the street,
I should be quite a terror to people I meet;
They would fly when they saw me, and ne'er stop to chat,
For I carry a camera up in my hat.

A Herr LUDERS, of Görlitz, has patented this,
And I think the idea is by no means amiss;
With a hole in my hat for the lens to peep through,
And a dry plate behind, I take portrait or view.

Should I meet, when I chance to be taking the air,
With a lady who looks so surpassingly fair,
If I wish to preserve her sweet face by the sun,
Why I just pull a string, and the photograph's done.

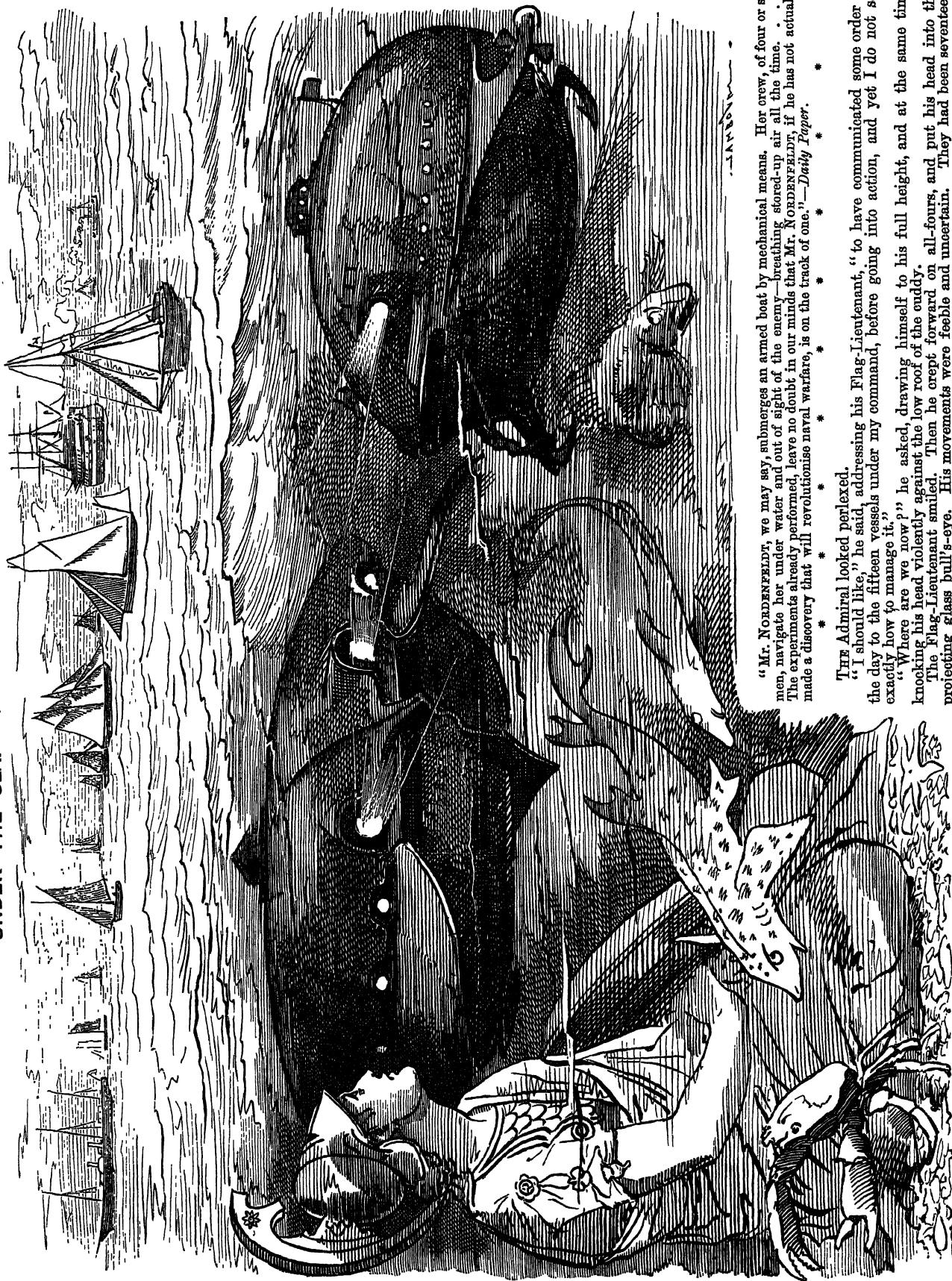
I admire, say, a sea-scape, or else chance to look,
With the eye of an artist, on picturesque nook;
There are plates in my hat, if I poise it with skill,
That will take any beautiful view at my will.

If I'm stopped in the street—that may happen, you know—
By a robber whose manners are not *comme il faut*,
His identification should never be hard,
There's my neat little photograph in Scotland Yard.

So we'll all wear the hat made by Science complete;
With a camera, lens, and a dry-plate *en suite*;
And take views in the street with its bustle and traffic,
By the aid of this German's strange hat photographic.

REMINDER FOR SIR EDMUND HENDERSON.—"The Force is no remedy."

' UNDER THE SEA.' (A Tale for the Submarines in A.D. 2086.)



"Mr. NORDENFELDT, we may say, submerges an armed boat by mechanical means. Her crew, of four or six men, navigate her under water and out of sight of the enemy—breathing stored-up air all the time. . . . The experiments already performed, leave no doubt in our minds that Mr. NORDENFELDT, if he has not actually made a discovery that will revolutionise naval warfare, is on the track of one."—*Daily Paper*.

* * *

THE Admiral looked perplexed. "I should like," he said, addressing his Flag-Lieutenant, "to have communicated some order of the day to the fifteen vessels under my command, before going into action, and yet I do not see exactly how to manage it."

"Where are we now?" he asked, drawing himself to his full height, and at the same time knocking his head violently against the low roof of the cuddy.

The Flag-Lieutenant smiled. Then he crept forward on all-fours, and put his head into the projecting glass bull's-eye. His movements were feeble and uncertain. They had been seventeen

days under water, and were running short of ozonised air. He gasped as he gazed out into the dark wilderness that surrounded them, and could make nothing out.

"I think, Sir," he said, creeping slowly back again, and addressing the Admiral, who was now rubbing his head, "that we must be passing through a shoal of mackerel. But," he added, drily, "if you have any communication to make to the Fleet, no doubt we should be able to find it for you, with the Electric Shrimp Torpedo; we should then possibly discover some means of delivering your message."

The Admiral was still rubbing his head, but he instantly rejoined,—

"A happy thought, Mr. Flag-Lieutenant. Let the Electric Shrimp Torpedo be manned; and if they come across one of the enemy's ships, they can go at it."

"Ay! ay! Sir," responded the Flag-Lieutenant.

The order was no sooner given than it was carried into effect. In a few minutes the three volunteers, who not very cheerfully came forward for the work, were packed tightly in the recesses of the diminutive but formidable little engine, and it was launched forthwith on its erratic course through the side of the submarine iron-clad by a discharge of dynamite. It darted off at lightning speed in quarter of a mile shoots, illuminating the dense water in every direction as it advanced. The receding wire paid out from the delicate instrument on the Admiral's table jerked at times ominously. It was clear that the Electric Shrimp Torpedo was all over the place. After a short interval there was a shout through the self-acting telephone. The Admiral was all attention.

"We have come up with a portion of the British Fleet, entangled in a bed of seaweed," continued the voice. "What is the order of the day?"

"England expects every man to do his duty," was the tentative reply. "I think," continued the Admiral, addressing the Flag-Lieutenant, "that they mayn't have heard that before. It ought to inspirit 'em. And now, if you please, we will follow up the course of the Electric Shrimp Torpedo, and prepare for action."

No sooner was the order given than all was activity within the confined space of the ingeniously constructed craft. The fore, aft and side-screws began to revolve rapidly as the deck slowly lowered to within two feet of the cabin floor. The Admiral was lying on his face now, under the cuddy table. He could not sit up. But he had put on his cork leggings, life-buoy tunic, and floating cocked hat, and with the telephone in one hand, and a fog-horn in the other, was ready for the fray. The Flag-Lieutenant drew himself along on his knees, and resumed his position in the projecting glass bull's-eye. The men loaded the guns, and then themselves got inside the breeches to economise the room. They would have cheered, but at this depth,—they knew they were in ninety-two fathoms of water,—they felt it would be of no use. Still, the submarine craft sped swiftly on its way. The Flag-Lieutenant peered hopelessly, through the projecting glass bull's-eye, into the impenetrable gloom without. At one moment he thought he distinguished an enemy's ship approaching. But he was mistaken. It was merely a porpoise in hysterics. The Admiral referred to the telephone, but could get no reply. Something had happened to the Electric Shrimp Torpedo. The situation was awkward. The Admiral felt the responsibility. He counted the minutes on his chronometer.

Suddenly the silence was broken by a weak shout. "Look out!" cried the Flag-Lieutenant. "I see lights. We are, I think, in the midst of the enemy's fleet."

The Admiral sounded his fog-horn. "Hooray! Give it them hot, boys!" he responded. "Fire!"

But at that moment, with a tremendous crash, the craft parted amidships, and blew up with a terrific explosion, in two fragments. The Electric Shrimp Torpedo had gone right through them. In another minute the liberated Admiral, borne upwards by his buoyant suit, was rising rapidly to the surface of the water.

"This comes of fighting under the sea," he grumbled, shaking the sea-weed out of his hair as his head emerged on the calm, smiling, yacht-dotted horizon above. "But I might have known what it would be. I have been blown up by my own orders!"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Tomlinson. "GOOD-BYE, MISS ELEANORA——"

Miss Eleanora. "BUT YOU'VE ALREADY SAID GOOD-BYE TO ME, MR. TOMLINSON?"

Tomlinson (who is always ready with some pretty speech). "HAVE I, REALLY? WELL, ONE CAN'T DO A PLEASANT THING TOO OFTEN, YOU KNOW!"

"UP A TREE!"

SIR,—The East Kent Foxhounds, who are seemingly worthy rivals to those famous old sea-dogs, the Thanet Harriers, had a good time of it the other day. After, no doubt, beating the Dover Bathing-Machine coverts, and, as might be expected at this inclement season of the year, drawing blank, the experienced Whip of the pleasant party discovered three foxes seated in a tree. Accustomed to the athletic exercises so necessary an adjunct to the office he holds in the eccentric Hunt to which he belongs, the Whip "swarmed" the tree, and succeeded in dislodging a fox, who gave the pack a "good ringing run" over the sands, apparently being lost ultimately in an unused receptacle for bath-towels. Delighted with their unusual sport (as foxes at Folkestone have not of late years been too plentiful) the Hunt promptly returned to the tree, and the Whip having again swarmed it, another fox was dislodged. Unhappily, before Reynard could recover from his fall and regain his feet, he was "run in and chopped," no doubt by some honorary member of the pack—say a sporting sheep-dog or an enterprising colley. As the oak had proved so productive, and the Hunt could think of no other covert (the Thanet Harriers being no doubt jealous of any interference with their Margate and Herne Bay line of country), the Whip was once more urged to "swarm" the tree. Again a fox was unwooded; and this time the pack having been seemingly muzzled until Master Reynard had had time to "go away," a fine spin of a quarter-of-an-hour, or thereabouts, was the pleasing consequence. Unluckily, but not surprisingly, the fox proving to be a "stranger in those parts," soon lost his way on the cliffs, and was killed at the South Foreland lighthouse. *A propos* of the East Kent Foxhounds, it is rumoured that at no very distant date, Mr. SANGER, of the Ramsgate Hippodrome, may accept the Mastership. This would be a great gain to the "Hunt," as then, no doubt, Mr. SANGER would put the vast resources of his menagerie at their service, and make kangaroo-chasing in England possible.

Yours,

A THOROUGH SPORTSMAN.

SQUARING THE CIRCLE.—The problem which Mr. GLADSTONE will, it must be hoped, immortalise himself by solving:—How to square the Circle of which Mr. PARNELL is the centre.

OLD SAW NEW SET.—Dunce take the HYNDMAN!

"FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY."

(A Visit to Oxford on occasion of the Opening of the New Theatre.)

HAVING received two stalls and an invitation to be present at the opening of the new Theatre at Oxford, by the O. U. D. S., i.e., Oxford University Dramatic Society, I felt that this was an occasion



Proctor with Bull-dogs muzzled.

when the Pencil should be associated with the Pen, and so I asked my friend SQUIBBS, P.A., to accompany me, as the O. U. D. S. would be delighted to welcome him.

"I've never seen Oxford," said SQUIBBS.

"But when I was a boy I knew a chap who was at Trinity College, Dublin. So," he added, with that clear natural logic which is his distinguishing characteristic, "I'll be very much interested in seeing the place."

The train duly arrived at Oxford at 5.15, all superfluous ceremonial was dispensed with, and we entered the Clarendon Hotel, where lights and fires awaited us, a banquet for two, and a bottle of their best. So far as he could see from the window of the fly, SQUIBBS professed himself disappointed with his first view of the University.

"It's not a bit like Dublin," he said. "It might be anywhere."

At dinner I recounted to SQUIBBS the difficulties with which the A. D. C. at Cambridge had to contend, how our performance was kept as secret as a prize-fight, and how we were content to amuse ourselves and our audience with laughable Adelphi farces, and *Bombastes Furioso* with new songs; and I called to mind how we chuckled over our own success when the information reached us that all attempts of the Oxonians at getting up a Dramatic Club like the A. D. C. had utterly failed, and that the Authorities would never permit it. All which reminiscences, were pleasant for myself to recall, and their narration naturally riveted the attention of my companion, who not only drank in every word of my discourse, but at least two glasses more than his share of the champagne in which we were supposed to have an equal and united interest.

"What we shall see to-night," I observed to SQUIBBS, after a modest effort on my part to restore the balance of glasses, "will be memorable in history. The University Theatre," I said, referring for information to the bill of the play, "is opened to-night 'by permission of the Reverend the Vice-Chancellor and the Worshipful the Mayor.'"

"It will be very grand," exclaimed SQUIBBS, almost gasping with excitement in anticipation of the show.

"It will," I replied, without removing my hand from the bottle of sparkling and generous, of which I had now the sole command.

"I suppose," observed SQUIBBS, his voice tremulous with emotion; "I suppose there'll be all the great Bigwigs and Dons, in their robes, seated in the Theatre. I remember hearing that when the Lord Lieutenant went to Trinity College, Dublin—"

"My dear SQUIBBS," I say, compassionately, "what could be the reception of a Lord Lieutenant in Dublin, at Trinity College, to that of the Inauguration of the Great University Theatre, with the Reverend—the Reverend, mark you, SQUIBBS—the Vice-Chancellor, in his magnificent scarlet and gold robes of office, seated on a kind of throne in the centre of the dress-circle front row, temporarily converted into a huge State-Box, while on his left—" "Let us have another pint, SQUIBBS, my boy," and we do accordingly, as I continue—"while on his left are seated the Mayor and Corporation, in their robes and gold chains, and the house is brilliant with the ladies of the County, visitors from Town, old Members of the University in their Master of Arts' and Bachelors' hoods and gowns; and in the orchestra itself, composed of University men in gowns, will be seated the First Doctor of Music, whoever he may be, in his black and gold robe, wielding the Conductor's bâton!"

"It will be grand!" murmured SQUIBBS, quite overcome, as I carefully replenished his glass, and bade him cheer up.

"Then," I went on, for I had all this in my mind's eye, and enthusiasm made me eloquent; "then there will be the players, all educated young men, and the Ladies, probably scholars from Girton

or Nuneham—in my time, at Cambridge, Ladies were not permitted on our stage—(SQUIBBS, my boy, let us drink to the Ladies!)—and our youngest men took female characters, a custom, which, as you are aware—"

"Yes," interrupted SQUIBBS, "Shakspearian. I know—but, I say, as we've finished that pint, and the play begins at 7.45, and it's now within five minutes of that, suppose—"

"By all means," I rejoined. "Andiamo!"

So we arose. Fired by my own imaginative description, I had fully persuaded myself that I was going to assist at an Academical show the like of which had never been seen in this or any other University.

Thus thinking, I said to the waiter who helped me on with my coat.

"The Theatre will be very full?"

"Yes, Sir, it will. There may be a roughish lot in the gallery to-night, as it's Saturday."

"But," I said, "they can't get into the Theatre. It's only a University affair, and private."

"Oh dear no, Sir. It's open to the public, on payment," he replied.

"What?" I exclaimed.

But at this moment SQUIBBS reappeared. "I'm afraid, SQUIBBS," said I, with a presentiment of coming disappointment, "I'm afraid, SQUIBBS, this is going to be a sell."

The street is all alive with the sort of bustling crowd that may be seen any night in Tottenham Court Road.

"Not much like a University town, this," observes SQUIBBS, and there is something reproachful in his tone.

We turn down a muddy lane, called by courtesy a street, and here there are policemen, an inspector, and a crowd watching the arrivals. We make for the first door in front of us, where we see some young men in evening dress. We enter.

The place is in a very unfinished state, and feels damp; there is a distinct smell of paint. The impression of paint becomes still more distinct if you happen to come in contact with a wall.

It leaves such an impression in fact as will remain with you to your dye-ing day. We are opposite a pay-box. There are directions up "To the Stalls," "To the Dress Circle." At present it is all very ordinary, and not in the least Academical.

The young men in evening dress are shaking hands with everyone who comes in. There is plenty of laughing and chatting. But no one moves.

"Where are the box-keepers?" inquires SQUIBBS, of no one in particular. He is a practical man, as are most artists.

It appears that these young gentlemen are the box-keepers, as they at once cease their conversation to direct us to where we shall find someone else, who will show us our seats. The Curtain has not yet risen, but somebody is on the stage in front of it, making a speech. It is the Prologue.

More masquer box-keepers. "No fees, I suppose?" I say to them, affably.

"No; no fees," they reply, smilingly. Then we are shown in.

We are in the stalls, and our stalls might as well be in the Olympic or Vaudeville, or any other middle-sized London theatre for all that there is specially characteristic of a great University about the interior.

The house is mainly filled with University men, but the gallery is occupied by an ordinary gallery audience, such as might be seen in any good provincial Theatre. The local hits in the Prologue, however, go enormously with this mixed audience; and though when Mr. BOURCHIER, after appearing as *The Spirit of Ancient Drama*—bearing a remarkable resemblance to the *Wandering Jew*,—reappeared as himself, in cap and gown, and delivered the Second Part of the Prologue, both SQUIBBS and myself laughed and applauded



Our Reception by Masquer Box-keepers.

as heartily as any four of them, yet this was rather due to our politeness as guests than to our intelligent appreciation of the evidently well written and clearly pointed allusions. The Spirit of Ancient Drama at Oxford had bewailed his hard fate in having been compelled, for some mysterious reason not set forth in the Prologue, to "earn a wretched pittance at the 'Vic,'" and had acknowledged a failure in attempting to "make them laugh with poor burlesque,"—and had—"tempted the scholar from his desk with doubtful dance and more than doubtful song,"—which were all, probably, severely satirical hits at some rival Dramatic Society, which had at some other time courted success and achieved failure. But in spite of these lofty denunciations, I could not help noticing, that the audience thoroughly enjoyed the puns which the author had given the "Modern Spirit of the Play," at Oxford, to utter,—such as "Lawson is out but *DRINKWATER* is in," and "*Lucas* will look as fresh as paint,"—roared at topical allusions, vociferously applauded the inevitable "Three Acres and a Cow," ingeniously introduced *à propos* of the University arms, and, when *Twelfth Night* came, I also noticed that the scenes which were received with the greatest favour, were just those where the "business" was somewhat boisterous.

But my great disappointment was to find that this New Temple of the Drama was, after all, only an ordinary Town Theatre, which anyone with sixpence at his command could enter, and in which any travelling company could play by permission of the Mayor and Vice-Chancellor.

The O. U. D. S., as a Club, ought to have its own Club House and its own Theatre. The scenery for *Twelfth Night* was not worthy of the occasion, though I dare say good enough to serve as the stock of a provincial theatre, for it is only that. The costumes were just of the ordinary hap-hazard kind that a supercilious theatrical costumier might have sent to any amateurs. As for the Ladies, *Olivia* was all that an Illyrian Princess ought to be; *Viola*, to judge alone by her costume, understood the character perfectly; and, as to *Maria*, I do not recollect ever having seen such a thoroughly confidential maid. I would have trusted her with a secret anywhere, aye, even before the most crowded audience.

Sir Andrew used a falsetto voice throughout, which must have been very painful to himself: his performance was good, plenty of "buddle," but too much "squeak." *Malvolio* gave us an entertainment consisting of exceedingly clever imitations of *IRVING*, *TERRY*, *ARTHUR CECIL*, and *GEORGE GROSSMITH*, which we all recognised in detail and heartily applauded. Mr. CONINGSBY DISRAELI's strong point, as a character with only one line to speak, was "bye-play," which would have compelled the admiration of the audience if they had only possessed some sort of key to its meaning. Still, he was undefeated, and the last we saw of him was wagging his head, and gesticulating, with evidently the very best intentions, as the Curtain went down. That we were unable to trace any resemblance between the nephew and his illustrious Uncle, was probably owing to the excellence of his disguise as an Illyrian Sheriff's Officer, with a highly coloured complexion, a nose suspiciously suggestive of pink wool, and a brilliant auburn wig under a flat black cap. He was probably muttering to himself, perpetually, "A time will come when they shall hear me,"—but, as a matter of fact, on this particular occasion the time in question did not arrive, and we did not hear him.

Mr. BOURCHIER as the *Clown* was uncommonly good; all the actors were perfect in their words; there were no hitches in the scenery—a remarkable

thing this, considering that every rope, roller, and stitch of canvas was brand-new—neither could anyone sing—

'Tis the voice of the Prompter,
I heard him speak plain,

"You've forgotten your words—
Don't forget 'em again,"

for the Prompter's place was a sinecure. Considering it as a first night in a new theatre, and as a very great undertaking for young Amateurs, *Twelfth Night*, as played by the O. U. D. S., must be pronounced a decided success.

There was a brilliant supper of the O. U. D. S. afterwards at the Blue Chin Club, when those who dared stayed out as late as possible,

and those who didn't dare, fled, like so many male Cinderellas, as the clock struck twelve; and those to whom as graduates, or as four-year-men, College rules were of little importance, remained till the



The Health of Feste, as drunk with enthusiasm at the Blue Chin Festivities. Sketched from memory by our Vivid Impressionist.

small hours got larger, and then we separated. Breakfast and congratulations next morning.

"Well," said SQUIBBS, meditating, as we journeyed up to town, "I heard them talk of fellows not being able to go to rehearsal, because they were in training, or because of hunting, or because of riding or tennis, but I didn't hear of anyone staying away because he was studying. They sit up till all hours, they have big breakfasts, lunches, and dinners—they are capital chaps—but when do they study?"

"Their parts, do you mean?" I asked, sleepily, for I confess that irregular hours do not agree with me so well as they did, when I kept them regularly.

"Parts?" he returns, "No! I mean, when do they study their



Real Study.

Latin, Greek, Mathematics, and that sort of thing? Why, I remember a fellow I knew at Trinity, Dublin—"

But drowsiness was too much for me, and I dropped off to sleep. So did SQUIBBS. At Paddington we parted company, and after this holiday we returned to work. Perhaps the Undergraduates are returning to work also. I wish the O. U. D. S. all success, and trust they will in time play in their own Theatre. J. PENN NIBBS.

If Sir CLAUDE DE CRESPIGNY is going to continue to be the Hangman's Assistant, he had better alter his name to Sir CLAUDE DE CRESPIGNY.

"THE HOUSE OF LAYMEN."—Surely the action of Lame men must be crippled.



"LA POLITESSE DU CŒUR."

Mamma (after dinner). "ALICE DEAR, LET US HEAR YOUR NEW SONG." *Alice.* "I'M AFRAID OF DISTURBING DR. SCHMIDT, MAMMA." *Herr Schmidt (waking up).* "ACH! DO NOT MIND ME. I WILL TAKE MYSELF AWAY FROM ZE ROOM!"

SOWING TARES.

SINISTER shape that through the shadows steals,
What doest thou? The demon hand that deals
False largesse forth to the deluded throng
Of clamorous pleasure-seekers doth less wrong
Than thou, mock husbandman! All bare it lies,
The furrowed field beneath the chill grey skies,
Barred with a boding blackness. Labour's hand
Hath delved its hardest at the stubborn land;
But thy nocturnal tillage will but spoil
The scanty hope of long continued toil.
Hard is the tilth already, sparse and scant
The sprouting promise. Golden sheaves that slant
In serried wealth beneath warm summer winds,
Glow in the dreams of husbandmen and hinds;
But waking finds them doubt-struck, and dispels
The fair Arcadian vision. Hope now tells
Few flattering tales of harvests, heavy-eared,
With aureate opulence, fair sight endeared
To countless generations, from the days
When VIRGIL piped his sweet bucolic lays
Beneath the beechen boughs of Mantuan plains,
To those lush autumns when our English swains
The seasons' bounty reaped rejoicingly
From liberal earth beneath a genial sky.

Now all seems chilled and changed; now
Labour's field
Fails of fertility, and stints its yield;
And now the demon Sower, whilst men sleep,
Forth with his tale of choking Tares doth creep,
Pacing with stealthy foot the infertile land,
And scattering broadcast, with a furtive hand,
And fiendish face half veiled, the evil seed,
Whose growth is choking thorn and tangling weed.
Trust him not, Toiler! Better skies that frown,
And sheaves half-filled that hang neglected down,
Than his unholy husbandry; his aid
Whoso accepts falls beaten and betrayed.
His presence brings black evil in full flood,
His sowings are as Dragon's Teeth; in blood
His harvestings are homed; the winter's flaw
Less cruel is than he. In juster law
And kindlier seasons hope may yet be found;
Opulent harvests yet may laze the ground,
In happier days, beneath a summer sky;
But trust not him; he is The Enemy.

THE SELDOM-AT-HOME SECRETARY.—There is a laughable farcical play called *The Magistrate* still being performed at the Court Theatre, in which Mr. ARTHUR CECIL, as the delinquent, has to be brought up before himself as the Magistrate. This is the case of Mr. CHILDERS sitting on his own Committee, to inquire into the conduct of the Home Office and Police during the recent disgraceful riots. We trust Mr. CHILDERS will be afforded every opportunity of sitting on himself.

VERY SURPRISING!

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL HADDAN, who commands the 4th Volunteer Battalion of the (Queen's) Royal West Surrey Regiment (in which high-sounding title a Rifle Corps, with Head-quarters somewhere in the suburbs, is hidden) has announced his intention of holding a "Surprise Parade." The affair was to have been kept a profound secret; but some of the details, have oozed out, of which the following is a list, although the accuracy of the alleged "surprises" cannot be vouched for:—

1. Before the men are summoned, their uniforms are to be collected, and hidden at Head-quarters, so that the Battalion may appear in quaint costumes.
2. All Officers will be required to appear in false noses and paper feathers, adding burnt-cork moustaches to their lips when possible.
3. The Field Officers will ride on to Parade on clothes-horses.
4. The Band of the Regiment will be expected to play their instruments upside down, the Big Drummer appearing on Parade inside his own Drum.
5. The Sergeant-Major will stand on his head.
6. And the Commanding Officer will tender his resignation.

If these rumoured manoeuvres (especially the last) do not wake up the members of the "4th Volunteer Battalion of, &c., &c.," they are past astonishing, and a "Surprise Parade," so far as they are concerned, will be utterly useless.



SOWING TARES.

(With a thousand apologies to Sir John E. Millais, Bart., R.A.)



THE POLICE (OF THE FUTURE).

(Vide Letter to "Daily Chronicle," Feb. 15, 1886.)

EXPLANATION.—A. Light Basket-work Shield (old Hamper-top, for instance); B. Quarter-Staff; C. Electric Rattle; D. Water-Tank and Hose-Pipe; E. Money-Bag to pay for 'Bus rides (Special Tax in Police Rates); F. Neck Guard; G. Electric Battery; H. Fireworks, Squibs, &c.; J. Mob-persuaders; K. Electric Wires up Sleeve to shock Opponent.

"THE GAY CAVALIER."
(Song for a Barrett-tone, recording an episode on the first night of "The Lord Harry," when Mr. Wilson Barrett, arrayed as a Cavalier, had a wrangle with the Pitites.)

'Twas a première night,
And the Star shone bright,
As in JONES's *Lord Harry* he played,
When the Gay Cavalier
To the footlights drew near,
To ask, "Who it was hadn't paid?"
For the Pit was cross
At their evident loss
Of seats, and at friends coming free.
Says the Gay Cavalier,
"I'll give anyone here
Who's not paid into custodee!
Yes, that cuss, that cuss,
I will give into custodee!" (bis).
He was cheered by the Pit
For his palpable hit,
The point of which some didn't see;
And a number felt small
As in many a stall
Sat a friend who had come in free.
When the play was done
Then everyone
Applauded vociferously,
Saying, "If we don't cheer,
This Gay Cavalier
May give us into custodee!
Yes! this cuss, this cuss,
May give us into custodee!" (bis).

LITERAL FULFILMENT.—It was prophesied, said the *Pall-Mall Gazette*, that, under Colonel HENDERSON, the Police would go to the dogs. So they have—and muzzled them.

ABNORMAL APPETITE.—Appeasing "Land Hunger" without eating dirt.

LE BOXE ANGLAIS.

M. LE RÉDACTEUR,

THE account, graphic and elegant, of the great Prize-ring Boxe-fight that displayed itself the other day at Château Lafitte, supplied by your sportsmans print, your *Daily Telegraph*, has been read by me with interest keen and joyful; for, admiring your glorious institutions, your Oxfor-Cambridge Outrigg Course, your Derby Race, your fox-ont, and football-match, shall I not welcome on the soil of my native country the arrival of your heroes of "Le Prize-ring," M. ALFRED GREENFIELD and M. SMITZ? Believe me, I salute them. But, by a deplorable incident of mistaking the morning, I was not present at the encounter, and so I have perused the account of it furnished in his journal by your *confrère*. I said it was graphic and elegant, but it is more. It is mysterious. Let me take *le premier "Round."* Your *confrère* says, "GREENFIELD tried his left, but missed. He then landed slightly; SMITZ countered on the jaw."

One is puzzled; one would ask what was the nature of the experiment tried by M. GREENFIELD with his left; also on where did he land slightly. Was he climbing? Then on what jaw did M. SMITZ counter? On his own? It is possible. But let us proceed.

Your *confrère* then describes the progress of the Boxe-fight, which, with its first "knock-down-blow," its "vicious right-hander on the ribs," and the "going down" of the two combatants in the corner, must have been a spectacle at once splendid and exhilarating. Indeed, the spectators, "*les backers*," were caught themselves in the enthusiasm of the moment. I quote your *confrère* in extension. He says, "The Birmingham men broke into the ring, and in the most threatening way attacked the other side." This sight of the backers swept on in the fury of their *élan*, must have been truly magnificent. He continues:—

"The referee, perfectly helpless, called on them to retire. . . . The cry of 'Gendarmes!' was raised, and a few made their appearance. In the meantime, SMITZ had twice walked to the centre of the ring for GREENFIELD to be brought up, but on the last scare all cleared off to their carriages, adjoining the field. One gentleman, well-known in racing circles southwards, had a fearful blow from a knuckleduster on the side of the head, the blood flowing copiously. He was helped to a carriage. One of SMITZ's seconds, while picking him up in GREENFIELD's corner, received a serious blow on the jaw. Several efforts were made to injure SMITZ, while down in this

corner, with sticks and feet, and SMITZ avers that his most severe blow was from a kick in the jaw when down."

Thus we see not only M. GREENFIELD and M. SMITZ, the two combatants, but all their compatriots animated by the same courage, eager to join in "le Boxe-fight," and valiantly contest with each other the fortunes of the day. Nor did the excitement of the affair cease on the termination of the incident, for your *confrère* adds:—

"On the homeward journey SMITZ's carriage and another in which I was seated would probably have been attacked. Some twenty men were urged by their leader to overturn the carriages with their occupants."

Imagine the fervour of spirit evoked! The "backers" would have attacked the carriage of M. SMITZ. This recalls the glorious traditions of your TOM-SAYERS, your JEM-MAJES, your BEN-CAUNT! But I must conclude. Let it suffice for me to say that I shall attend with intrepidity the next Boxe-fight, providing at the same time for my equipment a "knuckle-duster." Vive le Boxe-Anglais! Receive, M. le Rédacteur, the assurance of my distinguished consideration.

JULES JEAN-BOULE.

A SCORE FOR THE "STARS."

LISTEN to the "Voice of the Stars" for February, *teste* ZADKIEL, *Astrologo*:—

"Mars retrogrades through the sign Virgo this month, bringing troubles and bloodshed in Turkey. Paris is disturbed, and it will be well for that city if it be not the scene of bloodshed; for there is too much reason to apprehend that the Red Republicans will give serious trouble and cause *émutes*."

For "Paris" only read "London," and then, in relation to the recent riots, you must see that the foregoing prediction has been almost literally accomplished. When you consider the great distance of the planets from the Earth, and the comparatively small space intervening between London and Paris, you will see at a glance that the malefic influences which, projected from the planetary bodies, were calculated by ZADKIEL as destined to strike Paris, but actually struck London instead, flew, in striking the latter capital, not at all wide of the mark. A very good shot of those, so to say, shooting-stars; quite near enough, indeed, too near, the bull's-eye—JOHN BULL'S eye. On the part of ZADKIEL decidedly "a hit—a very palpable hit." Right you are again, ZADKIEL TAO SZE!



"A WISE SAW AND MODERN INSTANCE!"

Irate Parent (self-made Man, who has been setting forth to his Eldest Son the advantages of a Commercial career). "HINFRA DIG! 'D' YE SAY? YER PERT YOUNG PUPPY! IT WAS 'HINFRA PENNY' 'HINFRA POUND' WHEN I BEGAN LIFE!"

THE NEXT MILITARY BANQUET.

(A Glimpse into the Future.)

AFTER the Loyal Toasts had been duly honoured, the Chairman of the evening proposed "Our Foreign Visitors," assuring them of the gratitude that England felt to them for the assistance they had rendered in the recent war. The toast was received with the utmost enthusiasm.

In reply, the German Ambassador called attention to the bond of union binding Britain and the Fatherland, dating from the Heptarchy and the days of the Saxon Kings. (*Cheers.*) If the nation of which he was proud to be a representative had been able to supply the English Army with the rifles, cannons, bayonets, and swords with which the late victories had been secured, Germany was only too pleased to have secured this very satisfactory result. (*Loud cheers.*)

The French Ambassador also returned thanks, saying, that his countrymen did not grudge their neighbours the boots that had led them to victory. (*Cheers.*) Very possibly the victories would have been obtained without those French boots. ("No, no!") Well, he would let them have their way, and merely say that France would always assist Albion, as on the present occasion, to share with her the glory—which is France. (*Enthusiasm.*)

The Spanish Minister deprecated too much being made of the fact that the gunpowder which had been used by the British Troops during the recent campaign had been imported from the country to which he owed his birth. No doubt it meant, he said, that with this assistance Spain, and not England, had won the recent conquests—"Hear, hear!"—but surely Spain owed the land of WELLINGTON a heavy debt of gratitude. (*Cheers.*) Spain was pleased to have been in a position to wipe out an obligation which commenced with the Peninsular War. (*Cheers.*)

The Minister of the Swiss Republic said that if England's Army had been clothed by the hardy mountaineers who once had defied the Austrian Army, and put the bold Duke of BURGUNDY to flight, both countries might well be proud of the result. (*Cheers.*) Switzer-

land felt no jealousy, and invited the British Army to add these victories to their regimental flags, following the example already set (so he just had heard by telegraph) by the Standard-bearers of the Old Swiss Guard. (*Indescribable enthusiasm.*)

Other speeches of a similar character followed, and the evening passed away in the most perfect harmony, several of the Foreign Representatives courteously begging the pleasure of an introduction to the Commander of the British Army during the late campaign, politely insisting "that he, by his strategy, had become quite one of themselves in the triumphs of the day, and that they therefore must really acknowledge his assistance!"

NICE CARNIVAL.—WANTED, a few to make up small party. A fortnight's pleasant stay in South of France. First-class travelling and hotel reduced rates.

A NICE young man wanted for a Nice excursion. How destitute of friends and companions must the man be who advertises for a small party, or who answers the advertisement.

A MERRY MANDARIN.—According to announcement, the Chinese Minister-designate to Great Britain, in succession to the Marquis TSENG, is LIN SHIN FUN. A name of good omen for making things pleasant.

WHERE does Mr. J. L. TOOLE stay when he visits Paris?—Why, the Tooleries, of course.

THE *Daily Telegraph* mentioned a "Conservative Oyster Feast." This is evidently wrong. Wherever there is an Oyster Feast, let it be a real Liberal one.

NEW ADDITION TO THE ARABIAN KNIGHTS.—Captain BURTON K.C.M.G.

Randolph Caldecott.

IN MEMORIAM.

Too early stilled that happy hand
That limned old English life, love, leisure,
That waked glad laughter through the land,
And sent our playrooms wild with pleasure.
Too early stilled! Dumb Fate hath willed
One of its cruellest of crosses;
For, faith, our hearts are often thrilled
With lesser griefs at larger losses.

We loved the limner whose gay fun
Was ever loyal to the Graces;
Who mixed the mirth of *Gilpin's* run
With willowy forms and winsome faces:
Who made old nursery lyrics live
With frolic force rejuvenated,
And yet the sweetest girls could give
That ever pencil-point created.

From "Bracebridge Hall" to "Banbury Cross"
His fancy flew with fine facility.
Orchards all apple-bloom and moss,
Child sport, bucolical senility,
The field full cry, snug fireside ease,
Horse-fun, dog-joke his pencil covers,
With Aldermen and hawthorn-trees,
Parsons and squires, and rustic lovers.

Sure never pencil steeped in mirth
So closely kept to grace and beauty.
The honest charms of mother Earth,
Of manly love, and simple duty,
Blend in his work with boyish health,
With amorous maiden's meek cajolery,
Child-witchery, and a wondrous wealth
Of dainty whim and daring drollery.

And all that flow of fun, and all
That fount of charm found in his fancy,
Are stopped! Yet will he hold us thrall
By his fine Art's sweet necromancy,
Children and Seniors, many a year,
For long 'twill be ere a new-comer
Fireside or nursery holdeth dear
As him whose life ceased in its Summer.



SENSE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Thursday, February 18.—Mornings unpleasantly dark and cold now. Turned out at Five this morning; made my way down to the House to secure seat. Found nearly all the best gone. Secured one on back Bench above the Gangway. Borrowed hat from Opposition Benches, and put it on seat. How surprised other fellow will be when he comes to take his seat! Don't like anything mean or underhand. No two hats for me, one to wear, and one to secure seat. Good deal of talk just now about Policies—Irish Policy, Foreign Policy, Home Policy, and No Policy. For me, Honesty is the best Policy.

Went back to breakfast and spent easy day, with certainty of having secured seat. Still, necessary to be in good time. Went down again at Half-past Three. All right, hat there and seat safe, but what to do with hat? Initials in it C. B. Who's C. B., I wonder? Can't be CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, because I got it from other side. However, must get rid of it somehow. Nobody looking. Put own hat on bench, put the other one on head, and jauntily march down the House; hang hat up in the Lavatory, and come out whistling. Meet CAVENDISH BENTINCK, with hair fearfully bristled and scowl on expressive face. Seems he's been subjected to gross outrage. Came down early, secured good place; returned just now, and finds hat gone, and seat appropriated.

"Dear me," I say, whilst CAVENDISH gnashes his teeth. "Must be one of those New Members."

Mention, by the way, that I saw a hat in the Lavatory apparently without owner. CAVENDISH darts off with long strides towards Lavatory. He is so very excitable.

Met HARCOURT in Corridor, strolling towards Lords. "Lords not met yet," I said.

"No, TOBY, I know; but I like to look at the place when it's empty. Come along!"

Place tenantless and sombre-looking. HARCOURT dropped on the Woolsack with a heavy sigh.

"Ah! what might have been! What might have been, TOBY!" he murmured.

I walked aside, not caring to be witness of this sacred emotion. Looked back as I passed out. HARCOURT, still sitting on the Woolsack, was "wisibly swellin'" before my eyes, till he seemed to fill the Chamber, crushing noble Lords and highborn Dukes against the very walls.

Not very lively in the Commons except when RANDOLPH made sprightly attack on the Government, and GLADSTONE replied with

tears of melancholy in his voice at the notion that there could be anybody so hopelessly wicked as RANDOLPH. Very early in the sitting CHILDERS caused permanent depression of spirits by his illimitable statement on the Riots. What he had to say was that Commission of Inquiry was now sitting, and would report at earliest possible date. But opportunity not to be missed. Droned on for more than half-an-hour, under the envious glance of SEXTON, and amid signs of growing impatience on part of House.

Really said one funny thing, though, of course, unconsciously. Wanting to allude to W. H. SMITH, and not quite knowing how he had been left when the late Government went out, he leaned across the table, and said interrogatively, "Chief Secretary?" SMITH blushed violently, but acknowledged the title.

"It's a curious thing, TOBY," he said afterwards, "that no one quite knows who I am. You remember DIZZY's 'W. H. SMITH—or is it H. W.?' and now here's CHILDERS doesn't know whether I was at the last moment Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant or Minister for War."

Towards end of half-hour CHILDERS, soothed by his own oratory, was in such good-humour, that nothing less than raising PICTON to the Peerage would suit him. "My noble friend," he said, turning with gracious courtesy towards the Member for Leicester; at which the House tittered, and CHILDERS wondered what on earth they were laughing at now. *Business done.*—Address agreed to, "with grammatical alterations."

Friday.—House of Lords sat twenty minutes to-night.

"Going early," I said to the Markiss, who was being helped on with his coat in the Lobby.

"Yes," said he, carefully wrapping scarf about his throat. "It would not do for us to break down at the outset. At any moment we may be called upon to save the Empire; and it would be a fearful thing if we were found wanting. So we shall begin gently, with sittings a quarter of an hour or so, presently going the full length of two hours."

In the Commons COURTNEY took the Chair in Committee. "I think, TOBY," he said, when I congratulated him, "that at last I have found my right place. See what a wide field I shall have for differing from everybody else. Besides, I shall have full opportunity of shutting up anybody. Have tried it for some years in public speech and private conversation, but not always succeeded. Now I'm what you may call—though, if anyone else used the term, I should rule it was not Parliamentary—cock of the walk. When I open my mouth, let no dog bark—not even you, dear boy. As for GLADSTONE, I'll make him sit up—or rather, sit down. He said he never could understand Proportional Representation. Well, I'll teach him that, and much else, now that he cannot argue with me. Yes, I think I'll do. I wonder I never thought of this before."

Lively young men the new Whips! Lend air of cheerfulness to

Lobby long unknown. Always bustling about, book in hand jotting down unutterable things.

"Worst of it is," says LEVESON-GOWER, "that we don't know every-body yet. GLADSTONE cannot elaborate Irish policy in three days, neither can we learn to know all the new Men in same time. Constantly stopping Conservatives at the door, and letting our own fellows walk out. Yesterday, BOBBY, using all his winning art, induced three fellows to stay in the House to dinner. When division came, they voted against us. They were Conservatives, and only for BOBBY would have been away dining."

BOBBY rather down in the mouth, to-night. Thought this little affair weighed on his mind. Told him to cheer up. Such accidents always happen at the meeting of new Parliament.

"Oh, it's not that," said our Parliamentary Groom-in-Waiting. "Worse than that. What do you think one of those New Members said to me. 'Sure, you'll be glad when the nights get a little warmer, Mr. SPENCER,' says he. 'What for?' says I. 'Well,' he says, 'it must be cold waiting out in the Yard to hold Members' horses;' and he was quite serious too." And BOBBY, who since he became Parliamentary Groom has tightened his trousers about the knees and worked in another eighth of an inch in the height of his collar, dashed violently after a Conservative who was leaving the House.

The Hon. C. R. Spencer,
Groom-in-Waiting.

"Have you paired?" I heard him say, producing his note-book, with a smile and a little bow, as if he were asking for "the pleasure of the next dance," and all unawares that he was entertaining an enemy.

Quiet evening in Committee of Supply. JOHN MORLEY bewitched Parnellites, who studiously refrained from embarrassing business. PETER RYLANDS and Sir GEORGE BALFOUR, seizing opportunity, rushed in, and we had quite an old-times sitting with the Estimates. *Business done.*—Supply.

THE SAVOYARDS.

FOR the *lever du rideau* at the Savoy there is one of the prettiest woodland scenes ever placed on a stage.



"Funny Japs."

Mr. TOOLE in *Ici on parle Français*, when he and the *Major* (I think it is a *Major*—there generally used to be a *Major* in those old-fashioned farces) sit down together, and he and SPRIGGINS go through a sharp course of slapping which used to convulse the audience. The musical acrobats of the Savoy are perfectly riotous in their dances and slap-banging, the audience is enraptured, and "*The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring, Tra la*," is given, by request, about five times, with a fresh set of steps, movements, leaps, and bounds to every encore. I don't know whether Mr. GROSSMITH can take his whack, but he can certainly give it, and the way in which he puts his hand to the Bond—Miss JESSIE BOND—is fun to the audience, and I hope it is so also to the charming little Miss JESSIE, who is "one of the Lives and Souls" of the Opera. BLUNT NIBBS.

WAIT TILL THE CROWDS ROLL BY!

THE SONG OF SCOTLAND YARD. MONDAY, FEB. 8, 1886.

AIR—"Wait till the Clouds roll by!"



BOBBY, my own Blue Peeler,
The Mob's gone mad, I see.
Rushing like wind-lashed billows,
Smashing up propertee.
How they will miss us, my Bobby,
There where the row is raging
high;

Bobby, my own Blue Peeler,
Wait till the Crowds roll by!

Chorus.

Wait till the Crowds roll by, Bobby.
You've no commands, no more
have I.

Bobby, my own Blue Peeler,
Wait till the Crowds roll by!

Bobby, we're far from ready,
Scotland Yard's fast asleep;
Here we are out of danger,
Here we had better keep.
How can we help the row, my
Bobby?

Take then my tip, and don't try.

Bobby, my own Blue Peeler,
Wait till the Crowds roll by!

Chorus.

Wait till the Crowds roll by,
Bobby, &c.

Bobby, a wooden image,
Garbed in official blue,
Would be about as useful
Truly as I or you.
Don't go a-blushing now, my
Bobby,

That we from duty so should fly.
Bobby, my own Blue Peeler,
Wait till the Crowds roll by!!

Chorus.

Wait till the Crowds roll by, Bobby.
We'll to-morrow raise the hue
and cry.

But for to-day the Colonel's tip
is—
Wait till the Crowds roll by!

THE INDIGNANT DUCHESS.

THE Post of Mistress of the Robes was respectfully declined by the Duchess of ROXBURGHE, because the Duke was unable to support Mr. GLADSTONE's Irish policy. At first sight, this seems an odd sort of reason for the refusal of the Duchess to accept HER MAJESTY's office. If the Robes were kept in the QUEEN's Cabinet, then as Mr. GLADSTONE is in the Cabinet, we can perfectly understand the Duchess's difficulty. So far, so good; but the next question is, what is the Irish policy that Mr. GLADSTONE has adopted, and which the Duke cannot support? Who knows? Will the Duke inform us? Can Mr. GLADSTONE tell us? We doubt it. Very well: then if the Robes are not kept in the Cabinet, and if Mr. GLADSTONE has no policy, the Duchess of ROXBURGHE may, after all, reconsider her decision, and undertake the important office of guarding the state velvets from the incursion of the moths.

NOT MR. GLADSTONE'S MOTTO—*Litæra scripta manet*. On the contrary, it would be better, perhaps, if a lot of them did remain, and were never posted.

SOME one who had never heard of Lord DE VESCI writes to say, that as it's an Irish title, "*Vesce*" is probably only another way of spelling "*Whiskey*."

AN Uncertificated Bankrupt being asked where he would like to live, replied, "Anywhere, if it's only Out-of-Deptford."

THE ONE MAN WHO IS ALWAYS READY FOR EVERY POST.—MR. GLADSTONE.

PAPERS FROM PUMP-HANDLE COURT.
CONCERNING A SHILLING RETAINER.



"A TELEGRAM, Sir," said my Clerk, PORTINGTON, intercepting me as I walked from Fleet Street to the Thames Embankment. "It has been in Chambers since three o'clock, and I wasn't quite sure whether I ought to take it to the Club or Burmah Gardens."

"The Club, as a rule, is preferable," I replied. "Matters of a purely business character—you understand, PORTINGTON, purely business character—I do not care to go to my private address."

Upon this I opened the Telegram, and found it was from the lady who, many years ago, did me the honour of accepting my heart, my wig, and my bands. JOSEPHINA—who always likes to be explicit—had contrived to give me the desired information with a noble disregard to the Post-office regulations relative to the twelve-words-inclusive-of-address-limit, which filled me with respect. Her despatch ran as follows:—

To A. BRIEFLESS, Esquire, Junior.

12, Pump-Handle Court, Temple, E.C., London.

Cook—as Nurse is out with the children—is taking this to the Post-office to ask you to come home at once. I want to see you at once, so please come home as soon as you can. Cook is sending the same Telegram as this Telegram to you, at the Club, so that if you are not there, you may get it at the Chambers, if you are there, and not at the Club.

Reflecting that the Telegrams (which were signed by my wife with all her Christian names and full address) must have cost about five shillings a-piece, I hurried from my Chambers, dashed into a hansom, and was soon at Burmah Gardens. On my arrival a number of youthful heads looking out of the nursery windows joyfully disappeared, to reappear again almost immediately in the hall, whence I was escorted in triumph to the drawing-room to the presence of my wife. The children then retired, feeling, no doubt (poor little things!) that the scene about to follow would be too painful for them to witness. My wife was greatly agitated.

"He came in," she said, "and gave me this. We thought he was your brother HARRY, and so called to him, over the banisters, to walk up and have some tea, as I didn't know whether our new parlour-maid had ever seen him, and so he came in here, and gave me that."

I comforted my wife, as well as I could, and looked at the document. It was a subpoena, calling upon me to attend a trial, in which Mr. GREGORY THUNDER, the plaintiff, was to appear in person. I frankly confess that my heart began to beat faster. The name of GREGORY THUNDER was perfectly well-known to me as a most persistent and successful litigator, who had a way, however, with him,

of making his witnesses in one trial, the defendants in the next. What *had* I done to attract the attention of Mr. GREGORY THUNDER? "Not that he wasn't all right, when I and the children grew accustomed to him," said my wife, wiping her eyes. "But he frightened me, for the moment, as you see, I thought he was HARRY. And yet he was most civil, and put a shilling on the mantelpiece, which he said was for you. I don't know why he should give you a shilling, but of course it was kindly meant."

I frankly confess that the next few days I spent very, very dismally. I had no wish to be mixed up with Mr. GREGORY THUNDER's disputes. This wonderful man was most energetic, but like other clever people, very liable to take offence. I ascertained that the action in which I had been called as a witness was one for slander, connected with a new invention, of which he was the patentee. Beyond this I knew nothing, save that it was the general opinion of my friends that I had better not approach him to ask him what he wanted from me (as I would willingly have done), as he might misunderstand me; and a "misunderstanding" with Mr. GREGORY THUNDER opened out a vista of almost endless litigation.

The day for trying the cause at length arrived, and I, imitating the example of many other unfortunate witnesses, seated myself in a back pew in one of the numerous courts attached to the Queen's Bench Division. The apartment was thronged, as it was rumoured abroad that Mr. GREGORY THUNDER, in his zeal to vindicate the fair fame of his patent, had subpoenaed half London. The proceedings commenced, but I heeded them not, as I was employing myself in making, what is called by the adherents of the Church of Rome, "an examination of conscience." I knew that Mr. GREGORY THUNDER rarely asked any one to give testimony on his behalf without treating the testifier as a hostile witness. Most anxious not to commit perjury, I consequently worried myself trying to remember whether if at any time in my life I had threatened, in a momentary fit of irritation (of course without any real intention of carrying the threat into force) to poison my maiden aunt, and endeavoured to decide whether I should be justified in asserting that I had never been guilty of house-breaking, in the face of the fact that I had once in my schooldays abstracted an apple from a shed adjacent to my dormitory after nine o'clock. While I was considering these (to me) very weighty matters, my name was called, and I found myself, somehow or other, standing in the witness-box. While I was being sworn, Mr. GREGORY THUNDER glared at me with an expression of triumphant sternness, suggesting that he considered me his bitterest enemy, bound hand and foot for his delectation.

"Now, Sir, be careful," he said, shaking his forefinger at me, "and remember that you are on your oath."

I replied, as haughtily as I could, that I was aware of the fact. Still, the reminder caused my recollections of the possible threat about poisoning my maiden aunt, and the admitted abduction of the stolen school apple, to become intensely and painfully distinct.

"Now, Sir, were you ever in the Thames Tunnel?"

I was so completely taken aback at this totally unexpected question, that I could not answer. I hesitated, stammered, and for a moment could, for the life of me, make no reply.

"Yes or no, Sir—were you ever in the Thames Tunnel?" repeated Mr. GREGORY THUNDER, indignantly.

The Counsel for the Company looked at me half compassionately, as a right-minded Roman Heathen might have regarded an early Christian Martyr being led away, condemned, to the arena. The presiding Judge filled his pen with ink, sternly, and made ready to take down an answer, which, from a legal point of view, might entail the most disastrous consequences. Suddenly a light broke in upon me. With a rush, like a flood of silvery sunshine, or the music of angel voices, came the recollection that, as a matter of fact, I never *had* been in the Thames Tunnel—never in my life—I said so.

"Then," replied Mr. GREGORY THUNDER, perfectly self-possessed, and as if the remark he was about to make was the most natural thing in the world, "it must have been some other man!" And he sat down.

After a feeble protest on the part of the Judge, and the Counsel for the Company, "about the time of the Court being wasted," the incident being accepted as part and parcel of a "case conducted in person," came to an end.

I was free! I hastened home! The reaction from doubt to certainty was painful to the last degree. For weeks this examination had been causing me unspeakable discomfort. A highly nervous man, the fact that I was going into the witness-box to be questioned about I knew not what, had filled me with vague and ungrounded, but, nevertheless, torturing apprehensions. The door was opened for me by my eldest son, a boy rising nine.

"Papa, dear," said my first-born, holding up his face to be kissed, "will you give me that shilling?"

"What shilling, my little man?"

"The shilling you got from that gentleman. You know, Papa, darling—the shilling with the subpoena, that Mamma said cost you nothing."

Cost me nothing!!!

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 29.



THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

IN SEARCH OF A JOB.

A Voice from the Ranks of the Really Unemployed.

"Any chance of a job?" That's the fiftieth time I have put the same question already this week. The fiftieth time I have had the same answer, a sharp-spoken "No, Mate!" I might as well seek A fortune as fourpence an hour in these times; and the Missus and kids they are just about done. Some Swell asks the question if life is worth living. He'd answer it sharp after months o' this fun.

Worth living? You've heard of some hard-driven chaps as have finished the game off with pistol or knife; Then they call it insanity, don't they? No doubt; but you give beak or bobby a taste of this life, Say for just a short twelvemonth, and they'd understand how it raises the fiend in a broken-down bloke. When the sticks are all sold, and the young 'uns go white, and of work, that would save 'em, you can't get a stroke.

I've walked off my boot-soles a-tramping the town in the frost and the slush, and with nothing inside. Been down to the Docks; I can handle my tools, but six months of starvation soon lowers one's pride.

I've tried every shop from Blackfriars to Blackwall, and as far t'other way—ah, for seven mile round! And if there's a job in the whole blessed place, then my luck is dead out, for it ain't to be found.

The gate-keepers know me, my old figgerhead asks the question itself, and the answer comes pat.

"Any chance of a job?" If I wanted to rob, or to beg, the snub couldn't come sharper, that's flat. Can you guess how I feel as I turn on my heel with the dull hang-dog look that comes over a chap After passing his day-hours from week-end to week-end in tramping, and trying, and touching his cap?

I feel like a dog nosing after a bone, and that feeling ain't likely to stiffen one's back.

Sometimes an old chum stands a glass, just for luck, or invites me to join in his one o'clock snack;

But mostly it's nix minus nothing all day, and at night with the wife and the nippers, you see, If there's bite and sup, 'taint much strength a man gets out of bread and potatoes, and cat-lappy tea.

If it weren't for a pipe now and then from the pouch of this party or that, I could hardly hold on, And the Missus can't whiff, nor the young 'uns, worse luck! and our best bits o' things, one by one, are all gone.

There's nothing to raise half a dollar on left that I see. The wife's wedding-ring, POLLY's first prize, My pet concertina, and most of our togs,—ah! the look of the place brings the tears to one's eyes.

"Come up to the Park," says JACK RUGGLES—he spouts—"and just hear me lay on to the rich 'uns." Not me!

Chucking things ain't my mark, whether words or half bricks. Master JACK never works, and he's brisk as a bee.

Black coat like a parson, broad beam like a boss, and he'll tip me his gab till I'm fired—and that's all.
 Never knew him stand Sam to a pal out of work, and though first at the tub, he is last at the brawl.
 Can't follow his logic, nor him, nor don't want. 'Tain't my wish for to rob nor to beg, but just work.
 But to watch the kids starve, with my muscles still strong, when there's nothing that muscles can do I would shirk,
That's hard on a chap, and the choice between that and the poor-house or charity doles is a choice
 Which, put to a square-minded man, makes him feel that there's something wrong somewhere, could sense give it voice.
 The Shops are all full—or else empty; the docks have about fifty hands stretching after each job.
 Turn which way I will I see no one as wants me, not even the off-chance of earning a bob.
 Go back to the Missus once more empty-handed? How can I? It makes a man feel like a scamp.
 And yet what's the good? It is four-forty now, and I feel I shall drop if I keep on the tramp.
 It was just such a fix drove poor FEATHERBY mad; decent fellow he was, but no nerve at a pinch.
 He had been out o' work for ten months at a stretch; his pet daughter was dying of cold, inch by inch,
 His wife,—well she roughed on him—women have tongues—and I fancy a something went wrong in his head.
 "Death's better than this!" shrieks the poor harried fool. And the light o' next morning saw four of 'em dead.
 Yes, that's how it works, on the weak ones at least, when it's kept up a little too long for their brains,
 Or their hearts, or whatever it is that goes first, which I don't think as science exactly explains.
 I know POLLY's eyes sometimes make me see red when they look at me out of her pale peaky face,
 And a wild sort of passion boils up in my blood, and I have to rush out from the sight o' the place.
 Tramp! tramp! tramp! I am footsore and faint, and the night's coming down, and I'm bound to turn home,
 But I shrink from the looks that will meet mine with hope, and then fall when they see there ain't nothing to come.
 An old old story that thousands could tell. Do you happen to know that dry sort of a sob
 That shakes a man's chest as he turns, empty-handed, from one more long journey in search of a job?

ROMANCE IN SEPTEMBER.

(A Sketch taken in London after the establishment of the Extra Session.)

"THE autumn tints on the leaves are charming," said the Lady BLANCHE DE PADDINGTON, as she sat on a chair in the Row, watching the horses of the riders, and the carriages of her friends, as they passed and repassed in scores and hundreds.

"Quite so," returned Lord SNOBBERLEY. "I consider London perfection in September—quite perfection. Much better fun here than knocking about in a yacht."

"Or shooting partridges in your place in the country?" queried the fair girl, with a smile.

"Well, I certainly miss them a little. But it will be all right next month," returned the Viscount, more cheerfully, "we have had some of the Gamekeepers up, and are preserving Eaton Square. I hope to give your father, the Earl, some capital pheasant-shooting there in a fortnight."

"Thanks on his behalf," said BLANCHE, with a little bow charming in its coquettish mockery. "No doubt, however, he will be able to return the compliment by affording some really good fox-hunting, at Christmas, in the Kensington Gardens."

"So I am told. By the way, your brother ALGERNON says that he and two other fellows have managed to stock the Serpentine with salmon. Is it really so?" The Lady BLANCHE nodded, and rising from her chair, strolled away with her companion.

They had seen a great deal of one another in years gone by in country houses, but it was only now that they actually met in a perfectly friendly fashion. The restraint of the provinces was thrown off in favour of that freedom so eminently characteristic of the Metropolis of the world.

"Where are you going this evening?" asked the Viscount (he was an Irish Peer with a seat in the House of Commons), as again they paused to rest themselves. "I saw you at CARL ROSA's Opera, last night, but could not get near you."

"Mamma is taking me to the Albert Hall to hear GOUNOD's last Oratorio. The QUEEN, the Prince, and the Princess will be there; and then we go on to the Ball at the German Embassy."

"Quite a novelty to see Buckingham Palace tenanted," commented Lord SNOBBERLEY, "especially in September."

And so they chatted on, until they came to a more secluded part of the Park. It was then that he opened his heart to her, telling her his prospects, and explaining his plans.

"It is coming at last!" she murmured as she turned her blushing face away from him. Suddenly Two struck from a neighbouring belfry. She listened eagerly for his impassioned accents. But they had ceased. She turned round—he had gone!

Biting her proud under-lip, she picked up a piece of paper which he had dropped at her feet, and which was inscribed with her name. She opened it. It ran as follows:—

"I am obliged to be off. If I am not in the House before the quarter past, I shall be suspended."

"So so," murmured the fair girl, with an expression of resentment seated upon her beautiful features, "and thus you prefer the House to me! When we are married, my Lord, you shall retire from Parliament." Then she sighed deeply, and repeated, with painful emphasis, "When?"

Already the House was struggling with the Home!

AN ASYLUM FOR THE SANE.



'M the Emperor of China, though, for reasons of my own, I desire that the fact should not be generally known.

It might injure my position—for perhaps I should explain That I keep an Institution for the Treatment of the Sane. If my estimable patients should discover who I am, And find out that all my claims to be demented are a sham, They might deem me an impostor, and adopt the silly fad Of believing me incompetent to drive them raving mad.

Those who dwell in my asylum have been men of shining parts, At some former time connected with the sciences or arts, Versed in statesmanship, diplomacy, theology or law, One and all possessed of intellects that once were void of flaw. Men who managed to endure the dull constraint of social gyves Till they found out that 'twas futile to lead reasonable lives; That the source of human sorrow is a nicely balanced brain, And that only those are happy who are more or less insane.

I've an aged Mathematical Professor, by the way, Whose intelligence I'm slowly undermining, day by day; When he came to me, in algebra he'd ceased to take delight, And was bored to death—or nearly so—by always being right. Not the differential calculus itself could make him smile, Nor could fine old crusted cubic roots his saddened soul beguile.— Now he merrily avers that he's the happiest man alive, For he entertains no doubt at all that two and two make five.

If there's one thing I am proud of, 'tis a brilliant cure I wrought
On a Doctor who persistently against my system fought.
He agreed to undergo it, "as it certainly was new,
Just to test it from a purely scientific point of view."
I contrived to make him gibber ere a fortnight had elapsed;
In another week his memory had utterly collapsed.
Now he gaily mops and mows from rosy morn to dewy eve,
Quite the gladdest—and the maddest—of my patients, I believe.

I've a Minister, who does not in the least know what he means,
A delightful maniac Bishop and a brace of driv'ling Deans.
I've a celebrated Journalist, whose brain I know is cracked,
For he *will* insist that style should be subordinate to fact.
There's my eminent Musician, too, whose sense of time and tune
I have shaken to its base, and hope to shatter very soon;
As it is, I note with rapture that he regularly fails
To distinguish "Tullochgorum" from "God Bless the Prince of Wales!"

When I think of these successes, and of all the good I've done,
I feel certain that my mission is indeed a blessed one;
Yet I yearn in opium ecstasies my consciousness to whelm,
And to toy with Golden Lilies in my own Celestial Realm,
Where, by signing a death-warrant with my gay vermilion scrawl,
I could cure the sanest person of his troubles once for all.
But no matter! Here, in exile, I propose to end my days;
For the English climate suits me, and—my Institution pays!

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY WAITER.

It seems to me as these times of egsitement is werry bad for all on us, particler pollytickie egsitement. It's not only bad for the Gents as dines, but also for us waiters as waits on 'em. They don't seem



to know a bit wot they heats nor a drop wot they drinks, and why? becos they're a torking and a squabbling and a worritting each other all dinner time, and the sharp way in which they refuses the most dellycate and happytising ongrays is amost enuff to break a Waiter's art. I dunno, of course, how it's cum about, but it seems to me as gents hasn't got the grand and nobel happytights as they wunce had. I sumtimes hoffers one on 'em a dish as is more like a pictur or a work of Hart than sum-

think to heat, and he looks at it, and shakes his hed at it, and says, "I wish I might." Brown says, and I think he's rite, that a man with a diegestion must find it as grate a nuisance as a man with a consence, his idear of a moddle man is a gent who as he herd one say, no more thinks of asking his stummuck wot he shall put into it than he does his Portmanto. A pretty sort of life an Hed Waiter would lead if he was trubbled with either of these nuisances!

If I mite venture to hoffer just one word of warnin to my nobel Paytrons, the London diners-out, it woud bejust this one. Go back to your good old fashun of, when you're a dining out, taking it heasy, and carm, and quiet, and don't waste your presshus time in torking and larfing, or you'll cum to the same orful condition as our Amerrycane Cozens, who, I am credibly informed, gobbles up their dinners in about 10 minnets, and, as a natural consequents, weighs about 10 Stun all round. Fancy a grand old Copperashun composed of sitch men! In course I means my sollem warning to apply only to the reel dinner time; wen that's all over and there's nothink more to heat than a lot of frute and sitch rubbish, then's the time for tork and larfter, and that reminds me of a werry jolly heavingen as I spent the other nite.

As a trew Conserwatif I'm natrally opposed to all change. But we had wun the other heavingen as I'm quite prepared to sankshun, aye, and heven patronize. I was ofishyatin at one of our tip top West End Otels, and we had one of them jolly Cheermen as not only don't make no long tiresum speeches hisself, but don't allow not noboddy

else for to do it. So to fill up the wacant time wot does he do but invites the werry merryst, and jollyest, and pianny-forty-play-ingest gennelman as I hever seed or herd, and in course I've seed a goodish lot. His name was Mister GROWSMITH and he cum to us for jest a hower or too afore he went to the Sawoy Theater, where Brown tried werry hard to perswade me as he was a going to haet a kind of Japan'd Jack Ketch, but I wasn't quite sitch a fool as to beleeeve that rubbish. Well if he didn't sit down to the Pianny and sing us such a jolly lot of songs as made us all, waiters and all, rore again. One speshally, about going to see in a Yot, cum home speshally to me, as I'm about as bad a Sailor as an Horse-Marine. He cum late and went hurley, to our grate regret, but play hacting obleeges, as the French says, and hordiences, speshally Gallerys, won't wait for no man. I noticed as amost the only thing as he het was Salary, so I spose that's the fav'rite dish with Haeters as with Copperashun Hofficers.

And now cums another of the wunderfool ewents of my umbel life. As he was a leaving, he achshally shook ands with me werry artily, and he says, says he, "I'm werry glad to have seen you, Mr. ROBERT, as I've often wished to do, for I bleeves as we both elps to emuse the Public in our wariuous ways!" and before I could ask him him wot on airth he ment, he was gorn. So I need arldy say as that dinner lives in my memmery, not only for its own speshal helegance, and its sensible Chairman, but for the grand change he hintrodeuced of giving us plenty of cappital and most emusing songs insted of long and dreary speeches, and for the honner conford upon me, a pore umbel Waiter, by one who I am credibly informed is the delite of all cercles and the idle of his hone.

Brown told me as how as he was told by a frend of one of the Irish Members as how as they was so arnd up at one time for Irish Parnellite candied-dates, that they thort of getting a few Forren ones, and as I was harf a Welchman, and pretty well anyone was good enuff for 'em, it was quite on the pack of cards as they woud have accepted me! Reelly Brown has sitch a flattering way of paying a grate complement that one carnt help likin him. He said as how the terrens, as they calls 'em, wasn't at all bad, wiz., five pound a weak and ewerythink found, but the hours was sumtimes xerusheating late, but to make up for it, we had, like the other skool boys, a harf hollyday on Wensdays and a hole 'un on Satterdays. ROBERT.

"AN OLD PARLIAMENTARY HAND."

"I thank thee, WEG, for teaching us that word."

SHAKSPEARE (*Tory version*).

Was loud *Gratiano* more noisily grateful

To *Shylock* the Jew for the word he had lent,
Than are Tories to him, the eternally hateful,

Who aids their slack wits with such simple content?

"What, *what* shall we term him—the traitor black-hearted,
The trickster, the trimmer, the scourge of our land?

By Jove! he himself the straight tip hath imparted!

Let's call him the Old Parliamentary Hand!

"So sweetly equivocal, charmingly sinister!

Means—well, it means whatsoever we like.

A proud, hightly-toity, magnanimous Minister,

What could more snakishly, lethally strike?

Suggests *Artful Dodger*, and *Jeremy Diddler*.

With dexterous handling, which we understand,

Shows what a shy fiddler and casuist riddler

Are found in the Old Parliamentary Hand.

"It would not have done any damage to Dizzy,

Who commonly spoke with his tongue in his cheek.

But he, the proud Bayard? Ah, let us be busy,

And hurl the small shaft at him ten times a week.

Jove, dropping his bolt, twangs this dart, *à la Cupid*,

And lesser toxophilites all round the land

Follow suit. If the stale iteration grow stupid,

All's fair—'gainst the Old Parliamentary Hand!

"No doubt it is open to other constructions.

In days when State-driving's so ticklish a task,

With kickers, and jibbers, and general ructions,

It seems very much what true wisdom would ask.

A green hand, like Phaethon, hardly suffices;

Automedon's services could one command,

One would not take Jehu for corners and crises,

But trust to an Old Parliamentary Hand.

"But that's common sense, and not partisan smartness.

The phrase from the lips of the enemy sped,

And seems, with some twist, due to word-trick and tartness,

To fly, like a boomerang, back at his head.

We may not be able to "draw him"—he's clever!—

But *Jeremy Diddler*'s a rôle hardly Grand;

And so let us howl on for ever and ever,

'Yah! booh! You're an Old Parliamentary Hand!'"

VERY MUCH HARRY'D.

(A Visit to the Princess's, and a Suggestion as to how the Play came to be Written.)

"HENRY AUTHOR JONES," said WILSON BARRETT, one morning, "What shall I play next?"

"Let me see," replied HENRY AUTHOR—"you've done the classic—"

"Oh, d—ash the classic!" exclaimed WILSON. "No more *Clau-dian* and *Brutus* for me. And no SHAKSPEARE just now."

"Of course not," rejoined HENRY AUTHOR, much relieved, as, if SHAKSPEARE was to be called in, why was he summoned? Then, after some consideration—"They're doing a nautical subject at the Adelphi."

"Yes," observed BARRETT, thoughtfully. "I almost wish—but no"—(JONES trembled. Was W. B. meditating calling in PETTIT, or SIMS, or both?) "I think," resumed W. B., "I might have done the gay, dashing young Sailor—eh?"

"It would have suited you down to the ground!" cried DAVY JONES, enthusiastically.

"Down to the sea, you mean," playfully returned W. BARRETT; whereat, it being a Manager's joke, JONES went into convulsions of laughter. When sufficiently recovered, he ventured to suggest "a good domestic subject."

"What! with WILLARD as a Masher Villain again?" exclaimed W. BARRETT. "Won't do. It's played out."

"How about the Cromwellian period?" said JONES, more as if communing with himself than addressing the Manager. "I began a sketch of a play some time ago, with CROMWELL in it."

"Yes—yes," says W. B., musingly. "Not bad. OLIVER's not unpopular. HENRY IRVING made a hit as *Charles the First*."

"You'd make up splendidly for *Cromwell*!" insinuates JONES.

W. BARRETT turns on him a scrutinising glance. Up to now he had had no reason to suspect HENRY AUTHOR JONES of anything in the way of a joke or subtle humour. For a moment JONES feels uncomfortable and wishes he could retract.

"Make up for *Cromwell*, could I?" repeats WILSON, with his eye still on the trembling JONES. "Hum! What was he like?"

"He was about your height," replies JONES, nervously, "and about your build—and—"

"With a bottle-nose and a wart on it; hey?" asks W. B., sternly.

"Oh dear no," JONES hastens to explain; "that was a later *Cromwell*. The *Cromwell* I mean for you is when he was younger, and handsome, and manly-looking."

"Ah," returns W. B., mollified, "but that isn't the *Cromwell* the public expect. No—it won't do." Then suddenly, "Still—you're right—the period hasn't been done for a long time. Couldn't I play a sort of Prince RUPERT, eh?—escaping—rescuing—"

JONES saw it in a second. "My dear BARRETT, you'd make a first-rate Prince RUPERT. Just the height, and the build, and—"

So they set to work, and HENRY AUTHOR, oddly enough, found some notes by him for a Cavalier play of this sort, and as it wasn't quite what W. B. required, the latter very kindly offered to put it into dramatic form, and to work it up with a few strong situations that had occurred to him some time ago. So this is how *The Lord Harry* came to be written, and to be played; at least the above is not an improbable account of how it might have happened.

Lord Harry is a thoroughly interesting play for three out of five



On the Tiles.

Acts, and then, to my thinking, the business of the one great sensational scene is too pantomimic ever to be taken seriously.

Mr. WILLARD is excellent as the Puritan Captain, with a touch now and then of the old familiar wicked-Masher-swagger as he makes an exit, is always taking pot-shots at *Lord Harry* Wilson Barrett, and invariably missing him, finally bringing down, not

the house—though, indeed, he did once try to do this by blazing away at a house-top—but Miss EASTLAKE; though, somehow or other, he didn't wound more than her feelings, as she soon recovers, and is all right for the finish.

Miss EASTLAKE, who was suffering from severe injury to her instep when I saw her, has never appeared to greater advantage than as *Esther Breane* in this piece. She acts with great earnestness, and whatever success the piece may achieve will be mainly due to her and Mr. WILLARD, for, except to be dashing, to escape, to rescue, to make irritatingly long speeches just at critical moments, when "deeds, not words," are peremptorily demanded, and to be called a "rash, silly boy" (boyhood evidently lasted over a considerable period in the time of CROMWELL), Mr. WILSON BARRETT has no lights and shades of character to delineate. Perhaps as a "rash, silly boy," he may yet be a formidable rival to Mr. HENRY NEVILLE; but, as it is not the cowl that makes the Monk, nor the chimney-pot the situation, so it is not the open, expansive turn-down collar which can make either *Lord Harry* or *Lord Hamlet* into the "rash, silly boy," whose reckless gallantry is to win the men and charm the women.

The dull part of the play is that occupied by the Shakspearian Clowns, *Tribulation* and *Gilead Tynack*, who are more wearisome than the two *Gobbos*. Poor Mr. GEORGE BARRETT occasionally has a bit of modern slang, such as "I'm not quite so sure about that," introduced just to enliven his part; but it doesn't do much.

Mr. CHARLES COOTE is a complete transformation as *Shekeniah Pank*: a very clever performance. Miss LOTTIE VENNE is lost among the Shakspearian Clowns, but has one or two good little bits with Miss EASTLAKE.

The interiors in Zoyland Castle are most effectively painted, (with the one exception of a front-scene staircase,) by Mr. HALL: Hall-marked and Hall right; but oddly enough the Hall in Zoyland Castle is painted by Mr. HANN, whose scenes are excellent.

There is one thing which, I would respectfully suggest to the talented Authors, should be omitted, and that is the prayer on the house-top. All of us are aware that the roof is only an ingenious bit of carpentry, that the floods are merely canvass and gauze, cleverly painted by Mr. HANN, and as the audience is certain that Miss EASTLAKE is in no real danger, as, in fact, everybody knows that the whole lot of them are "merely pertendin'," it does grate upon a good many of them—and the majority of theatre-goers are not stupidly squeamish on such matters—to hear Miss EASTLAKE, when spread out upon the roof, and looking up to the sky-borders, commence a prayer with a fervid appeal to "Him who walked upon the waters," and so forth (I cannot recall the exact words) to help her in her sore distress.

The prayer fills up an interval while the *Lord Harry* W. Barrett is fetching the wounded *Colonel Clynds* from the garret. As the action is arranged, if it were not for this speech, there would be an awkward pause when Miss EASTLAKE is lying out to dry on the tiles. Probably she drew the Authors' attention to this at rehearsal, and said, "I can't stop here doing nothing while he's carrying up Mr. CLYNDs: so let me see—what could I do?—Sing?—no, I couldn't sing,—but I might pray for help. It's the sort o' thing a strictly brought-up Puritan girl would do in such a difficulty as this, you know,—she'd be sure to pray for help, wouldn't she?" Whereupon the Authors admitted she was right, and HENRY AUTHOR JONES went home, and next day came back with the prayer, whereat everyone was delighted and thought it just the very thing for the situation,—which I don't, and, unless I am much mistaken, the public doesn't either.

The play is well worth seeing, but whether it is equally worth hearing I should hesitate to affirm. Let the interest of the sensation scene be intensified, the action modified, the prayer omitted, and then the piece will, I feel certain, please the general public, who, I think, are not unfairly represented by

PENN NIBBS, THE PURITAN.

Congratulations.

MR. PUNCH, who can take, just as well as give, his whack, Is proud of being singled out for Socialist attack; And also from his memory will never be effaced Being lectured by the P. M. G. on "execrable taste."

Mrs. R. says she intends to be buried in the Acropolis at Woking.



"Rash, Silly Boy!"



THE LAST NEW FAD. A REACTION FROM ÆSTHETICS.

The Professor. "NOW, LADIES. STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER, PLEASE!—AND DON'T TRY TO SCRATCH—'TAIN'T NO GOOD WITH THE GLOVES ON!"

M. le Professeur. "ALLONS, MADEMOISELLE,—VIF LÀ! ROMPEZ—PARADE ET RIPOSTE EN QUARTE. BON! ENCORE UNE FOIS LA FEINTE DE SECONDE. HARDI! UNE, DEUSSE, TROISSE! FENDEZ-VOUS BIEN,—PARFAIT!"

"PAS DE FASCINATION;"

OR, WHICH IS IT TO BE?

WHICH shall it be? The fair MORLEENA's feet,
Nimble and neat,
Trip most enticingly in one direction.
The choice demands considerate circumspection.

And Madame JOSEPHINE,
Lithe, though a little lean,
Is a danseuse who's not to be derided.
Yet this new pirouettist who has glided,
Like a new planet, into people's ken,
Stirs every tongue and pen.
Her style is new, her steps are novel, very.
Toes

So swift as hers have scarce been seen since
CERITO's.

How they do twinkle! 'Tis a most entrancing
Although a rather *risqué* style of dancing.
Will he, the elderly yet alert Apollo,
Decide to follow

Her fascinating footing "all the way,"

As rival 'bus-touts say?

Maturer Madame JOSEPHINE, who lately
Was thought a daring dasher, more sedately
Moves than of yore, less Nautchily in fact,
With paces less exuberant, more exact.
She does not "take the floor," as once was
seen,

With the brisk confidence of a bright Colleen,
Quite ready for the liveliest Irish jig
That ever scandalised slow-footed Whig.
"The Kerry dancing," wild with Celtic joy,
Pathetically piped of by MOLLOY,

Seem less to lure her now, less stir to
pleasure,

Than native rustic measure
By "aught of oaten stop or pastoral quill,"
As MILTON puts it, set to Jack and Jill
On English greens.

The second of the saltatory queens,
MORLEENA, seems "more Irish, and less nice,"
Less prejudiced, more plastic

In her selection for "the light fantastic."
The rival charmers pose and pirouette,
 wooing his favour who appears not yet
Definitively to have made his choice.

Which, which will win his voice?

WHO'S TO FILL IT?

WITH a view to there being no doubt, in
future, as to the efficient discharge of his
duties by the New Commissioner of Police,
it is understood that the Authorities have
determined,

(1.) That the appointment shall be given
only to a distinguished General Officer, who
has held an important command in not less
than three Campaigns;

(2.) That he will be expected to be well up
in the names of all the back-streets of the
Metropolis, and able to repeat off-hand the
printed list of fares from any given Cab-
stand within a six-mile radius from Charing
Cross;

(3.) That he shall, even when off duty,
wear a full-dress uniform, consisting of a
policeman's tunic, life-guardsmen's breast-

plate, silver laced cocked-hat, surmounted
with plume of ostrich-feathers, and carry
four loaded revolvers in his belt.

(4.) That he shall never, under any cir-
cumstances, appear in public except on
horseback.

(5.) That he shall be capable of assuming
any disguise at ten minutes' notice, and, if
called upon to do it, give colourable imi-
tations of all the popular Actors of the day,
and other well-known leading characters.

And, lastly, that in seasons of apprehended
tumult he shall place himself, *en évidence*, in
the middle of the crowd, at the head of a
full military band, accompanied by a couple
of Magistrates, reading the Riot Act, and keep
the Home Secretary duly apprised of his move-
ments by telegraph every quarter of an hour.

POOR CANTERBURY PILGRIMS "IN A WALE."

—The Canterbury Board of Guardians, (so it
was reported) after a little discussion, have
determined, with a conscientious regard to pa-
rochial economy, on placing the paupers in their
Union on half-rations of tobacco. Can this
statement be correct? If so, the Canter-
bury Board of Guardians must be regular
"screws"—of tobacco. A knotty hard Board
this at Canterbury, and one that ought to be
sat upon.

À PROPOS of the Lodger-Franchise Bill,
Mrs. R. calls Sir JULIAN GOLDSMID a marvel-
lous Professor of Lodger-domain.



“PAS DE FASCINATION.”

MADAME JOSEPHINE,

AS NOW BEING DANCED BY

SIGNOR GLADSTONIO,

AND

SIGNORINA MORIENA.



THE DANCING MAN.

She. "AWFULLY NICE DANCE AT MRS. MASHAM'S LAST NIGHT!"

He. "YAAS. WERE YOU THERE?"

She. "WAS I THERE? WHY—I DANCED WITH YOU THREE TIMES!"

He. "REALLY! SO GLAD!!"

SUGGESTIONS FOR NEW RULES.

SIR,—I am not one of the Elected, but an Elector. (By-the-way, I am not up in history, but what a wonderful place Hanover must have been with only one Elector!!) I think that the work of a Member of Parliament ought to override all other considerations whatsoever.

If a barrister or business man can give his time to getting himself elected, which involves temporary neglect of duties, let him devote his whole day when he becomes a Member to the service of his country. Nothing less is expected of him, and with nothing less should his constituents be satisfied.

It is because the House of Commons came gradually to be looked upon as "the pleasantest Club in the world," that the business of the country has suffered.

"Business first, pleasure afterwards," seems to have been the motto of most M.P.'s, who went to their day's work from ten or eleven till four, and then strolled down to the House as they would to their Club.

No consideration should be made for the "private business" of Members. If a Stockbroker is elected M.P., let him get a partner who will do the Stockbroking business; and so for a Druggist, or a Brewer, or a Small-Coal-and-Tatur-man, or whatever may be the nature of the business or profession of any Member. Were this insisted on, then we should have the work of the House done within reasonable hours, as thus:—Committees, 10'30 to 12'30; two hours allowed for recreation and refreshment, 2'30 to 7 for work, 7 to 9'30 for further recreation and refreshment, and then from 9'30 to 11'30 for Question and Answer time and Notices, or anything that was merely mechanical. At 11'30, "Who goes home?" and everyone in bed by 12'30. To ascertain every night that this last regulation had been duly complied with, special officers should be told off to various districts, who should inquire at the houses of the Members residing or lodging there, and receive positive assurance of the M.P.'s having retired to rest for the night at the proper time. Saturday and Sunday must be "off-nights." Every Member at the commencement of every Session, should swear or affirm solemnly, that he will faithfully and strictly observe all the Rules which are to guide his conduct both in and out of the House.

The above are my own original notions. I enclose my card; and assuring you that I haven't another up my sleeve, I am

Yours truly,

ONE IN A THOUSAND.

PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

(By Our Special Book-Marker.)

"A LIFE'S MISTAKE."

THE plot it is distinctly strong,
The story not a page too long,
Style good, likewise the grammar: on
The whole I think it light and bright.
The tale is wholesome, fresh,—pray write,
Another, Mrs. CAMERON!

"OUR TOWN."

PENNY readings and pic-nics, provincial society,
With cricket, lawn-tennis, and country society,
You will find here described in their endless variety!

"AN ITALIAN GARDEN."

A BOOK of flower-fragrant verse,
Dreamy, delightful, tender, serene.
Most admirably done!
There's light and colour in each scene,
There's music of the mandoline,
And bright Italian sun!

"KATE PERCIVAL."

If you're anxious for a story which is very good indeed,
Mrs. COMYNS CARR'S *Kate Percival*'s the one you ought
to read!

"JOBSON'S ENEMIES."

THREE vols. in one—a fresh edition,
Thrice welcome in its new condition!
A graphic novel, bound to please, and, long before it ends,
You'll number *Jobson's Enemies* among the reader's
friends!

THE first edition of Mr. HATTON'S *Lyceum Faust*, with pictures, was exhausted in a day's sale. We exhausted ours in a fifteen minutes' drive. This must not be confused with the *Faust* and *Loose*, the *Edition de Luxe*,—or "*Edition de S. Luke's*," as Sir THOMAS DE BEDLAM hath it,—which is inexhaustible. Advice to Paterfamilias.—All young people are fond of carpentering, and nothing pleases them so much as a Box o' TOOLE'S.

UNREHEARSED EFFECTS.

BUT, "ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."



The *Lyceum Mephistopheles* (with his head bound up). "O my poor head!" (But goes on acting.)



Alexander Faust. "O my poor legs and arms!" (Re-enters as Young Faust.)



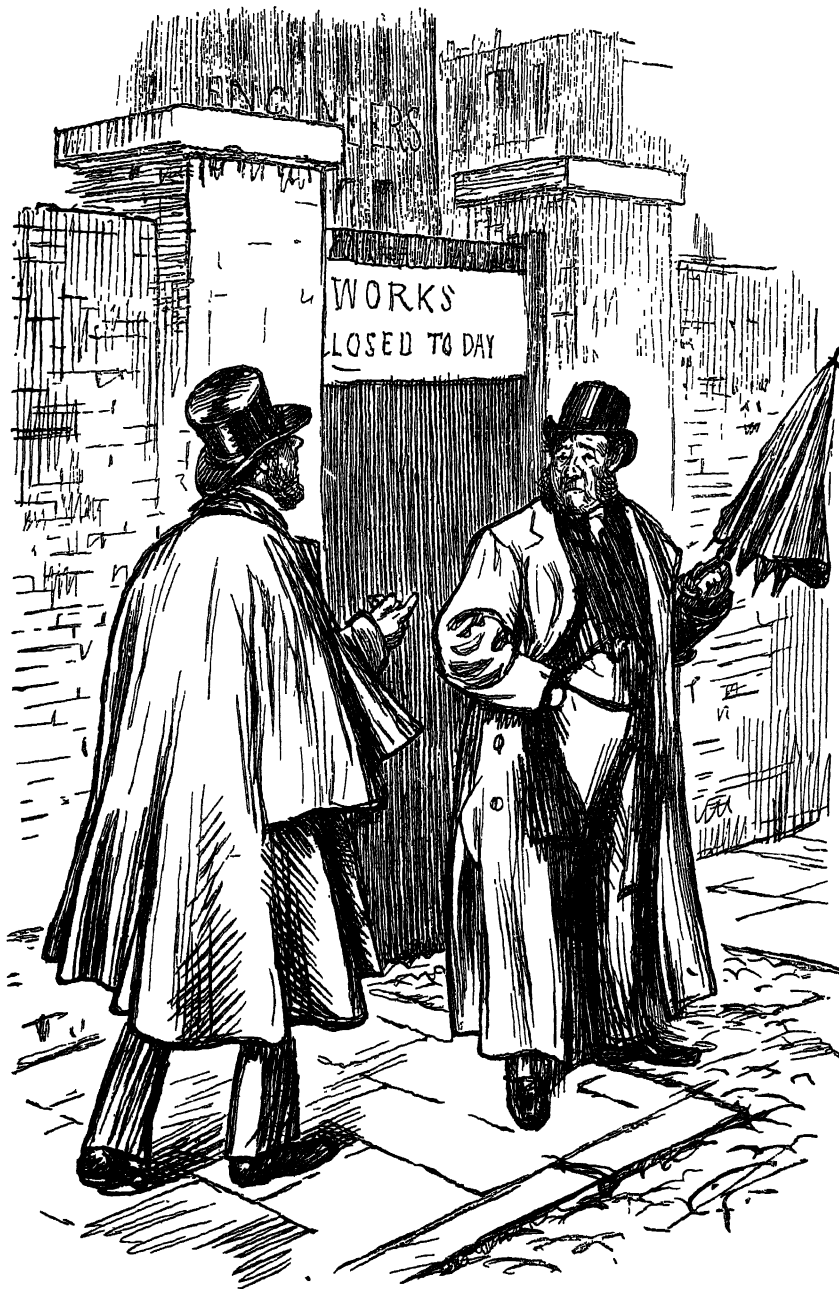
FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY!

Mephistopheles (log). "Excuse my poor throat! Glad I've got plenty of steam in the house!" (Re-appears as fresh as ever.)



A CALL.

Miss E. Terry (to Miss Eastlake). "Thanks, my throat is much better! But how's your poor foot?" (Nearly well, we're glad to say.)



A LITTLE HOLIDAY!

Fellow-Townsmen (to Manufacturer). "HULLO, JACKSCREW! YOUR WORKS CLOSED? HOW'S THAT? I UNDERSTOOD YOU WERE BUSY."

JackscREW (Brass-founder). "SO WE ARE; BUT OUR 'ANDS TOOK 'EMSELVES OFF TO-DAY, TO JOIN THE PR'CESSION O' THE UNEMPLOYED!"

A WORD FOR EVERYBODY.

SIR,—As for Trafalgar Square being tabooed for out-of-door monster meetings—why certainly. And the sooner all processions, no matter what their object may be, are stopped, the better for everybody. If the Lord Mayor's Show has to go with the rest, by all means let it go, and let the only exceptions be State Pageants.

The Liberty conceded has been converted into a tyranny, and the First Day of the week, set apart for rest and quiet, is made hideous by shouting Salvationists with discordant bands and tambourine-players. If these so-called religious processions be permitted, why should not the votaries of any other form of worship have their processions as well? The spirit of toleration has produced intolerance: liberty has come to be interpreted as the triumph of noise and numbers; and the figure of Liberty herself will soon be seen tied and bound as she was in the terrible days of the Commune in Paris. It is Liberty thus misunderstood that disgusts true

Liberals, who see the principles of Freedom of thought, of speech, of teaching, trampled under foot by modern VOLTAIRES, DANTONS, MARATS, and ROBESPIERRES, who would allow no one to think, speak, or teach, except in accordance with their intolerant ideas. If open-air meetings are wanted, let them be held in certain specified open spaces outside the four-mile radius,—say on Salisbury Plain. Parliament should issue a "*stet processus*," which I suppose means "let's stop the processions," and then loyal and undemonstrative subjects may have some chance of enjoying their once quiet Sundays again. Yours

LIBERATOR ET JUSTUS.

P.S.—There could be a travelling fund for railway expenses, to be supported by voluntary contributions from the Public Open-air Meetingists, and from all respectable citizens, who would only be too glad to give them an outing for twenty-four hours. Then let their chorus be, "We'll never come back no more, boys!"

UNSEASONABLE GEESE.

Who heard the hissing?

"I," said the *Post*,

"'Twas at the first toast
That I heard the hissing."

Who didn't hear?

"I," said CHARLES RUSSELL,

"And I take this fuss ill,
For I didn't hear!"

Who were the hissers?

Men of small brains,

Sixth-rate TOM PAINE—

Tom Fools such hissers.

COMING OUT AND "GOING IT."—Last Thursday HENGLEY's Circus attended at Windsor, and performed before the QUEEN in the Riding School. We are glad to hear the QUEEN is again taking to horse exercise. May the day be near at hand when Her MAJESTY will visit ASTLEY's in State—(why was it ever changed to "SANGER's"? We are Conservative in some things)—and witness the *Battle of Waterloo*, and other equestrian spectacles. Then on Friday Her MAJESTY came up to Town to hear GOUNOD's *Mors et Vita* at the Albert Hall. The next will be a Jubilee visit in state—but we are not at liberty to mention the name of the Theatre where Her Gracious MAJESTY will make her first appearance, or rather her *rentrée*. It will be duly advertised. But if we hint that it is not a hundred miles from Charing Cross, it would be no breach of confidence reposed in us.

LINES ON LAST MONTH.

FEBRUARY drear and cold,

Such as just has flown away,

Patriarchs and grandsires old

Ne'er have known for many a day.

Clouds continual have the sun

Suffered not his face to show;

Fog o'erhead of yellow dun,

Mist obscuring air below.

Early darkness raised a doubt

In the minds of mortal men

If the days, which had got out,

Were not getting in again.

What the vapour could have bred

All around could no man dream.

IRVING's *Faust*, some triflers said,

Owing to escape of steam.



SENSE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Feb. 22.—“Our object is to save time,” said GLADSTONE, impressively; in pursuance of which object he proceeded at nearly half an hour’s length to move the appointment of a Committee that was not opposed.

“We certainly want Reform of Procedure,” said TIM HEALY, “but, like Charity, it should begin at home,—that is to say, on the Treasury Bench. Look at CHILDERS last week, taking half an hour to tell the House he had appointed a Committee of Inquiry into the Riots, and here’s GLADSTONE now appropriating only a little less to move the appointment of Committee to take into consideration Resolutions of Opposition. If he’d been going to refuse consideration of Conservative scheme, might have found it necessary to make speech. But when agreeing to consider them, why this wasted twenty minutes? And then they talk of us obstructing business!”

Good deal in what TIM says, as, indeed, there generally is.

GLADSTONE in one of his friendly moods; affected almost to tears when HICKS-BEACH cheered one of his arguments; wanted to reach across the table and clasp H.-B. round the neck. H.-B. didn’t seem to care for that, but reciprocated spirit in which Right Hon. Gentleman spoke.

Peace and Harmony of the episode disturbed by one of those New Members. Captain FIED informed House that one of the first things he did after taking the Oath was to endeavour to obtain Copy of the Rules. Told there were none available. Further informed he might go to book-seller, and buy a copy. “But,” said the gallant Captain, drawing himself to his full height, “I declined to do so;” at which ringing cheers went up from the New Members. A pretty pass

indeed we’ve come to if we are to go and spend sevenpence or eightpence of our own money upon Copy of the Rules and Orders of the House! Wanting us to bring our own soap to the lavatory next. Fact is, Treasury does too little for Members. In some countries they have a pass over all the Railways. At least not too much to ask that Members shall have free pass over Metropolitan District Railway during the Session. Professor HUNTER, when he’s finished Burmah, will look to this.

RANDOLPH away to-night. Attracted to Belfast, where there is promise of Orange row. Sir THOMAS WEBSTER, with shocked face, asked House how it can consider question of Burmah in absence of RANDOLPH? Proposes Adjournment. House laughs. WEBSTER, abashed, takes back seat, and debate proceeds.

Business done.—Committee on Procedure agreed to. Indian Contribution to cost of Burmah War approved. Supply.

Tuesday.—“Chance of a Count Out to-night?” I asked ARNOLD MORLEY.

“Count Out!” he growled; “did you ever hear of a company of first-nighters at a successful play counting-out the House? Don’t believe there’ll be a Count Out this Session. New Members not quite sure that there will be a second Session for them; determined to make the most of their opportunities. They come early, and make up for it by going away late. They fill the Smoking-room, swarm in the Reading-room, and swamp the Dining-room. Believe some of them sleep all night in Library. As one said the other night, ‘Jee swiz and jee rest.’ No, there’ll be no Count Out to-night.”

Nor was there. Tried once, but New Members came swarming in by fifties, and no further attempt was made. Their delight in the place unbounded. Nobody a bore to them. To-night, MCKENNA, for the first time, delivered uninterruptedly that Speech about the inequality of Imperial Taxation in Ireland. Many years since he first began to recite it. Beard



Enthusiastic Reception of Randolph by the Irish Members.

and moustache grown blue-black than ever in effort. Old House used to roar at him. Sir PAT O'BRIEN in particular personally resented the speech. To-night Sir JOSEPH went on like a flowing river, enjoying himself, and the cause of enjoyment in others.

"I think," he said, as he gathered up his papers, "that will settle the question as to who is to be Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Home Rule Parliament."

ESMONDE rose to second Motion. In doing so he said, "I wish to make a few remarks on the character of the National Debt of Ireland." A year ago this proposition would have been received with a howl of despair. New Members licked their lips over prospect, settled themselves down comfortably in their seats, and a smile of pleased content illuminated the House when ESMONDE, with thick roll of notes in hand, began at 1794. Serjeant SIMON looked on with melancholy aspect. He remembered the time when he had proposed to describe the Constitution of Jamaica a hundred and two years ago, and House incontinently yelled him down.

Perhaps most remarkable case that of Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL. Sir GEORGE who, after all, is a humorist, had taken MCKENNA's Resolution bodily, and moved, as an Amendment, to substitute Scotland for Ireland. A year ago the House would have emptied at first sound of his melodious voice. To-night New Members sat delightedly at feet of Sir GEORGE (who said his motive was to "bring out the facts of the case") indignantly cried "Order!" when some old Member seized the opportunity to enter into private conversation, and remained in rapt attention to the end.

"Don't know what you think, TOBY," Sir GEORGE said, after it was over. "But it seems to me that this is the best and most intelligent House of Commons of recent times."

Business done.—Nothing particular.

Wednesday.—Curious scene in House this afternoon. CRILLY brought in measure called Town-House Ireland Bill. Didn't hear his speech myself, but GORST tells me objects of Bill are that every agricultural labourer in Ireland having in the first case been provided with three acres and a cow, is to have allotted to him a town-house, where he may spend a few months every season. GLADSTONE on his legs, neither approving nor disapproving Bill—just making a speech. Suddenly a quick movement went through the House. All eyes turned towards the door, and there was beheld RANDOLPH fresh from inspiring Ulster. As he passed the serried ranks of Parnellites drawn up in support of the Crilly-willy—Every-Man-his-own-Town-House-Bill, a crooning noise, sometimes rising to a howl, went up.

"He's dead to us, let's wake him," said JOSEPH GILLIS, feeling in all his pockets to see if perchance he had a candle-end; and they did, filling the house with mournful wail.

RANDOLPH bore up bravely, supporting himself by holding on to his moustache, as he walked past the mob. But reception cut him to the heart.

"It's not the shouting I mind, TOBY," he said, as I seated myself by his side, for I always liked RANDOLPH; "it's the breaking of old associations. These are mine own familiar friends, as another great man once said. I've heard the chimes of midnight with them, held sweet converse with JOSEPH GILLIS when he used to sit behind me. I've plotted and planned with TIM HEALY behind the Speaker's Chair. I've lived with them, and loved them, and they have trusted me. And now, see by what slight bonds we were held together! But yesterday they cheered me when I rose. To-day they jeer me as I pass." And RANDOLPH fairly broke down. *Business done.*—Every-Man-his-own-Town-House-Bill referred to Select Committee.

Thursday.—"Who ordered Canadian Medals?" asked CREMER. "Not I," said HENRY FOWLER, Secretary to the Treasury. "Not I," said W. H. SMITH, late Colonial Secretary. "Speets they growed," said the Sage of Queen's Anne's Gate, sarcastically. But there they were, and some one had to pay for them. It appears that Medal ordered to be struck to commemorate gallant conduct of Canadian Volunteers in connection with Riel Rebellion. Canadian Government presented it not only to Volunteers who had been in service, but to those who stopped at home, and then invited British tax-payer to meet the charges. INCE proposed compromise—"Let Great Britain and Ireland pay for the item, Ribbon £30, and melt down the silver of the medals." Vote finally agreed to, but nobody owned up to having given the order.

Parnellites still keep pegging away at RANDOLPH. He has shocked them in their finest feelings. What they can't a-bear is a man who goes to Ireland and makes inflammatory speeches. RANDOLPH gave mortal offence in this direction. Went to Belfast, and swore by 'igh 'eaven that the Orangemen's rights were worth fighting for. JOSEPH GILLIS so shocked at this that he remains speechless. SEXTON, overcoming his emotion, gives notice of a Resolution "particularly regretting and condemning language designed to intimidate the House, and to incite bodies of persons in Ireland to the use of arms." That is a thing the Land-Leaguers never will stand, and they mean to take it out of the blameless RANDOLPH. *Business done.*—Supply; Crofters' Bill brought in.

Friday.—Quiet night, though fringe of Irish Question was touched by reference to the case of DAVID MCGAW. DAVID, it appears, has telegraph-pole

growing in his back garden. Postal Authorities want to remove it. DAVID demands compensation. Post Office refuse it. Country-side a-flame with excitement. DAVID MCGAW sits up all night with his telegraph-post, and swears it shall be dragged out of garden only over his dead body. Attention of High Court of Parliament very properly drawn to circumstance which may conceal the germs of revolution.

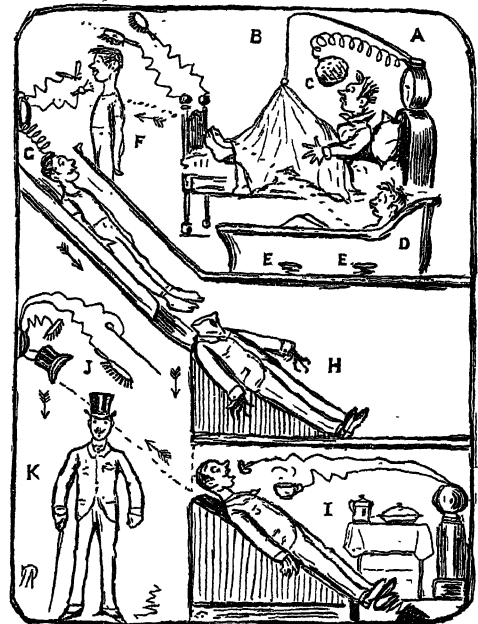
Long debate on Riots. General GOLDSWORTHY gives delightful account of his personal experiences. Heard of crowd in Trafalgar Square. Went down to see what was the matter; listened to speeches; followed the Mob into Piccadilly. Near Achilles Statue warned to go away, Mob thinking him policeman in disguise. "The General dies, but never retreats." Pressed forward, seized by a dozen men, who put their hands in his pockets, then knocked him down. "The men didn't look as if they were starving," the General confided to the SPEAKER. They were, on the contrary, well fed. "But," he added, with an air of conviction, "they wore a very criminal aspect." *Business done.*—Not much.

ELECTRIFYING CAPTAIN SHAW.

MR. CARPENTER, lecturing the other day on "Fire Alarms," is reported, by the *Daily News*, to have said:—

"At the central offices of the Salvage Corps, too, wonderful things were done in the way of alacrity. Here the men slept in their under garments, and upon the bed were their trousers, which were sewn inside their boots. The bedclothes were attached to a wire, and at the first alarm were violently pulled off. At the same time a trap opened in the floor, and the men while putting on their trousers slid down an inclined plane into a vehicle below. Altogether it took them 13 seconds to get out of the building fully equipped. Mr. CARPENTER also described the self-acting fire alarms, which send a warning message directly the apparatus gets heated, and he pointed out that a practical testimony to their value lay in the fact that factories which employed them were insured by the fire offices at from one-half to one-third of the ordinary rates."

On this our own Electrician begs to make the following pictorial suggestions to our Chief Fire-man—



PROPOSED ADAPTATION OF THE "AMERICAN FIRE ALARM" TO ORDINARY LIFE.

A. The Electrical Apparatus set for 8:30 A.M.; B. Bed-Clothes Remover; C. Spring Sponge, which knocks the Subject into the Tub D; D. The Tub; E. E. Strong Springs, which project him to F; F. Electrical Toilet Apparatus; G. Shoot, which propels him into H; H. Suit of Clothes, sewn together, which, when filled, descends automatically to I; I. Electrical Apparatus, which supplies Coffee and Broiled Kidneys, and propels him into J; J. Hat (brushed by electricity), Cane, and Automatic Coat-Brush; K. The Subject at 8:32 A.M.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

REAL TURTLES AND MOCK.

THE Real is at the Lyceum; the Mock is at TOOLE'S. For reasons which will be more or less obvious even to the humorous critic of the *Athenæum*, we cannot venture upon an analysis of the original Play, nor of the original Travesty. It is a skit on the Lyceum piece by Mr. WILLS, and not in any sort of way a burlesque on *Faust* by Mr. GOETHE. Mr. J. L. TOOLE as *Mephistopheles* keeps up the steam, and his conjuring and playing with fire is something that astonishes even himself.



J. L. T. as Mephistopheles. By a Professor of the Black Art.

BRUNTON is funny when electrified after the combat. The Scenery, which involves changes almost too heavy for this little stage, is

remarkably effective, specially the change from the Regentstrasse to what it ought to be, and from A Street to the Crystal Palace by night, which last, when we were there, was received with great applause. Mr. WARDE's pantomime leap is a marvel of agility, and his imitation of HENRY IRVINE is peculiarly happy. The great merit of the singing at this Home of Lyric drama is distinct articulation.

There is an occasional struggle between the voices on the stage and an enthusiastic cornet underneath it, but Mr. FITZGERALD, Conductor of the "National Band" (not a Separatist) does wonders with his invisible orchestra.

The Realities from the Lyceum paid the Mock Turtles a visit at a *Matinée*, and took away with them a number of useful hints. *Going It* is still going it, and for the benefit of late diners we are at liberty to mention that *Faust and Loose* commences a few minutes before ten, and, as progress is soon reported when rapidly travelling by steam, it is over by just before eleven.

Herr TOOLE'S command of the German language is stupendous, and represents years of study, and probably a residence among Cousins-German. The delicate humour of Miss MARIE LINDEN'S *Marguerite* will be thoroughly appreciated by all who have seen Miss ELLEN TERRY in the original. We are glad to say that Miss TERRY has quite recovered—we were afraid she would catch cold in that undressing for bed scene—and resumed the part last Saturday night. Mr. SHELTON, as *Marguerite's Mother*, shows a great deal of dry humour, and both in this and in *Going It* he is very good. Brother VALENTINE



The Jewel Dance. "A Moonlighter."

A CARILLON OUT OF TUNE.

SHADES of LABLACHE and LUMLEY! Never before was such a scene witnessed in Her Majesty's Theatre as that of last Saturday night, when the carpenters, having struck one scene, struck themselves, and the curtain rising showed a lot of ill-clad men, who extended their hands for largesse, and then scrambled for coppers thrown to them by the audience. There were shouts for M. CARILLON, the Manager; but to appear before the infuriated audience did not chime in with M. CARILLON'S idea of the fitness of things. Had he shown himself he would have caught it from everyone, as the French say, "*à double carillon*." Poor Italian Opera! with such a capital and picturesque *Mephistopheles* as M. VIDAL too! There was a good future in store for this venture, if the speculator could only have tidied over the first fortnight. Well, it was started by a CARILLON, and it ended with a *carillon*,—and such a *carillon* as we hope will not again be heard within the walls of Her Majesty's Theatre.

BETWEEN a leading Actress and the Committee of the Théâtre Français there now exists "a Dudley Feud."

A FRENCH AMLET.

SIR,—They've been adapting from the English. Messrs. SANSON and CRESSONORS have been doing SHAKESPEARE for SARAH B., cooking him up as if it were *Omelette* instead of *Hamlet*. I am the more annoyed at this because I had already got my own version ready for Paris, and I flatter myself that none but an Englishman can really translate the Divine WILLIAMS. I'm obliged to give 'em a rhyme in, now and then, as the French like their tragedies in verse. We only do our burlesques that way. Some of my rhythmic lines are absolutely classic in their rigid correctness. A. S.

Thrift, thrift, HORATIO! The funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

My father!—Methinks I see my father.

Hor. Where, my Lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, HORATIO.

This is mine: of course I call *Hamlet*, *Amlet* :—

Amlet. HORATIO, je dis, avec bonhomie,
Voilà les petits économies.

Les viandes cuites au four de l'enterrement
Dehors les tables de mariage ont fourni froidement.

Mon père!—Il me semble que mon père je vois.

Hor. Où, mi Lor?

Am. Dans l'œil de mon esprit troublé par mon foie.

The above, you see, adds a physical explanation, and intensifies the connection between mind and matter.

Then again, when *Amlet* meets these same young friends "sur l'estrade," and discusses with them the temperature, the conversation continues—

Ham. The air bites shrewdly. It is very cold. &c., &c.

Which I give thus :—

Am. L'air mord avec beaucoup de finesse. Très froid il fait.

Hor. C'est un air qui se sert des pinces, et très empressé.

Am. Quelle heure maintenant?

Hor. Qu'il manque de douze, je crois.

Am. Non; c'est frappé.

Hor. Je ne l'ai pas entendu. A votre santé je bois.

(Drinks. ** This is my own "business," and quite original.)

Then on we go to this :—

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? Speak: I'll go no further. &c., &c.

Am. Où allez-vous me conduire? Parlez: je n'irai pas plus loin.

Le Fantôme. Marquez moi.

Am. Avec plaisir.

Le Fantôme. De quelque chose j'ai besoin.

You see how I work the rhymes. Then the *Ghost* continues—

Le Fantôme. Mon heure est presque arrivé quand, il n'est pas une fable,

A des flammes je vais me rendre!

Am. Sapristi! Pauvre diable!

This I think thoroughly French, while preserving the true Shakspearian spirit.

But I will not continue my extracts, contenting myself with only one more passage. It is where *Le Fantôme* describes the method of his destruction. I furnish it below :—

Ham. Haste me to know't, that I with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love, &c., &c.

Ham. O my prophetic soul!

My uncle!

This portion of dialogue is rendered, as I venture to think, admirably, thus :—

Am. Faites hâte que je le sache, qu'avec ailes aussi vites
Que méditation, ou les pensées d'amour—

Le Fantôme. Vous dites?

Am. Je puis balayer jusqu'à ma revanche

Et la difficulté à un coup je tranche.

Le Fantôme. Eh, bien, AMLET, je vous trouve intelligent

Et plus imbécile seriez-vous autrement

Que la grosse herbe tout-à-fait mauvaise

Qui bien sûr s'enracine beaucoup à son aise

Sur le quai de Lethe, si dans cette affaire

Vous ne voulez pas remuer avec un bon air.

Maintenant, AMLET, écoutez! On a dit

Qu'un soir endormi dans mon jardin de fruits,

Un serpent m'a piqué.

Mais ne savez-vous pas

Le serpent qui a piqué la vie de votre Papa,

Porte maintenant son chapeau!

Am. Mon âme prophétique!

C'est monsieur mon oncle!

Le Fantôme. Oui! Et il le trouve chic!

How do you like 'em? *Quelque chose semblable à une traduction n'est-ce pas?* When SARAH sees the above, she'll send to

Yours truly, LONGLEY R. PARRY.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

Plain Speech for Mr. Bull.

Colonel Punch. "SURELY, MR. BULL, IF YOU'RE SO PROUD OF HIM, HE'S WORTH MORE THAN YOU GIVE HIM."

COME, JOHN! this matter claims your care,
And should be promptly settled.
You see your youngster standing there,
Trim-togged and manly mettled.
You ought to know him; on the boy
You're proud to place reliance,
And his terse motto is your joy,
"Defence and not Defiance!"
Well, JOHN, since pigskin first was drubbed,
Or bayonet-point first glinted,

Was soldier e'er so coldly snubbed,
Or so absurdly stunted,
As this brave brisk young Volunteer,
Theme of free commendations,
In whom you boast from year to year
"The cheap defence of Nations"?
Cheap? Yes, my JOHN, but in this line
You'd surely not turn "sweater."
Economy is vastly fine,
But common fairness better.

He's on your business, recollect,
And it seems rather funny,
If you his time and toil expect,
Yet won't stump up your money!
His claims are very modest claims;
Red-tapedom's posture mulish
Is of Officialism's games
Most penny-wise pound-foolish.
Bigwigs have snubbed him all along,
It is their nature to, JOHN,



LEGISLATION.

Alderman Gustle, M.P. (reading Paper at his mid-day snack). "OH, I DESSAY! GO DOWN TO THE 'OUSE AT TWO O'CLOCK, INDEED! WHY, IT WOULDN'T GIVE ME NO TIME FOR LUNCHEON! OH, I SHALL VOTE AGAINST THAT!"

But that's a sort of churlish wrong
We don't expect from you, JOHN.
You pay a deal for fancy goods,
With profit scarce a particle;
Shall duffers in cheese-paring moods
Starve out the homespun article?
No, wake up, JOHN! Your Volunteers
Are envied Europe over,
But jealousy will end in jeers,
Should foreign foes discover
That, proud of such a cheap defence
As you profess yourself, JOHN,
You safety risked through stint of pence,
And peace through greed of pelf, JOHN.

A DODGE FOR A DINNER.

A. (Sponging Non-Club Acquaintance, after the usual weather topics are exhausted). By the way, there's an amusing article in the Fortnightly, by Whatthisname—of the World, you know—YATES—about SOYER'S old place.

B. (Cautious Club-Man). Yes. Capital. I read it the other day. Well—I must be off—(about to shake hands and go).

A. Yes, so must I—but—à propos of the Fortnightly, what an interesting article that is on the Pictures at the Garrick Club.

B. Yes, very—Major GRIFFITHS—they couldn't have got a better man for the work. "GRIFFITHS, the safe man" (they both laugh).

A. (delighted with joke). Ah! excellent. I've never seen the Garrick pictures. Let me see—you are a member, aren't you?

B. Yes. (Then feeling himself called upon for a hospitable sentiment, says) Ah! You

must come one day, and see the pictures. Well worth a visit.

A. (seizing the opportunity). Yes, I should like to, immensely. When?

B. (taken aback). Oh,—well (recovering himself) the pictures are on view certain days to friends introduced by members. (Hesitates a minute. A. expects invitation to view pictures, and dinner after. Pause.)—Well—I'll inquire what the days are—(hurriedly)—I won't forget. I'll let you know. Good-bye—must be off.

[Dashes across the road, and disappears.]

A. He might have asked me to dinner, hang him! (Reflects.) But I think those two Articles on SOYER'S Dining-place and the Club Pictures will be first-rate topics to lead up to dinner invitations.

[Exit, determined to work out the idea.]

SERVICE AND SLANG.

"To call them 'dearly beloved' was no good. They must be called 'mates' or 'pals.'"—*Remark at the London Diocesan Conference by the Secretary of the Church of England Working Men's Society.*

Now, if you want to win the masses,
And edify the working classes,
Turn language "to be said or sung."
Into the truly "vulgar tongue;"
Exhort them as your "mates" or "chums,"
If you'd evangelise the slums.
Appeal to them as fellow "blokes."
And "coves," that costers you may coax.

Tell them to think of an hereafter
In terms awakening low-lived laughter.

Direct, in speech of unctuous mirth,
Their eyes above this "blooming" earth
To that unseen and higher state,
Which likewise, if you can, translate
Into the dialect of slang,
With "Flare up!" "Here we are!" "Slap bang!"

How NICE!—From the *Times* we cut this:—

A CLUB abroad has been organised for LADIES who wish to spend some time abroad in an agreeable way and on moderate terms. In May this Club will be opened in a castle, situated in the finest part of the Tirol, where the members will find a most comfortable home, cheerful society, and every facility of acquiring the modern languages. In winter the Club will be transferred to Munich, where the most eminent Professors of Painting and Music will attend. This Club has been opened especially for Ladies who do not like travelling alone, and who wish to move abroad in agreeable, intellectual, and refined society.—Address, &c.

For the Ladies "who do not like travelling alone," members of "The Travellers" might be made honorary members, or why shouldn't the "eminent Professors of Music" accompany their timid pupils? Are Travelling Fellowships abolished? What a chance for the Benedicks and the Beatrices!

MUSIC FOR A MONTAGU.—If Lord ROBERT, of that ilk, wants to serenade Lord SALISBURY, let him sing HERRICK'S "To Anthea,"—at least two lines of it—

"O bid me live, and I shall live,
Thy Protestant to be!"

"TEMPORA MUTANTUR."

AFTER our visit to Oxford for the opening of the Town Theatre, by the O. U. D. S., we, SQUIBBS and myself, were delighted to accept an invitation for one of the usual performances of the A. D. C., at Cambridge, in their own private Theatre, which forms a part of their Club House.

"You couldn't," I said to SQUIBBS. "You couldn't have a better cicerone for Cambridge, than myself, as I know every inch of the place."

We travelled down by the King's Cross Line ("In former times," I was careful to inform my companion, "we went by the Eastern Counties," and miserable it was), and arrived in an hour and twenty minutes. Our destination was the "Bull Inn," I beg its pardon, I mean Hotel, which was once the swell hostelry. It may be so now for aught I know; only, if it is, I could suggest a few improvements which would be very much to the Bull's advantage. However, this by the way, just one in the Bull's-eye, as a *mem.*

"The place is considerably changed since my last visit," I observe to SQUIBBS. I am a little uncertain when my last visit was, but anyhow I know it was some considerable time ago, and I seem to feel that the town has taken an unfair advantage of my absence, to alter itself and grow considerably. And, bless me! here's a Tramway.

"Where are we?" asks SQUIBBS, as we drive round the corner into something between a High Street and a High Road, ornamented with second-rate modern villas.

"Well, really," I am compelled to state, not yet having got over the shock given me by the sight of the Tramway; "well, really, SQUIBBS, I—confess—I—I don't remember what the name of this road is; I know that further on we come to Emmanuel College,"—I don't see anything like it at present,—and then on the left there's Downing College—at least, there *was* Downing." I add this because I have some sort of idea that Downing was abolished years ago by the University Commission. Fortunately SQUIBBS is not of an inquisitive nature: he waits for me to supply him with information. The flyman takes a sudden turn to the right, we



From a Photograph in the A. D. C. Rooms, taken 1864, of one of the present Parliamentary Whips. Only a bud then, now a full-blown Fl-w-r.

pass through small suburban streets, with the usual suburban semi-detached cottage residences, and two-penn'orth of garden in front.

"The great difference between Oxford and Cambridge," I have previously informed SQUIBBS, "is, that, at Cambridge, you suddenly find yourself in the midst of all the Colleges at once."

"I say," says SQUIBBS, after peering through the glass, "I don't see any Colleges."

"No," I am bound to reply, "no more do I." (Hang it! they can't have moved the Colleges in order to improve the streets!) "But," I add, hopefully, "we shall come upon them soon." Yet if the flyman perversely chooses a line of bye-lanes, we may drive up to the Bull without having seen a single sign of the University. And as yet not one person, old or young, in cap and gown. Very annoying: bad Stage management, so to speak, on the part of the Authorities. How can parents or guardians or visitors be impressed with a place unless, immediately on their arrival, they see the Colleges and the Students? If they can't have real Undergraduates, they should pay "supers" to walk about in caps and gowns, reading books. At present, and, as far as we've gone, this might be any little provincial town of no particular importance.

At last we round a corner into Trumpington Street. Aha! I remember this. Stop, though! Is it Trumpington Street or Trumpington Road? or, on second thoughts, isn't it some street, called after some College, of which Trumpington Road is a continuation? As I can't recall the details, I tell SQUIBBS that we are in Trumpington Road or Street (which is near enough for him—he doesn't seem to care much), and I beg him to keep his eyes open for the Colleges everywhere. "Here, SQUIBBS!" I shout to him, "on the left!—look!" It is a huge building.

"What's that?" asks SQUIBBS, admiring it. I would give a trifle at this moment to be able to state with accuracy the name of this big building. I've clean forgotten it. I know it isn't a College—I

tell SQUIBBS that much—and then I say, "I rather think it's the Library—or, let me see, the Museum—I forget the name. Ah!" I exclaim, as if inspired, "I know it's the Library and the Museum." And it may be, for aught I can recollect.

"Very grand!" says SQUIBBS, approvingly. Then, looking out on the right, he asks, "What's this?"

"That's a College," I answer.

"Yes, I see," returns SQUIBBS; "but what College?"

"Well," I reply, scrutinising it as thoroughly as I can in passing, a process which doesn't assist my memory in the least, "I forget exactly; but it's either St. Margaret's or Christ's,—no, I think it's Sidney Sussex." Before I can make up my mind as to what it is, I see Peterhouse on the left. "This," I say with pride at being right at last—"is Peterhouse."

But no sooner have I as it were staked my reputation on my identification of Peterhouse, than I see there is another College next to it, which, it suddenly occurs to me, is the real Peterhouse. But if so, what was the other? However, we pass with such panorama-like rapidity that SQUIBBS hasn't time to catch more than a glimpse of anything. Suddenly he asks me, "What's that?" pointing to a building on our left.

"Oh," I say, recognising it at once, "I was wrong when I said that big building we passed was the Library,—this is the Library;" and no sooner have I committed myself to this, than my memory reproves me, and I frankly admit myself wrong again—"No—that's the University Press—I forget what it's called." All I know about it is that it isn't "The Clarendon."

It is very strange. I thought I knew every inch of the ground, but up to now I haven't recalled correctly the name of any single College. Now suppose I had been a Claimant? What would my ignorance have suggested? Why certainly it would have suggested



Araminta's Dressing-Room. View of Araminta returning to costume of private life.

just what must have already occurred to SQUIBBS—whose manner is becoming distrustful—that I have never been to Cambridge before in all my life. However, I know that when I get within sight of King's and Trinity Street, I shall be all, so to speak, at home. "My foot will be on my native heath," &c. [In the course of the evening I get friends to refresh my memory, and I find that what we passed were the Fitzwilliam ("The Fitzwilliam, of course! fancy forgetting that!"), Adenbrook Hospital ("Ah, of course"), Pembroke College, Peterhouse, "Cat's," and the Pitt Press ("Pitt Press! dear me! how ridiculous to have forgotten that!"), and Christ's—oh yes, that I remembered.]

We deposit our bags at the Bull, and I take SQUIBBS at once into King's. Ah, there's no mistake about this. The Chapel door is open—a bit of luck for us. We enter; the Chapel is being lighted. Grand; magnificent. SQUIBBS overwhelmed, I bring him out. It is too dirty to walk along the banks at "the backs," so I take him by a



Attempts of the Master of Seroope Hall and Stage Manager to lighten a rather heavy drama.

side-gate into Trinity Hall, I am sure it is Trinity Hall—though immediately after I have told this to SQUIBBS I have a serious misgiving on the subject, and I try to recall what College it is that opens on to Trinity Street, Trinity Hall or Caius? However, I keep these uncertainties to myself, and tell SQUIBBS that this small College is Trinity Hall, and the next one to it is—well, I forget exactly—and then that old ruin of a gateway, that's part of Caius (*I think*); "but," I promise him, encouragingly, "you'll have time to see all that to-morrow; for here we are in Trinity." We enter by

"Bishop's Hostel" (so kind of them to have this written up), then through New Court, which I don't remember is "New Court," but am only certain it isn't Neville's, where we are now, in the Cloisters, and I am explaining the topography.

"But there doesn't seem anyone about!" objects SQUIBBS, discontentedly. SQUIBBS always wants a crowd and colour, for effect. He had evidently expected rioting and merriment, and young men in caps and gowns, and old Dons in academicals, and men with silver pokers, and the whole place astir, instead of such a City of the Dead as the College I said was Trinity Hall was when we looked in, and as Neville's Court Trinity is at this moment.

I own I can't understand it. Have I made a mistake? Isn't it

was not so in our time, SQUIBBS," and I bewail the departure from ancient tradition, but no ladies have as yet trod these classic boards, as the A. D. C. still clings to the practice in the time of SHAKESPEARE whose heroines were beardless youths. The plays on the occasion of our present visit are, I find, an old-fashioned farce, and the *Courier of Lyons*, the latter specially arranged for men only; so that, except in the farce, the female representatives hadn't a chance. This again is a matter of regret, as the plot of the drama suffered by the alterations, and the ladies in the first farce, specially *Araminta*, were remarkably good.

SQUIBBS is delighted with the scenery, which merits all the praise he bestows on it. We visit the Green-room, which serves as the common

dressing-room for Stars and Supers alike; and we are invited to see the "Ladies' dressing-rooms," where we are welcomed by *Araminta*, who is just putting on his smoking-coat and lighting a cigarette preparatory to going upstairs into the Club-room.

The makes-up are very artistic, and not overdone. After the performance I find myself giving my opinion on the acting of *Chopard* to the gentleman himself, who on the stage had appeared a most desperate villain of over fifty, but is now, as he stands talking to me, a most amiable and pleasant youth of about twenty.

There were some very good bits of character-acting. Then the per-

formance being over at a reasonable hour, we were hospitably entertained at supper. At Oxford, where theatricals have still the charm of freshness, the men were enthusiastic; but, at Cambridge, the A. D. C. performances seem to be taken as part of the ordinary routine. "You see," the polite President of the Club explained, "The

University Greek Play has rather taken it out of us, and then there's a Theatreopen in the town. Miss TWENTY-two, with her Company, is playing there this week." Oh, indeed; that explains a good deal. "And our bill is only a revival of an old piece." Quite so. Then he takes us to supper, which is not by any means the worst part of the evening's entertainment. SQUIBBS and myself are both on in this scene: not too much "on," of course, but "on" quite enough. The proceedings are of a most orderly and pleasant character. There are no pipes, few cigars, but plenty of cigarettes. We have no idea of not going home till morning, but, on the contrary, the sooner we are in bed at a reasonable hour the better. Nothing can exceed their hospitality or their politeness, but there is an absence of enthusiasm; it all seems, whatever they do, a regular matter of course. The Master of Scroope Hall, who walks home with us, explains that most of these men are in for honours and the trips, and the study of the Drama is not their first consideration. "In my day, and for some time after," I tell SQUIBBS, "there used to be an immense excitement about the theatricals. And such a rush for tickets! But then there was no theatre in the town. Theatricals were tabooed, our dramatic pleasures were stolen ones, our suppers were"—but here we are at the Bull. We'll return in the merry May. You'll come back with your NIBBS.



"This is the place where they wait for their Call, | Which serves them for Dressing-room, Green-room, and all."

Term time? Are all the men down? "Were Missis's party last Toosday?" Or have I misread my invitation, which may have been for next term?

Here is the Hall. Here are the butteries. Ah! signs of life. A dinner is just commencing in hall. Not many men at it. Several hurrying in. Now SQUIBBS is satisfied: he has seen real live youths in real caps and gowns—and there are a lot of them—flying in like sparrows at feeding-time.

But our own dinner-time is approaching, so I take SQUIBBS through Trinity Quad, and then I point out to him Little Trinity, "which didn't exist in my time," I tell him; and, with an air of sadness tinged with annoyance at their having taken such confounded liberties with the place directly after I had quitted the scene, and having actually gone so far as to destroy the very house in which I first had rooms—though perhaps as they've built a portion of Little Trinity on this site, I might take it as a sort of complimentary memorial—I walk him towards Bridge Street, show him the exterior of John's, and then am myself suddenly startled by SQUIBBS drawing my attention to the Round Church, the existence of which I had entirely forgotten. "Come along, SQUIBBS," I say; and telling him that we'll see Magdalen and the other Colleges to-morrow, we pass through Green Street, where I recognise some more old rooms, and wonder how many have lived there since, and who is "keeping" there at this minute—and then we turn round by Rose Crescent, have a look at the Home of Immortal BACON (the Cambridge Tobacconist, who, if true to his name, ought only to have dealt in "pig-tail"), and across the market-place to our temporary residence, which, after all my lionising, is the "Bull."

Dress; and dinner with the Master of Scroope Hall—who is a Clarke not in Orders, unless theatrical ones, having been the guide, philosopher, and friend of the A. D. C., and the energetic patron of everything dramatic in the University for ever so many years. Then to the entrance of the Club-House. It is somewhat dark and mysterious. We pass several stalwart policemen ("in my day, SQUIBBS, there were no policemen"), we proceed under an awning where there is a mysterious man holding a light ("we kept it quite dark in our time, SQUIBBS, on account of the Proctors"), and then up the staircase. "Here are the old rooms, SQUIBBS; here are all the portraits of celebrated A. D. C. actors, groups, and scenes, dating back to the first performances in the May term of 1855." On the walls I point out portraits of distinguished bandits, magistrates, comic men in farces, serious heroes in tragedies, and also lovely heroines, coquettish maidens, and pert chambermaids, who have since become Judges, Bishops, Cabinet Ministers, Attorney-Generals, Colonial Governors, scientific Soldiers, Authors, Actors, Bankers, Merchants—in fact, all sorts and conditions of men.

Ladies are admitted every and any night among the audience ("It



Drinking a Toast. Oxford fashion. Cambridge fashion.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Caller. "ONLY FANCY, MRS. DOWDERLEY, I WAS VERY NEARLY CALLING ON YOUR NEIGHBOUR, LADY MASHAM, WHOSE DAY AT HOME IT IS TOO! WHEN I SUDDENLY REMEMBERED I WASN'T DRESSED FOR PAYING CALLS!"

A "TERRIBLE" WARNING.

(Adapted from Shakespeare.)

SCENE—A Public Place. Enter in procession, going towards the Forum, Cæsar (GL-DST-NE), Antony (CH-MB-RL-N), Cicero (M-RL-X), Calphurnia (H-B-RN-A), Brutus (H-BT-NGT-N), Cassius (G-SCH-N). A great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer (CH-RCH-LI).

Cæs. CALPHURNIA!

Cic. Peace, ho! CÆSAR speaks.

Cæs. CALPHURNIA!

Cal. Here, my Lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in ANTONIUS' way.

As he doth run his course.—ANTONIUS!

Ant. CÆSAR, my Lord?

Cæs. Forget not, in your haste, ANTONIUS, To mark CALPHURNIA; for 'tis time indeed Our barren policy, in this fourth great chase, Should mend its sterile course.

Ant. I shall remember. When CÆSAR says, "Do this," it is performed.

Cæs. Set on, and leave no ceremony out.

[Applause.]

Sooth. CÆSAR!

Cæs. Ha! Who calls?

Cic. Bid every noise, be still:—peace yet again! [Applause ceases.]

Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me? I hear a tongue, shriller than all the cheers, Cry "CÆSAR!" Speak: CÆSAR is turned to hear.

Sooth. Beware the Ides of March!

Cæs. What man is that?

Brut. A Soothsayer bids you beware the Ides of March.

Cæs. Set him before me; let me see his face.

Cic. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon CÆSAR.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the Ides of March!

Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him:—pass. [To BRUTUS.]

Will you go see the order of our course?

Brut. Not I.

Cæs. I pray you do.

Brut. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part

Of that quick spirit that is in ANTONY.

Let me not hinder, CÆSAR, your desires.

I'll leave you.

Cæs. BRUTUS, I do observe you now of late: I have not from your eyes that gentleness, And show of love as I was wont to have: You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand

Upon your friend that loves you.

Brut. CÆSAR, no.

Be not deceived; if I have veiled my look,

I turn the trouble of my countenance

Merely upon myself. Vex'd I am

Of late, with passion of some difference,

Conceptions only proper to myself,

Which gives some change perhaps to my

behaviours;

But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd

(Among which number, CÆSAR, be you one)

Nor construe any further my neglect

Than that poor BRUTUS, with himself at war,

Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cæs. (aside). Still hid by CÆSAR'S shadow!

I have heard

Where many of the best respect in Rome (Except immortal CÆSAR) speaking of

BRUTUS,

And groaning underneath old age's yoke, Have wished that noble BRUTUS had their eyes.

After the Debate.

(By a Depressed Tory.)

HOLMES! HOLMES! sapient HOLMES!

For a big party blunder

There's no chap like HOLMES.

FORMULA FOR CRITICS.—SARAH B. wrote to the theatrical critic of the *Voltaire*, who must be an Irishman as he pronounced her *Ophelia* "O Failure," thus:—"Sir,—Your criticism is perversely dishonest. You are, therefore, a combination of knave and fool." Not courteous nor even conclusive, but concise. Mutual reeriminations of party-opponents are seldom courteous, not often conclusive, never concise. Yet they generally mean precisely what SARAH the Laconic says. If political and other opponents, instead of sprawling over many newspaper columns, would simply say, "Ditto to SARAH."

REPRESENTATIVE MEMBER FOR THE LABOURERS' UNION.—MR. LABOURSHARE, M.P.,



A "TERRIBLE" WARNING.

CHURCHILLIUS (*the Soothsayer*). "BEWARE THE IDES OF MARCH!"—*Julius Cæsar*. Act I. Sc. 2.

"I name the 22nd of March as the date after which * * * I shall hope to be in a condition to make either the whole or some part of the proposal dealing with the great question of Ireland."—*Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons, Feb. 18th.*

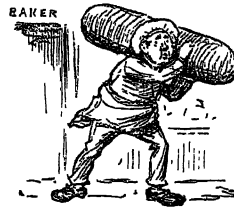
LATEST NEWS OF THE CREWS.



Cantabs proceeding to Cook-ham.



Starting from the Lasher.



A Heavy Roll was perceptible.



A Stiffish Pull-back.



The Spare Man.



The usual Home Course.



The Old Clasper proved as lively as ever.



No. 1 was not quite perfect with his Slide.



The Stroke was followed up with considerable Dash.

ROBERT'S LITTLE ADVENTUR.

I CAN'T werry well flatter myself as I looks romantick, or that mine is exactly a pohetical purfession, but no one newer knows wot's a going for to happen not afore it cums, not ewen a middling aged Waiter, or else praps if I had I shooldn't ha taken out my best new



silk humbreller, last Tooesday was a week, wen a going to ofishyate at a grand Dejeunay allar Fourshet at fore o'clock in the harfternoon.

But so it was to be, and so it was. Well, jest before I arrived, it cum on for to pore arain, and I natrally put up my best silk humbreller, tho' it was amost noo, to shelter my best close, witch was amost noo also. Well, whoshood be a standin at the dore of the Otel's Grill Room but one of the werry prettiest and smilingest young ladies as ewen my eyes ewer seed. And as I cum up to the dore she gave sitch a pittiful look

looking dress, and then at my nice-looking humbreller, and then at Me, that it went quite to my Hart, and I sed, sez I, without a stoppin a minnit to think wot I was about, "Can I be of any use, Miss?"

"Oh," she said, "if you wood only jest see me to the hend of the nex street, I shoob be so mutch hobbliged."

"Like a bird, Miss," says I, more pleased than I ought to ha been, but that's ony human natur, ewerything seems nicer the wronger it is, as the Poet says.

So off we sets, wen, as bad luck wood have it, who shoold I see but the full blown wife of my buzzem a coming along the hother side of the way! There wasn't a moment to loose, so I says, "Pleas send

the humbreller back," and I cuts down the nex court and into the Otel like a rain dear and rushes up staires.

Presently cums a message to say as how as I was wanted, and my fust glance at that hadmirabel woman's stern feetur revealed the hole fatal secret, that I had bin seen with my fare companyon! For wunce I was thrown hoff my gard, and in anser to the mild inquiry, "Who was that young person," I sed boldly, one of my Neeeces from the country.

Further remarks was stopt by the arrival of company, and my wife giv me a letter she had brort for me, and went. The blunders and the muddles and the upsets as I made at that there Brekfast I shall never forget. I was reglar dazed. I hadn't done nothink speshal rong if I'd ha stuck to the truth. But then I know'd werry well that She woodn't have bleeved me, whereas she mite beleeve my hinwenshun, as I appens to have quite a shoal of Neeeces in the country. I was a puzzlin myself to make up quite a lot of other hinwenshuns to suit the fust wun, wen, to my intense estonishment I was told as a bootiful yung Lady in a cab wanted to see me, and rushing down staires hedlong to see who it was, there was my morning's companion, a laring as usual, and she says, says she, "I've brort back your butiful humbreller with many thanks."

And then a brilliant thort flashed across my pore bewildered brane, and I says, "Miss," says I, "I've got into sitch a hawful serape by bein seen with you this morning."

"Lor! what fun!" says she. "Tell me all about it."

So I told her. But the more I told her, the more she larfed, and kep saying, "How awful jolly!"

"But," sez I, "what on airth am I to do?"

"I know," sez she. "If you will tell me your name and address, I'll write you a letter of thanks, and sine it with your Neece's name. Won't it be jolly to call you 'Dear Humble!' and say I ham your afeshunate Neece. By the bye, wot's my name to be?"

So I told her SALLY GREEN; and then she larfed more merrier than ever, and said as that wasn't a bit like her name. Then she wrote it all down, and then she sed, "Now, Mr. ROBERT," says she, with her butiful musickal, coaxing woice, "you was werry kind to me this morning, and have made me werry merry this hevening: so, as you have told me your name, I will tell you mine." And she told me; and then she sed, "If hever you wants to go to a certain Theater (as she menshuned, but I won't), cum to the Stage Dore and harsk for me, and in you go like a bird! Good-bye!" she says, shakin hands quite frendly, and away she drives hoff, leavin me speechless with rapshur and estonishment.

The amount of charf as I had to stand that hevening from my brother Waiters was sumthink hawful; but let them larf as wins, says I, and I thinks, upon the hole, as I was a winner on that ewentful day. The letter cum all right the nex morning, and I have since awailed myself of my kind Neece's (!) inwitashun to go to the Theater, free gratis, and hev been introduced to sum of my bootiful Neeeces' (!) bootiful frends, of the same sects, and they have menny on em declared as I was a most emusing hold Buffer, which I bleeves is sum term of theatriclike endearment, and they hopes as they shall horden see me!

Well, now for the moral. I don't know as how as I have dun anythink werry hawful wicked, but I do confess as that I never can meet the carm gray eye of my deceived spowse with quite the same stedfest gaze as afore.

ROBERT.



TAKING THOUGHT FOR THE FUTURE.

Pretty Cousin. "AND WHAT DO YOU THINK OF DOING AFTER LEAVING HARROW?"

Tommy. "OH, I SHALL GO INTO THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE."

Pretty Cousin. "DO YOU THINK YOU'LL LIKE INDIA, THEN?"

Tommy. "OH, IT'S NOT THAT. BUT, YOU KNOW, IN THE INDIAN CIVIL A FELLOW'S WIDOW GETS SUCH A GOOD PENSION!"

JUSTICE FOR JURYMEN.

[A Bill for securing regular payment to Common Juries has been introduced in the House of Commons.]

FIVE Shillings a day, Five Shillings a day!
What Juror can scoff at such excellent pay?
It is true that your business may all go to ruin,
While you are your citizen's duty a-doin';
It is true that you simply must bear it and grin.
If illness break out, or if robbers break in;
Yet who would not Courtwards at once hie away
For the splendid reward of Five Shillings a day?

Should a trial last on an inordinate time,
And the Fates lock you up (though you're guiltless of
crime),

Then for each night away from your home that you
spend

Another Five Shillings is yours in the end.
Though an alien bed, and damp sheets, shall receive you,
Two extra half-crowns will immensely relieve you.
Oh, who would not jump at this rollicking pay
Of Five Shillings a night, and Five Shillings a day?

No Juror hereafter will dare to complain
If a long-winded Judge give him cerebral pain;
What if baths of cold air chill his flesh to the bone?
Cold water on protests must henceforth be thrown.
If you take influenza as well as your fee,
The silvery guerdon your solace must be.
Do you want a relation put out of the way?
Oh, send him to Court, at Five Shillings a day!

Yet another new privilege Jurors will boast,
When from places far distant they come to their post;
They may ride second-class, if they travel by train,
And the Usher will generously pay them again!
Then when Nature requires they should charter a fly,
Six pennies per mile that kind law will supply;
A cabby could hardly expect higher pay
From a fare only getting Five Shillings a day.

Five Shillings a day! Yet in lordly Guildhall
A Juror gets eightpence a cause, and that's all!
While a shilling's the guerdon—we will not say
where,—

And twopence is paid in the Court of the Mayor!
Then let all Common Juries unitedly bless

The Member who wishes their wrongs to redress;
In these pinching times 'twould be rash to look down
On a Jurymen's status, who "works for the Crown."

AFTER-DINNER APHORISMS AND OTHERISMS.

(By *Curius Maximus*.)

To err is human. A consistent man must be either a monster or a Saint. As you cannot compliment a man on being a Saint, it follows that to tell him he is entirely and invariably consistent, is to accuse him of being a hard-hearted, inhuman monster—unless you explain to him that his consistency is that of a jelly.

We use the word "coincidence" when we do not wish to be considered superstitious. In old prize-fighting days, of which we have recently been reminded, the term "maulies" was a slang expression of the Ring signifying "fists." It is a coincidence that the return to power of the present Government, in which there are a lot of Morleys, should have been signalled by mob-riots, street-rows, and hand-to-hand encounters. It is no more than a coincidence; but still—

Our Law is in a very mixed state, specially in the Divorce Court. But what can you expect from a Court which is called the Admiralty, Probate, and Divorce all in one? Of course an Admiralty Court taking cognizance of Divorce must be quite at sea.

It is not unusual to hear that "the character of a man's private life should not be allowed any weight in estimating his public value." Sir THOMAS MORE was a saintly man, *plus* being Lord Chancellor. Yet no one would have chosen him for the office merely on account of his piety. True. But if I catch a most learned and professionally upright Lord Chief Justice in the act of pocketing my silver spoon (I have only one, and guard it myself—taking it up to bed with me every night—but this is a detail), I should hand him over to a policeman, and hale him before a Magistrate, not as a Chief Justice, but as a common prig. If, on the evidence, he were convicted, would

he go to prison as a thief, and yet, at the same time, stay out to do his work as Chief Justice, in which capacity, his character for uprightness and legal acumen has never been impeached? My answer to this is, Yes—if he can be in two places at once. "I'm aware," said *Major Malony*, "that the fellow (his servant) is an awful scoundrel in his private life, but he has the real secret of boot polishing, and I can't part with him." It is Utility *v.* Morality. *Major Pendennis* was of much the same opinion as to *Mr. Morgan's* merits.

Excuse me if I say I do not, in these times, like to see an advertisement headed, "The People's Palace." It sounds as if we were preparing to welcome the reign of King Mob. Should that Tyrant ever come among us, to "commune" with us, the Palace would soon be wrecked; and when law and order were once more restored, the New Zealand visitor would regard the same, and exclaim, "Oh, then I see King Mob hath been with you."

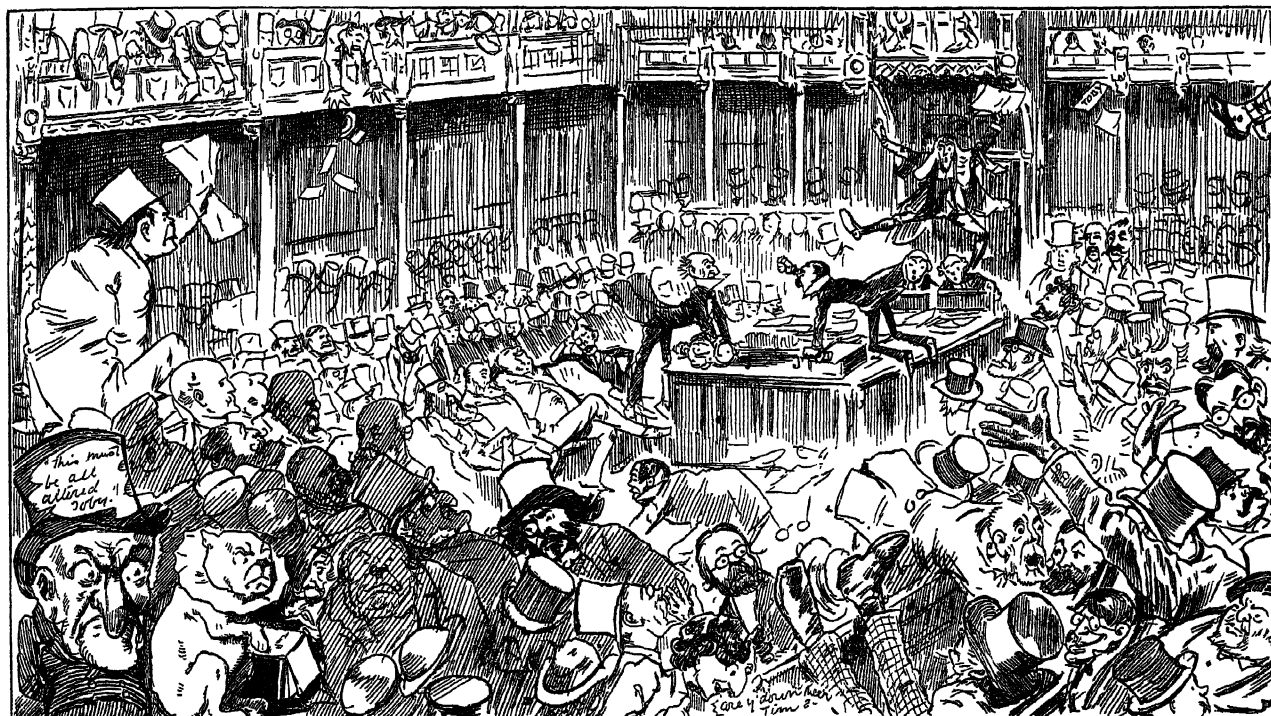
The Workmen's View.

(Of a Recent Vote.)

WE feel, at a season when work runs so short,
And where taxes fall hard on the labouring poor,
What's expended in keeping a WOLF at the Porte,
Might assist us in keeping the Wolf from the door.

A NEW BISHOPRIC.—*The Standard* last Friday said that a certain aristocratic marriage ceremony was "performed by the Bishop of BATH AND WALES." Evidently a Clerical error.

A PARLIAMENTARY GRAVE-DIGGER.—*Mr. SEXTON* at work in trying to dig the grave of the Union.



PARLIAMENTARY VIEWS No 4 THE BEST CLUB IN THE WORLD.

A GENERAL MEETING

ABSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, March 1.—Much curiosity displayed during sitting as to objects and accomplishments of Wolff's pic-nic to the Pyramids. £12,500 asked on account of it, together with a tidy sum for telegrams. Importunate Members wanting to know all over the place. A good deal of talk, to which

GLADSTONE contributed long speech, and BOURKE another, but no one any the wiser. There was a Mission, and its costs have to be paid. But what it was all about, House, like little *Peterkin* on the field of Blenheim, "never could make out." Only suggestion is that Mission has succeeded in reintroducing the Turk in Egypt, and, as *PETER RYLANDS* says, it would, on the whole, have been better to give the Turk the £12,500 to stop away.

GLADSTONE bound to stand by the Estimates, which he did in one of those marvellous speeches which occupy half an hour in delivery, leave the PREMIER absolutely uncommitted to anything, and the audience in a state of hopeless bewilderment. But the vote was carried, and, that done, the protest of a strong minority was nothing particular.

CHARLIE BERESFORD made a breezy speech, promptly settling the Eastern Question, as far as the Suez Canal is concerned. According to his view, old friend WARRON would be the man for the situation. Supposing war broke out, Lord CHARLES would simply block the Canal. "I am in favour," he said, "of using Old England's highway round the Cape."

Good phrase that, suitable for patriotic toast. "Our Queen, our Church, and our Grand Old Highway round the Cape!"

Colonel DUNCAN made sensible speech, a little marred by a tendency

to begin all over again when he reached the cue "I have lived among these people."

Business done.—Supply.

Tuesday.—Public business did not commence to-night till twenty minutes past Nine. Loud complaints of wasted Sitting. On the contrary, believe the proceedings most useful. Full rehearsal of a real Home Rule debate. Shows how it would be done, and who would do it. Began on Motion to go into Committee on private Bill dealing with the Main Drainage

of Belfast. SEXTON, in speech of prodigious length, proposed to engraft upon the Main Drainage Bill a scheme for the assimilation of the municipal and parliamentary franchise, to permit all Electors to become candidates for Aldermen, and to provide for a few other things. What all this had to do with the Main Drainage not made clear in SEXTON's tremendous oration, nor in others that followed. COURNEY opposed Amendment, and instantly drew upon his modest and benevolent head the fire of Irish indignation.

"What a skulk to crack!" said Mr. CLANCEY, instinctively feeling for his shillelagh.

TIM HEALY called him "a wiseacre." SPEAKER on his feet in a moment, sternly deprecating the use of such language.

"Then I withdraw the wiseacre," said TIM, meekly.

"Another good word gone!" murmured JOSEPH GILLIS from a back seat.

Efforts were made to connect the Main Drainage Scheme with RANDOLPH. But the SPEAKER could not see the connection, and the effort failed. Repeated at-

tempts made to drag some of the Orange Members into the sewers. But, though boiling with indignation, they looked with assumed indifference upon TIM's coat-tails dragged slowly up and down beneath their very noses. HARCOURT couldn't resist temptation of joining in so promising a fray, though what he had to do with the



NEW READING.

Sir Henry J-m-s. "Lead on! I'll not follow thee."

Main Drainage! Scheme of Belfast no one knew. Five minutes to Eight, JOSEPH GILLIS came to judgment, and was received with loud cheers by the New Irish Members, who greatly reverence the Patriarch. JOSEPH in his most judicial manner stated some "matters of fact" that surprised even his countrymen; and having given sly kick at Chairman of Committees, resumed his seat, generously grinning. Nine o'clock, debate flagged. Impossible to get up excitement when no one would fight, so twenty minutes later Division taken, and Questions usually opened at half-past Four, were taken.



Nooks and Corners of Parliament—Commons Prayers. The Chaplain.

All a prodigious joke, played throughout with undisturbed gravity. Parnellites talked a little about Main Drainage, and a good deal about the Franchise, and all the while had their eye on RANDOLPH. The blameless and long-suffering Lord had been cruelly attacked for, of all things in the world, making an inflammatory speech! He had challenged his assailant to bring the matter to an issue. The Motion stood far down on the paper. Could be reached to-night only by extraordinary dispatch of business. Everything depended upon rapidity with which earlier Motions dismissed. To have talked at large upon one of the ordinary Motions dealing with public business, would have been a stale joke. To the ingenious minds below the Gangway occurred the idea of making play with a Private Bill. Hence the sudden interest in the Main Drainage of Belfast; hence the arguments in favour of Assimilation of Municipal Franchise; hence the allusion to COURTNEY as a wiseacre; and hence the delay of five hours in beginning business. The Motion relating to Lord RANDOLPH was never reached, and he still goes about weighed down by the accusation of having made an inflammatory speech.

Business done.—The Parnellites have a little game with RANDOLPH.

Wednesday.—Curious how business instincts crop up at unexpected periods. Here's Mr. NOLAN, who, before he was called upon to take part in direction of imperial politics, followed the honourable profession of Manager of an Aquarium. He was discussing Labourers (Ireland) Bill; got along very well at first; but seeing before him body of well-dressed gentlemen, presumably sufficiently well off to treat themselves to a little pleasure excursion, if well planned, he broke forth as follows:—"I will undertake to take any Member of this House to the North of Ireland, and show him that intolerance in its rankest form is practised by the Ulster Members."

NOLAN about to proceed, doubtless with object of setting forth few particulars as to route to be taken, times of boat and train starting, hotel charges, and general expenses of this personally-conducted expedition, when SPEAKER interposed. Kind-hearted man, averse from interfering with any Member's private interest. But really these kind of arrangements could not be made during the hours of public business, and upon Motion for Second Reading of Labourers (Ireland) Bill. Ex-Manager of Aquarium accordingly changed subject, with the more grace as he had issued his Advertisement. Members desiring to avail themselves of the excursion would know where to find him.

Business done.—Labourers (Ireland) Bill read Second Time.

Thursday.—Great attraction. First performance of *The House and the Holmes*. Four-lined Whips out on either side. New Members come down in large numbers and high spirits. Now's their opportunity. Government met with what is practically Vote of Want of Confidence. Those who made their maiden speech on the Address will have fresh opportunity of impressing House and country. Those who have not spoken before will speak to-night. Old Members must be taught the power of new-comers.

HOLMES moves a Resolution, the avowed object of which is to improve social condition of Ireland by stopping supplies. HOLMES was Attorney-General in the late Government, but, owing to circumstances over which he had no control, did not obtain opportunity of making himself known to House. House knows him now, and won't forget him. A poor, wandering, wobbling speech stretched far beyond an hour. A most remarkable voice, too. Mixed up, as it were, with explosive material. Proceeds through some sentences in low rapid, indistinct voice. Then suddenly two words, five words, or occasionally ten words, go off with a loud explosion, after which

HOLMES goes on in ordinary voice till more explosive words turn up, and that so, again startled by sort of vocal fog-signals.

"Reminds me," said TREVELYAN, "of the *Curious Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. You remember how Dr. Jekyll was sometimes startled by finding himself speaking in voice of Mr. Hyde? There goes Mr. Hyde."

But it was only the explosive material turned up again, and HOLMES shouting at the top of his voice, "the ties which bound," the rest of the sentence running—"the people in Ireland were drawn so tight as to risk snapping," being uttered in ordinary tones.

"It is a curious thing," said EARL SPENCER to LORD ASHBOURNE, with whom he sat chatting in the Peers' Gallery, "that Irish Attorney-Generals always address the House at the top of their voice, How is it, I wonder?"

"Do they?" said LORD ASHBOURNE. "I don't know another case; but I suppose it's because they have two audiences; one at Westminster, and the other across the Channel. What seems shouting at Westminster, is only a faint whisper at Dublin."

Business done.—Vote of No Confidence withdrawn.

Friday.—Sage of Queen Anne's Gate came out from his cave to-night and delivered instructive homily. Has come to conclusion that the Lords must go. Told House this in speech full of audacious humour, and plain practical common sense. Sage has a certain innocent air, childlike in its blandness, when he is saying the most extraordinary things. This adds much to effect. Peers gaily crowd to hear themselves described as "sitting in their own House like sheep."

"And how do sheep sit?" asked RANDOLPH, who is never above obtaining information.

COOKE, of Newington, delivered interesting metaphysical lecture, founded on DARWIN and GALTON. Object was to prove heredity of genius, and of high intellectual qualities. LORD DENMAN and LORD STRATHEDEN-AND-CAMPBELL, in the Gallery, nodded assent. EARL CAIRNS and LORD ST. LEONARDS unfortunately not present. On division in crowded House, Lords saved to us by 36 votes.

"My gracious!" said STRATHEDEN-AND-CAMPBELL, drawing a long breath. "I thought we were gone."

"Well, I hope it will prove a lesson to them," said LORD DENMAN. "If in future they listen to you and me, they won't get in scrapes of this kind."

Business done.—House of Lords temporarily saved by 202 votes against 166.

"MAD, MY MASTERS, MAD!"

THE following additions will no doubt be made to the proposed Lunacy Law Amendment Act on its passage through Parliament:—

1. No new Licensed House shall be opened, and all existing ones shall be closed within two months of the passing of this Act, as it is the intention of the Legislature to get rid of the possibly entire support of the fatherless and the widow at the smallest contrivable cost to the Public.

2. The Commissioners in Lunacy shall be abolished, and their places supplied by the Receivers in the Bankruptcy Court, the duty of District Visitors being undertaken (as already proposed) by County Court Judges.

3. Dukes shall be admitted to Pauper Asylums at double the ordinary rate. All other members of the aristocracy being received at a considerable reduction.

4. In future no "single patient" shall be received into the private charge of a Doctor, it being considered better for his health to allow him to become one of the hundreds of inmates of a public Asylum.

5. All Asylums shall be opened from ten to four to the Public, who shall, however, be requested, by freely displayed placards, "not to touch the patients."

6. Every homicidal Lunatic shall be examined by a board, consisting of the Lord Chancellor, the President of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division, the Treasurers of the Four Inns of Court, and the LORD MAYOR, once a fortnight, to discover whether it appears to them advisable to send him home at once to the family circle.

7. No person shall be considered a homicidal lunatic until after conviction at the Central Criminal Court.

8. Before a person can be found lunatic, he shall be examined by the full Councils of the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, the Lords Justices of Appeal, and a Jury chosen from the inmates of either Hanwell or Colney Hatch.

9, and lastly. After passing all the stages but one, this Bill, consequent upon some newer excitement engaging the attention of the Public, shall be thrown out, and shelved indefinitely.

TIME IS MONEY.—Is it? Then, so much of it as there is that honourable Members of Parliament can afford to spend in debate between afternoon and dawn, what an exceedingly well-off assembly must be the House of Commons!

TRICKS ON TRAVELLERS.

I SEE constantly advertised that, between Calais and Nice, to carry the *voyageurs* by the 10'35 train from Victoria, L. C. & D. (such a convenient hour! No getting up very early), there will be provided "A luxurious Bogie carriage." I don't believe in ghosts, but I'm hanged if I should like to travel in a carriage with a luxurious Bogie, or in a luxurious carriage with a Bogie, or in fact any sort of carriage reserved for Bogies.



A Night in a "Bogie" Carriage.

If this meets the eye of Mr. J. STAAT FORBES, Chairman, I hope he'll make arrangements with the French Authorities to have these Bogies regularly exorcised—mind, exorcised, not exorcised—every morning.

Yours tremblingly,
"DUM CRAMBO CRAMBO."

MR. PUNCH'S METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS.

(Projected with a special view to the Comfort and Recreation of Pedestrians, Equestrians, and Her Majesty's Peaceable and Loyal Londoners.)

The Parks.—That the sunk fence between Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens be filled up, and a clear ride be made right up to the old Kensington Palace.

That two rides be cut intersecting the above-projected ride in a North-Westerly and a North-Easterly direction, and leading from Hyde Park Gate to Bayswater.

That two or three lesser rides be made through Hyde Park, and in Kensington Gardens, similar to the *sentiers* in the Bois de Boulogne.

That in Regent's Park rides be made in all directions; that at least two new gates be made on the North side.

That tan be laid down at the side of the ordinary roads in Regent's Park inner and outer circle for the convenience of equestrians. And this also in Hyde Park, right round, as it is in summer.

That the Police at the N.W. passage of Oxford Street, between the Marble Arch and Cumberland Gate be strictly charged to be as much on the alert to stop busses and carts, and so to keep a way clear for equestrians, as are the Police at the S.W. passage between Albert Gate and Lowndes Square.

A scheme, involving compensation for disturbance, should be set on foot—though this, evidently, does not directly concern equestrians,—for doing away with all private residences within Regent's Park itself, and constructing a Public Summer and Winter Garden on a French and German model, with Restaurations open for luncheons, dinners, and suppers, a theatre, a circus, lawn tennis grounds, tennis court, boating by day, and by night fireworks on the ornamental water. Such an establishment is a real want, and Regent's Park, being at once well within reach, and yet so far removed as to offer no obstruction to traffic, is the very place for the purpose.

Parks and Streets.—All Processions, not being State Pageants, should be prohibited. All bodies of persons marching about with and playing, or attempting to play, musical instruments, should be prohibited. Fine and imprisonment should be the punishment for breaking these laws.

Quiet Streets.—All organ-grinders and so-called street-musicians should not be permitted to come within a radius of ten miles of Charing Cross on pain of imprisonment, fine, and, for a third offence, penal servitude for not less than seven years.

Meetings.—Public spaces, at least four miles out of London, to be set apart for open-air meetings, if required, and that only such spaces shall be used for such purposes.

Parks.—The London Parks shall be only used by the Public for the purposes of recreation and enjoyment, and not for political meetings, haranguing, preachings, and suchlike nuisances, which render Sunday a day of turbulence and unrest, and prevent quiet, peaceable people, who are at work all the week, from enjoying the fresh air on their only holiday.

(By Order)

PUNCH.

CROWNED WITH A FILET-DE-BŒUF.—The Reverend FREEMAN WILLS, Vicar of St. Agatha, Shoreditch, having already a cure of soles, has turned butcher and meat-salesman, and so his time must be pretty well occupied. His is the laudable object—(what would Archbishop LAUD have thought of it?)—of selling the best meat, foreign and English, at the lowest possible prices. His success so far seems considerable, as he has been able to pay a five per cent. dividend to friends who have advanced him the working capital. Let him become a greengrocer as well, set up a shop in Smithfield, and hang out the sign of "The Steak and Two Martyrs."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

WE own to being among those unfortunate people who are blind to the merits of a great deal that DE QUINCEY wrote, specially the *Confessions of an Opium Eater*. It has been republished in that most useful series, *Morley's Universal Library*, and is bound up with an Essay on SHAKESPEARE and one on GOETHE, by the same author. In *Murder Considered as one of the Fine Arts*, the *Mail Coach*, *Secret Societies*, and some half-dozen others, and also in his *Recollections of the Lakes*, he is at his best. He was a scholarly and a polished essayist, but, if we are not mistaken, his works are caviare to the general; and to the majority he is little more than a name. Our old friend Mrs. RAM had heard of him, but thought that his name was DE QUINSEY, and that he was a throat-doctor. The present republication will enable those who have not yet tasted this opium dose to decide whether they think it a taste worth cultivating. Of course, it can be taken in very small quantities the last thing at night, when it will probably induce sleep.

In a *Silver Sea*, a romance in three volumes, by Mr. B. L. FARJEON—published by WARD AND DOWNY—and a very downy pair to give such a book to the public. It will bother and perplex readers, but those who commence it will become more and more interested, be unable to put it down until they've finished the third volume, and then will breathe again, and be inclined to wonder how on earth it was they have been so spell-bound. For it is a quaint, weird, thrilling, mysterious, nightmarish work, like a screen of fantastic scraps put together with some sort of mysterious purpose, riveting attention, and exciting curiosity. Occasionally the jerky dialogue recalls VICTOR HUGO's style, specially in *L'Homme qui Rit*. In a *Silver Sea* may be classed with *Treasure Island*, *In a Glass Darkly*, *Uncle Silas*, *King Solomon's Mines*, and books of that sort, which I am inclined to call "The Fat Boy Series"; for they all have one object in common with that of the Fat Boy when he told Mrs. Wardle that he wanted "to make her flesh creep." The creepiest creepers have been Mr. LE FANU's. But Mr. FARJEON has run him very near, and thrown in a touch of Hugoesque dialogue into the bargain.

WELL WORTH NOTING.

READ the article in the *Westminster Review*, on "Grattan and the Irish Parliament," and do not skip the footnote to the paragraph relating to the foundation of Orangeism in 1795. But there is one pleasant incident which may, perhaps, be recommended as a precedent to the future Irish Legislators, which is that GRATAN received from the Parliament, in recognition of his splendid services, a grant of £50,000. Of course he deserved it, so may Mr. PARNELL, and we wish he may get it. Another article we recommend is to be found in the number of the *Spectator* for February 27. It is a review of the *Life of Father Burke, O.P.* Though a thorough-going Nationalist, there was nothing Dantesque about him; no "sombre acquiescence" in murders and outrages: he, at least, was no party to any "conspiracy of silence." Father TOM BURKE was not to be burked nor even gagged, even when he himself received a threatening letter. He seems to have a worthy successor in Rev. J. O'LEARY, P.P. of Ballymacelligott (what a name!), County Kerry, who, as reported in the *Daily News* of Thursday last, gave it hot to the "misguided wretches" who "had not their country's welfare at heart," but went about collecting money for arms. Why do not the Irish Ecclesiastics, as a body, speak out in this tone? Such remarks as those recently made in the *Times* by the "KNIGHT OF GLIN" would then be impossible.

THE SCHOOL FOR SPEECH-MAKING.—As an assembly in which newcomers very shortly find their level, the House of Commons has been happily likened to "a great public school." Yes. Especially a school which still upholds the system of fagging. The Fags, distinctly so denominated, may be considered to be formed of the honourable Gentlemen appointed to serve on Committees. The Rod—Black Rod—is in pickle in another place. Attention to work among the "Commoners," however, is enforced by Whips.

THE NEW CHIEF POLICE COMMISSIONER.—As he distinguished himself in South Africa, it might be naturally supposed that WARREN would know more about blacking than the blues. No doubt Sir CHARLES will deal summarily with black mail.

It isn't the Kiss of Peace they give at these Schools of Kissstian Kissenters, but a kiss a-piece all round. *Kismet!* but it does sound rather Harem-scarum.

THE ORIGINAL "DEAN OF THE ORDER OF THE THISTLE."—The Vicar of Bray.

THE WRATH OF ACHILLES THE LITTLE.

(Homeric Fragment lately Discovered at Athens.)

"Out on the Powers and their despotic sway!"
 Little ACHILLES cried, "I shan't obey.
 To keep the peace is all their present care,
 With us 'tis different: all we want is war.
 Because they talk and threat, are we to shun
 The fight, and leave our glorious task un-
 done?
 Rise every Greek and see my spear confound
 Our foemen's ranks, and deal destruction
 round.
 With emulation my bold deeds survey,
 And learn from me the business of the day."

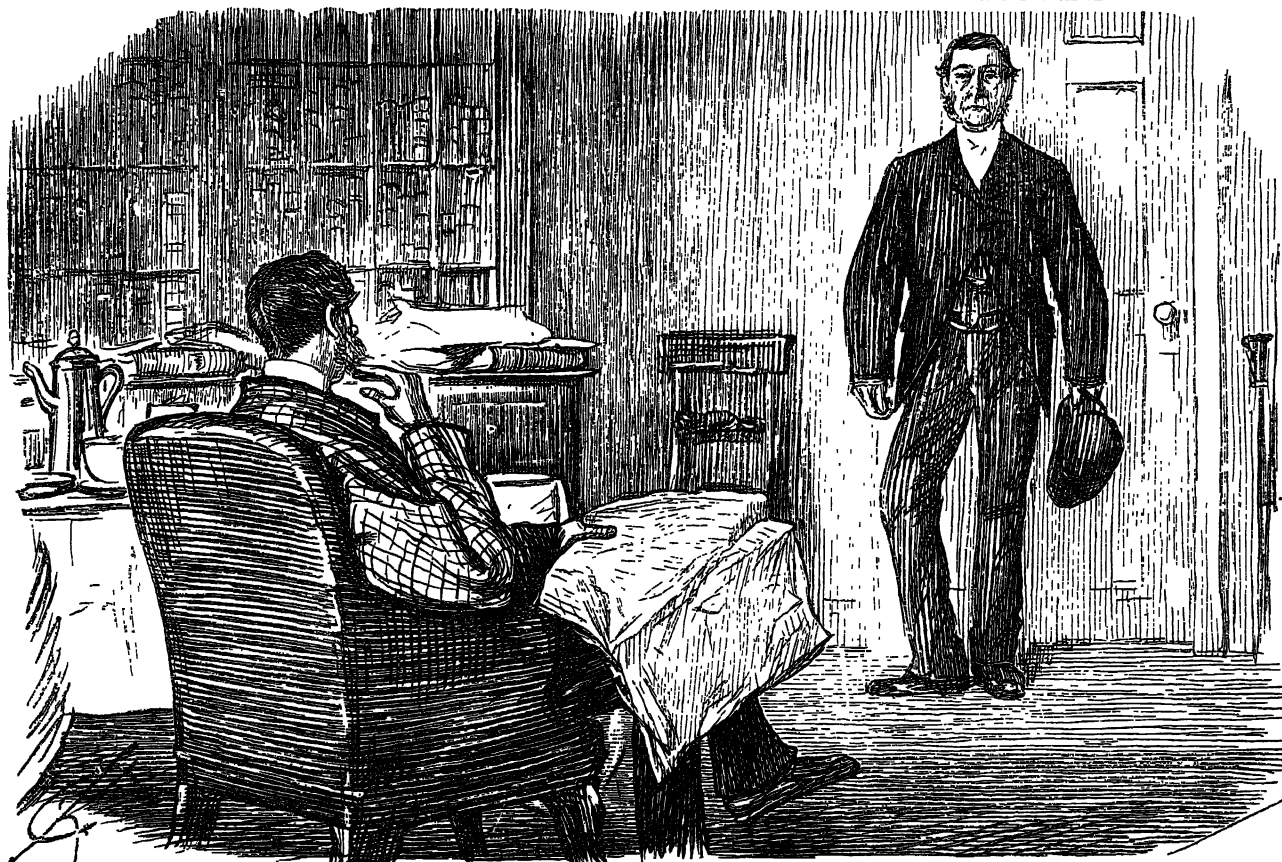
He said, and tugged at his tremendous
 blade.
 When lo! two godlike shapes his efforts
 stay'd
 Athené grave, Apollo bright, allied
 'Gainst him for once, and taking the
 same side.
 "Hillo!" the hero cried. "What,
 both? By Jove,
 Minerva, this is hard upon a cove.
 I didn't think that you would bar the way
 Of your pet warrior. What will Thetis
 say?"

"O First of Greeks (Athené thus rejoind)
 The best and bravest of the warrior kind;
 'Tis not the season to kick up a shine.
 Trust old experience and calm friendship—
 mine.
 Obey my counsel and to reason yield.
 Put back that ready sword and quit the
 field."

Though with red heaps you strew'd the battle
 plain,
 You've everything to lose and nought to gain;
 That is, just now. Another day, of course,
 You'll try if there is remedy in force.
 Not now, we both advise; the Powers com-
 mand it:
 In fact, my little friend, they will not stand
 it."

Swell'd high the hero's heart, stuck fast his
 blade,
 And thus he murmured to his blue-eyed maid:
 "Is then ACHILLES now no more thy care,
 And dost thou then desert the great in war?
 And thou, Apollo? Must I keep my tent
 For ever, whilst my foemen circumvent,
 My rivals bag the booty? Why, oh why
 Hinder me thus? Do let me have a shy!"

"Forbear!" (the Sun-god solemnly replies.)
 To calm thy fury we forsake the skies.



THE SERVANTS."

The Marquis (engaging a Valet). "HAW—I HOPE YOU LIKE YOUR CIGARS FULL-FLAVOURED; FOR MY LAST MAN, WHO WAS GOOD ENOUGH TO ADMIT I SUITED HIM, I BELIEVE, SAID MINE WERE BEASTLY, AND MADE HIM SICK—AND SO TOOK HIMSELF OFF!"

Let great ACHILLES, to the gods resigned,
To reason yield the empire o'er his mind.
The force of what we're saying thou must
feel,
So sheathe, obedient, thy revenging steel.
For I pronounce (and trust a heavenly pow'r)
Thy injured honour hath its fated hour.
Then let revenge no longer bear the sway,
Turn up thy tantrums, and the gods obey."

To him PELIDES: "With regardful ear
I list, of course, but oh, it's hard, it's queer.
Hard as it is, my vengeance I suppress.
Those who revere the gods, the gods should
bless."

He said, observant of the blue-eyed maid,
Then in the sheath returned the half-stuck
blade.

The gods then swift to high Olympus fly,
And join the sacred senate of the sky.

THE SELDOM-AT-HOME SECRETARY AND THE LICENSING CHAOS.

THE deputation of Theatrical and Music Hall Managers who assembled in Downing Street, on Ash Wednesday, to check the encroachments of the Metropolitan Board of Works, were received with that affable ignorance which distinguishes what we may call our Protean Government. When an estimable gentleman like Mr. CHILDERS appears one minute as a Lord of the Admiralty, then dips under a table and comes up as a Chancellor of the Exchequer, then dips again and comes up as a Home Secretary, he cannot be expected to have that knowledge of the ques-

tions and people who come before him, that a permanent official would have who had passed all his life in one department, with the same wig and spectacles. The mixed lot of gentlemen who appeared before him represented about as many systems of licensing as there are castes in a Hindoo household. They not only represented 600 London places of amusement, with a capital of four millions sterling, and employing one hundred and fifty thousand persons, more or less, but they represented every corner of the chaotic licensing system.

Some gentlemen present were licensed by the Middlesex Magistrates (a body of gentlemen many hundreds in number and representing many sectarian prejudices), some were licensed by the Surrey Magistrates (a body of gentlemen of more liberal tendencies), some were licensed by the Divisional Magistrates, some by the Kent Magistrates, and some by the corporation of the City of London; some were licensed by the Crown in the shape of a Royal Charter; and one gentleman held a direct licence or patent from his late lamented Majesty, CHARLES THE SECOND. One or two gentlemen, probably, were not licensed at all, and many of those present were licensed by a Court Official, known as the LORD CHAMBERLAIN. "The refreshment powers of these gentlemen, in some cases, were obtained from certain Magistrates, at what are called Brewster Sessions; others obtained the same powers direct from the Excise, under an Act of WILLIAM THE FOURTH; some were looked after as to morality by a Crown Officer, known as the Licensor of Plays; others were looked after in a similar way by the Police under a variety of Acts,

too numerous to mention; and above and beyond all, exercising absolute authority over all these gentlemen as regards the construction and alteration of Theatres and places of public entertainment, stands the Metropolitan Board of Works—the Parochial Parliament, sixty strong, against whom these gentlemen assembled to make a vigorous protest.

After seven years' experience of the action of this glorified vestry, whom they had found to be ignorant, obstinate, wasteful, and arbitrary, the Managers of our Public Amusements in London waited upon the Minister to ask him not only not to favour a Bill applying for extended powers by the Metropolitan Board of Works, but to create a new department of the Home Office charged with the inspection of theatres, music-halls, and other places of a like kind. If the Minister had had more than the conventional ten minutes to spare, a case might, and would have been, put before him that would have suggested a reform and simplification of the whole licensing system; that would have drawn his attention to the fact that many public buildings besides theatres and music-halls require careful and rigid inspection in London; and would probably have convinced him that a hole-and-corner parochial Bill which deals only with the Metropolis, and ignores the rest of the Empire, is not a Bill to be supported, even by a hurried and new-born Home Secretary.

A RIDDLE FOR ALL COMPANIES.—"Why," asked SPINKS, suddenly, "is every man from here a wilful suicide?"—"Because he is a fellow d'ici."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, March 8.—Something almost pastoral in the peace in which the Irish Members live just now with all mankind, especially the Chief Secretary. True, they sometimes gird at Orangemen opposite, asking questions designed to bring them into contempt. But the questions so mildly put, the aspect of questioner so gentle, almost angelic, that when Major SANDERSON has jumped up once or twice in endeavour to answer question himself, and when JOHNSTON has shaken out the pennon of his red beard preparatory to leading the fray, the incident closes without a bone being broken.

JOHN MORLEY doing excellently at question time. Never tries to be funny, but frequently draws a laugh. Never smart, never lectures questioner, evidently gives all information he possesses, and fully admits right of Private Member to question Public Minister. All this tends to peace and the despatch of business. TIM HEALY quite an altered man. Confessed this evening that he'd been troubled for some time with reflection on inconvenience Lord Lieutenant subjected to, owing to the lack of Church accommodation provided for him in Dublin. This is entirely Episcopalian, whereas Lord ABERDEEN is a Presbyterian. "Could nothing be done?" TIM asks, with tender intonation. Would it not be possible to place on the Estimates a sum of money to build and endow a kirk for the use of Lord ABERDEEN during the term of his Viceroyalty? Looking further afield, and having regard to the religious views of succeeding Viceroys, asked wouldn't it be possible to appoint a Dean of the Chapel Royal so highly gifted that he would be able to minister in whatever varied ways to the spiritual wants of the Viceroy of the day? Money no object to TIM. Only desire to make Viceroy comfortable on Sundays. JOHN MORLEY met the question in the spirit in which it was put. Scarcely a dry eye in the assembly.

After this, discussion on Crofters Bill seemed harsh and material, broken by the one flight of fancy from the poetic mind of RAMSAY, who, in a sentence pictured the awful barrenness of the Isle of Lewis, where "thirty acres would not graze one snipe." Always recognised in RAMSAY man of imagination.

Business done.—Crofters Bill read Second Time.



Nooks and Corners of the House.
"Chamberlain Bros."

Long debate on Manchester Ship Canal Bill. SEXTON had provided himself with list of Members interested in Railways, and therefore, he argued, not qualified to vote. Irish Member put on to watch every Railway Director present. Two—PLUNKER and TIPPING—caught voting. SEXTON moved Votes be disallowed. PLUNKER properly submissive. The Member for Stockport, Tipping a wink at SPEAKER, said he'd do it again, if they didn't mind. Division taken, and Votes allowed.

In fact, a good deal of voting throughout sitting. On Welsh Disestablishment Question three Divisions taken before question decided. First Vote on DILLWYN's Motion, next that GREY's Amendment be substituted. This carried by large majority, and there New Members thought matter ended. Great triumph for Member for Northumberland. Evidently the Grey mare the better horse. But having agreed that GREY's Amendment should become

substantive Motion, the Motion, when put, was rejected by biggest majority of the night. "Don't quite know what I've done," said New Member, with anxious face. "But I voted in every Division, first on one side, then on the other. Consequence is, we've voted the whole business clean out of the House, leaving neither original Motion, Amendment, nor amended Resolution. Don't know how it was done, but there it is. Suppose it's all right."

Business done.—Motion for Disestablishment Church in Wales rejected.

Ash Wednesday.—House didn't meet till Two o'Clock, so that Members might go to church. This thoughtful provision largely taken advantage of. A little after Two Members began to drop in on their way from church. But, for the most part, they seemed to have decided also to attend the afternoon services. Consequence was, quorum with difficulty formed, and House nearly empty throughout sitting. Amongst others who came in, Prayer Book in hand, was MUNTZ, Member for Tamworth. MUNTZ, as he presently told House, "yielded to no man in the cause of Temperance." PEASE's Sunday Closing Bill on, and MUNTZ burned with desire to say few words in support of Temperance principles. Only Four o'Clock, and plenty of time to say what was necessary on well-worn topic. MUNTZ tucked Prayer Book under his arm, and sat down. Frequent opportunity to interpose, but too polite to thrust himself forward. Time and opportunity slipped by, but still he sat silent. Twenty-five minutes past Five. LLOYD on his legs, speaking amid cries of "Divide!" Shouted down 'at twenty-five minutes to Six. In ten minutes debate must close. Now or never. "Now!" said MUNTZ, rising, and facing crowd of angry Teetotallers, who howled at him as if they had caught him breaking the pledge. He shook his Prayer Book in their faces. They bellowed back, "Divide!" Watching his opportunity, he was able to interject amid the uproar his confession of faith.

"I yield to no man," he cried, "in the desire to promote the cause of Temperance."

After this the hubbub grew apace, till the hands of the clock pointed to a quarter to Six, when the SPEAKER rose, a great silence fell on the House, and Members bustled out. The ardour of MUNTZ's affection for Temperance had smothered the Bill designed to promote it.

Business done.—Sunday Closing Bill talked out by Mr. MUNTZ.

Thursday.—"What becomes of the foals?" Question put by the Sage of Queen Anne's Gate, with every appearance of the tenderest personal interest. It arises in Committee of Supply on Civil Service Estimates. Vote for Royal Palaces, including stud-house, at Hampton Court. The Sage, with all deference to the Chairman, surmises that where there is a stud there must be foals. Hampton Court Palace account shows no record of what becomes of the foals. Are they spirited away? Are they sold in their tender years for butcher's meat? Or are they regarded as perquisites of the 230 persons who look after the hundred horses, which there is no one to ride out of the Royal Mews of Pimlico? No one could tell. Mr. LEVESON-GOWER didn't know. Even Mr. RYLANDS was at fault. Question echoed eerily through the Chamber, and there was none to answer it.

"Where are the foals?"

Much conversation on the accommodation of the House. T. P. O'CONNOR led off with complaint of general lack of convenience, which lifelong usage had made essential. There was a decided insufficiency of powdered footmen. The horses in the Royal Mews had a proportionate attendance of two grooms and a third for each, whereas Hon. Members could not reckon upon the personal attendance of more than one minion for every three. Besides, the atmosphere was bad, being entirely free from the homely smell of peat, and the smoke all going out up the chimneys. Lastly, there were no type-writing machines for the use of "Plutarchs at ten guineas a week," as Sir PAT O'BRIEN once called Members of the House understood to vary their attendance upon national interests by writing "London Letters" to provincial newspapers.

"Ah, there's no keeping pace with T. P.!" said Mr. GILHOOLY, M.P. "He's always thinking of the paternal palace where the descendant of one of the early kings used to eat his tates off a gould plate, and sup his whiskey out of a silver flaygon."

Other Members seemed tolerably well satisfied with things, and the Vote for Houses of Parliament agreed to.

Business done.—Civil Service Estimates. Railway and Canal Traffic Bill introduced.

Friday.—BRODRICK had his little joke to-night, which should become historic. It's the last of the kind possible. Gave notice that on Monday will ask whether arrangements could be made for attendance of a Minister,—"Not for the purpose of attacking, but of defending the Estimates." This, of course, a little hit at HENRY FOWLER, who yesterday declined, being above the Gangway, to go contrary to views on Public Parks expressed below Gangway. Familiar practice this, to make up elaborate little attack on some one, throw it into form of question, and give public notice. Needn't

necessarily do any more. Had your fling at the enemy. Let the mud stick. Irish Members adepts in this art. But never no more!

SELWYN IBBETSON, few hours after BRODRICK had spoken, carried Resolution prohibiting the giving of notices of a question *vivâ voce*. After protest by Irish Members, House, to its surprise, found the whole thing settled. Marvel is nuisance has existed so long.

"Now the House finds it so surprisingly easy to deal with vanity, and personal or party spite," said HARTINGTON, "perhaps it will go a step further. Why should Notices of Motion be read aloud to indifferent House by the pleased author?"

Business done.—Best of the week. The reading aloud of choice literary compositions stopped.

SHAKSPEARE EN SUITE.

SIR,—I am not surprised that my version of *Hamlet* has met with what the French call "*un chaud accueil*," and the result has inspired me at once to settle down with my OLLENDORFF and dictionary, and tackle another play. This time I have gone at *Macbeth*, and with what success you will be able to judge from the following few random extracts that I just throw in as a specimen of what I have been doing with it. Take the very first line, for instance:—

When shall we three meet again? &c., &c.

This becomes—

Quand serons nous trois encore réunies?
Dans le tonnerre, l'éclair, ou sans parapluie?

Then again, a little further on, when *Banquo* and *Macbeth* first come across the Witches, and *Banquo* asks—

What are these—

So withered and so wild in their attire? &c., &c.

This, with a little freedom to get in the rhyme, runs—

Mon dieu, mais qu'est-ce qu'ils sont que celles-là,
Qui bien habillées vraiment ne sont pas—
Qui quoi qu'ils existent apparemment sur la terre,
D'être les vrais habitants n'en ont pas l'air.

Then *Macbeth* addresses them—

Speak, if you can: What are you?

To which the *First Witch* makes answer—

"All hail, MACBETH! Hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!

This is expressively rendered thus—

Macbet. Parlez, si vous pouvez, qu'est-ce que vous êtes?
De ne pas savoir peut-être nous sommes bêtes.
1re Sorcière. Bière à tous, et remarquez que je dis bis.
Bière à vous, Monsieur MACBETH, duc de Glamis!

The famous speech—

Is this a dagger that I see before me,
The handle towards my hand? Come, let me clutch thee; &c., &c.

runs quite glibly, thus—

Est-ce que ceci est un poignard qu'avec mes yeux
Je vois devant moi tout-à-fait—ça va mieux—
La poignée vers ma main? Tenez, permettez
Que je vous saisisse avec un air gai.
Je ne vous ai pas, mais vraiment, sur ma foi,
C'est bien sûr au même temps que je vous vois.

But perhaps the happiest passage is the following, where *Macbeth*, at the banquet, is disturbed by the apparition of *Banquo*. It runs—

Macbeth. Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold:
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes.

This I have turned very neatly as follows, and have, I think, given the idea of the speculation very happily:—

Macbet. Arrière! quittez ma vue! Soyez caché dans la terre!
Tes os sont sans moëlle!

Spectre de M. Banquo. Oui! une triste affaire.

Macbet. Ton sang est froid; et inspirée de la même source,
Tes yeux n'ont pas l'air de se mêler dans la Bourse!

One more quotation, and I am done:—

Lay on, MACDUFF,
And damned be him that first cries, Hold, enough!

resolves itself, as you can see, most naturally into—

Appliquez-vous bien, MACDUFF, et sera-t-il sacré
Qui le premier dira, "Tenez, j'en ai eu assez!"

There—but I needn't add more. You will see from the above of what the Divine WILLIAMS is capable in a foreign tongue if he only falls into the right hands. To make it acceptable to SARAH, I shall probably roll up the Three Witches into *Lady Macbeth*, and so strengthen up the part a bit. Meantime I am happy to be,

Yours literally, LONGLEY R. PARRY.

REAL AIM OF SIR JOSEPH'S SUNDAY CLOSING BILL.—"To make a solitude, and call it—*Pease*."

ROBERT ON 'KISSING GAMES.'

Wot a world we lives in without knowing it! and how ewerythink seems to be a being turned topsum turvem as the Loryers says! Fust



Scene at Islip.

we has in the werry House of Communes itself, gennelmen comparing most respectable people as wants to be Barrownets, to hungry donkeys as wants thistles, and is the awdacious member at once suspended? no, but everybody larfs at the crewel Jester. That seems pretty well to begin with, but wot's that compared to wot folers. Suppose as I had been asked last week by the Prime Minister, let us say, or by the werry Arch Bishop of Canterbury hisself, sum sitch question as this—

"Please, Mr. ROBERT, were is the most hinnercentest and most kerrectest place

in all the hole of hinnercent and kerrect Lundo?"

"Please your grace's honner," I shoold have replied, "in a Sunday Skool."

And now what do I read? Why sitch a seen of low wulger deborchery as makes my pen blush as I rites of it. Wot's called "kissing games," kept up from 6 in the evenin till midnite! Going through what they calls their drill in pares of differing sexes, when "present arms" meant embracing, and "fire a volley" meant kissing! I don't dare discribe it all. Mr. Punch's wollums is meant for the pure and the hinnercent. Plenty of fun but no filth. But wot most estonishes me is to wunder how any growed-up parson or minister can not only allow all this to go on hunder his werry nose but aoshally to jine in it. Don't let me brag too mutch of my hone virtue, speshally arter last week's reverlashun, but, dear me! ony to fanny a rewerent Gent of mature hage kissing no less than 60 damsells, and all on 'em young! and this partickerlerly afeshunate Gent is we are told a leader of a Temperance Satiety!

In another game these pretty, full-grown hinnercents plays, all the gentlemen, as they calls theirselves, kisses all the ladies, as they calls theirselves, in sucksession! I wunders wot Mrs. ROBERT wood say if I was to harsk to be aloud to be a Teecher in that not werry partickler Sunday Skool! I werry much fears as my motives might posserbly be misconstrued. It has jest struck me werry forceably that my Son WILLIAM has lately bin giving up a lot of his lezzur time to Sunday Skool teaching. I wonder if they has any of wot a Mr. A. C. B. calls "these innocent recreations and amusements," at his heddicational establishment. I think as I must get his other parient to make a few gentle inquiries upon this werry delicate subject.

Sum peepie seems to fancy as all these horful rewelashuns will greatly reduse the number of Sunday Skool pupils and Teechers, but Brown, who's about as good a judge of the bad side of pore human natur as most Waiters, says oh no, *o contrari*, as the germans says,—which means in plane English, quite another pare of shoes,—for the skrumphus accounts as has been published in the *Crishien Million*—there's a circulashun for you, Mr. Tellygraph—will fill 'em all full to the bung, as the Brewers says, and the "Games" will go on more merrier than ever. That's BROWN's opinion, but BROWN isn't everybody, not by a long ways, and my opinion is, as knowing more of the good side of things than of the bad, thanks to my shuperior position, that there's nothing rong as can stand long against publick opinion, and publick opinion says with a voice of thunder, whatever else may appen in this pore world of ours, where we all, Waiters and all, has to work so ard and so reglar to resist temtashun, speshally a certain temtashun as shall be nameless, our skool children, speshally our Sunday Skool children, shall be kep pure and hinnercent, and not subjected to these "kissing games," as is a disgrace to all conserved, but most of all to the grown-up canting Mawworms as stands by and looks on and sumtimes ewen jines in 'em, to the disgust of all true men and the contempt of all true Waiters.

ROBERT.

[A VERY TEETOTAL ORATORIO.—*The Martyr of Anti-Ock.*



A BIRD OF PASSAGE.

English Tourist. "WHO'S HE?" *Guide.* "LANDLORD, SORR." *E. T.* "WHAT'S HE GOT TO BE CONCEITED ABOUT?"

G. "HASN'T BEEN SHOT AT THIS MONTH PAST, SORR?" *E. T.* "HOW'S THAT?"

G. "FAITH, SORR, I CAN'T TELL; BUT IT'S MUSTHER PARNELL'S ORDERS THAT LANDLORDS IS TO HAVE A CLOSE TIME LIKE OTHER BASTES!"

OUR (VERY) "FRIENDLY SOCIETIES"!

"One of the *Friendlylies*" loquitor:—

ARE you wishing for snug berths and liberal wages?

Are you game for whopping screws and little work?

Do you like accounts, with none to check their pages?

Are you fond of liberal dealings as to "perk"?

Then do not tread the common paths of trading, Oh, no! there is a preferable plan!

Go in for something "Friendly," whose per-vading

Single purpose is to help the Working Man!

That's the lay, my little dears, above all others.

To encourage in the ways of careful thrift Our beloved labouring fellowmen and brothers, Is to give our joint humanity a lift.

The poor—and there are always such a lot of them—

As pasture for per-centages are prime; A little business skill may make a pot of them, And do the philanthropic all the time.

The Poor Man's Friend! What exquisite propriety

In giving that most honourable name To the founder of a Benefit Society!

Besides, it's such a pleasant, paying game. Then Provident Insurance is another line

In which a deal of good may be achieved.

In fact, what one may call the "friend and brother" line

Brings profit that would hardly be believed.

You get a batch of parties influential, And let them start a scheme, no matter what, So it's provident, or friendly, or prudential, And the thrifty poor are at it like a shot.

You hook them, like the mackerel, by millions, And every one you hook means pickings fine—

You build premises like palaces or pavilions, And oh, how you may live, and dress, and dine!

You may salary your servants very lavishly, For that, you see, will keep them in the swim;

A man will hardly round upon you knavishly Whilst you can make it snug and warm for him.

With good pay, sly perks, and prospect of a pension, Long holidays, and "leaves" without remark,

A chap *must* be a bilious fool to mention— Any little thing that you may wish kept dark.

The poor are very many, sometimes thrifty, But seldom 'cute, and often out of work; So per-centages may run as high as fifty,

And there are no known limits to the "perk." There's such a liberal margin, so much latitude In forfeits and in fines and other fakes.

You're prosperous, and the poor are full of gratitude,—

Unless, by some rare chance, suspicion wakes.

AN EXPENSIVE HISTORY.—*Brycey, Rusden.* How MR. RUSDEN must have cursed the moment when the unhappy thought occurred to him, "I will write a history of New Zealand." The moral is, don't write a history before the history is ready to be written; that is, before the chief actors in it have qualified for immortality in the historian's pages. Be sure that they are as dead as Queen ANNE, than whom no one is popularly supposed to be dead, and then out with paper and ink, and say what you like. Heavens! if "the mighty dead" had suddenly become the mighty Living, what actions for libel there would have been against our greatest historians! RICHARD the Third, MARY, Queen of Scots, Bluff King HAL, CROMWELL, JAMES the Second, and the great Duke of MARLBOROUGH could have ruined a few of them. Why, MACAULAY would have been banished to New Zealand, and Mr. FROUDE would have been broken by damages. Let MR. RUSDEN take heart. The history of New Zealand has yet to be written.

PRINTERS' DEVILRIES.—The *Sussex Daily News* is a popular paper, which has lately been delivered over to the mercies of a new p. d. He had evidently been exorcised by the recent riots, for, in an article on Mr. MORLEY's speech, he made the writer say,—"If, as Mr. MORLEY suggests, we really pass Niagara, all is *loot*." Loot, for lost, is good. And in last Thursday's number, half mixing him up with LORD CRANBOURNE, he makes the excellent COLONIAL SECRETARY figure as "Lord CRANBILLE." It sounds like a quite delightful variety of the Colonial bird.



OUR (VERY) "FRIENDLY SOCIETIES"!

"FROZEN UP IN ABOUT A COLUMN."

(Being Bret Hart's "Snow Bound at Eagle's," condensed.)

CHAPTER I.—True Grit.

"GIT down, and hold up your hands!"

The three passengers by the Sierran stage-coach descended. One of them moved an eyelid in a weary, perfunctory way. HALE furious, alert but helpless, moved another eyelid.

"Drop that!" said a voice with an officious coolness; adding, "There is a man here with a package of greenbacks. You will save time and trouble if you'll tote it out."

Then the three passengers, the stage-driver, and the express messenger lay with their faces on the sweep of granite covered with luxurious foliage, and concluded. "Good night!"

It was the signal that they were free. The greenbacks were transferred, the three passengers resumed their places, the stage-driver cracked his whip, and the horses sprang furiously forward.

"And there were only three men, and we were six!" cried HALE, passionately. The passenger who had given up the greenbacks raised a wrinkle on his forehead.

"I reckon I am talking to Kernel CLINCH," said the passenger beside HALE, with sudden alacrity. "I'm RAWLINS of Frisco."

The two men languidly grasped each other's hands, and talked about the weather.

"But cannot we contrive, with average good fortune, so to surround them that they must calculate to surrender at discretion?" said HALE, with true Bostonian verbiage.

"Wal, we'll try," said the Colonel. And, with a shout, the passengers seized four horses a-piece, and rode with whirlwind intensity into a forest.

"I conclude it's GEORGE LEE and NED FALKNER," observed the Colonel. "We shan't, however, get their track, as I calculate here's a snowstorm."

The speaker was right. At that moment the whole face of the country, with its wild beauty and granite ridges, and the rest of it was swallowed up by seventeen hundred feet of snow.

"I fancy I shall not get to Eagle's Court to-night," observed HALE. And, although a stranger in those parts, he was right.

CHAPTER II.—Boston Form.

KATE and her sister, Mrs. HALE, and JOHN's mother, Mrs. SCOTT, lived in one of those highly peculiar places only to be found in America. The bold, wild, rugged granite and the dark-green fir-trees flourished in the customary luxuriance. KATE, although she dressed in a sou'-wester, a pilot's jacket, and a *moiré antique* skirt by WORTH, was yet perfectly and entirely refined. She was a true Bostonian, and although living twenty-four thousand feet above the level of the sea, in a grand rugged country full of the marvels of nature, she yet never went abroad without white kid gloves up to the elbows.

Two men suddenly appeared, drenched in blood. The youngest, who could scarcely speak for laughing, went down on one knee, and, kissing the hands of the ladies, explained, "Pardon me, fair ones, but you will find we are not unentertaining, as we are well red." The old lady screamed, and the younger ones blushed.

Mrs. SCOTT, however, asked them in to five o'clock tea, of which they partook with a certain gaiety of spirit which pointed to some old Huguenot ancestor of the long ago.

In the meanwhile, all the country for twenty thousand miles round Eagle Court was embedded in a deep drift of snow.

The two friends retired at length for the night. They exchanged whispers,—

"GEORGE"—"NED." "I say, dear boy, a murderer is entering the window. Shall we show daylight through him?"

"It would be rare sport," answered the other. "We must not fire, as we should alarm the ladies."

Then the companions (who had both a keener sense of fun) lashed the would-be assassin to death.

"Is there anything the matter?" asked good old Mrs. SCOTT, putting out her head, which was now wearing a large-sized, roomy, heavily-frilled night-cap. "I thought I heard something."

"We conclude there is nothing," said the gentlemen, falling on their knees, and kissing the good dame's fingers.

"When it thaws—JOHN will return!" murmured Mrs. HALE.

CHAPTER III.—Fooling Around.

A MONTH had passed in the rugged bramble-covered cañon of Eagle's Court. The ladies and the gentlemen had paired off together. NED, with his sad eyes and long moustache, which was as glossy and well fixed up as a lady's curl, seemed to take an especial interest in KATE, while GEORGE paired off with Mrs. HALE.

"JOHN has no sympathy with highwaymen," said GEORGE to Mrs. HALE with greater gravity than usual. And then he threw off his cares, and standing on his head, asked her, "Why a duck put his head under water?" and other conundrums equally amusing.

"Can he have cut the throats of twenty-six Bank Managers, and yet be so gay?" murmured Mrs. HALE.

"Certainly—why not? How are you to-morrow?" And the light-hearted young gentleman danced about like a first-class clown at a Friscan circus.

"I hope he has not gone too far," commented KATE, who now changed her dress ten times a day. She came from Boston.

CHAPTER IV.—Fixings.

KATE and Mrs. HALE were in tears. They had heard all the story of NED and GEORGE's little murders, and now the two gentlemen were gone. Yes, gone!

GEORGE returned. Mrs. HALE was as pale as a sheep. Then she looked up at her husband.

"What do you think of GEORGE LEE?"

"The best and dearest fellow that ever lived," replied the owner of Eagle's Court, enthusiastically, "and if he does murder people, why the habit has been acquired under the influence of a number of trivial circumstances entirely out of his control."

A year afterwards, FALKNER, now Vice-President of the United States, was hugging KATE.

"His last words were," he murmured, "if I am not killed at the head of the Bowie Knife Corps, I hope some day to stand beside Mrs. HALE, her mother, with perhaps the body of her husband thrown in, watching you two coming home."

"GEORGE would always have his joke," replied the fair girl, with a half-suppressed peal of silvery laughter.

"If you have done kissing one another, and murdering the gardener," cried good Mrs. SCOTT, in her *bonnet de nuit*, "just conclude it's time for five o'clock tea."

And the fair girl and the Vice-President dancing a light fandango learned among the half-castes of the boundless prairie of the Snow-bound Sierra, gaily entered the dwelling-house amidst peals of the heartiest laughter. And Nature concluded to remain as she was—forever!

A CHEAP WATER-SUPPLY.

WHAT a gross libel it is upon the Directors of our Metropolitan Water Companies to say that they are not liberal-minded gentlemen to the very fullest extent. Listen, oh ye thirsty grumblers, to the generous offer made by the Directors of one of the principal of them, through their Chairman, to a dissatisfied Citizen of London, who actually complained of having to pay the paltry sum of £25 per annum for about forty pails-full of water a-day! What did the Chairman say to this unreasonable man? He sympathised with him, and made him the following generous offer. As he had calculated that about forty pails-full of water would be quite sufficient for his daily consumption at his house of business, the Company would allow him to send his men daily to their reservoir, which was only about three miles' distance, where they might fill their pails to the very brim, and for which privilege the Company would make no charge! Strange to say, the ungrateful Citizen, instead of expressing his boundless gratitude for such unheard-of liberality, expressed the very opposite feeling, in such painful language that he was ordered to leave the Board-room!

A GENTLEMAN WHO NEVER ARRIVES.—TOM ORROW.

TRADE-MARKS FOR WELL-KNOWN MUSICAL FIRMS.



Collard and Collard.

Broad wood.

Boosey.



'Ear 'Ard.

Cram'er.

Chappell.

PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

(By Our Special Book-Marker.)

"KILLED IN THE OPEN."

WHEN the wind's in the East, and the weather is hard—
(It is awful advice I am giving)—you call,
If you're tired of life, upon CHAPMAN AND HALL—
And get *Killed in the Open* by Mrs. KENNARD!

"NUTTALL'S STANDARD DICTIONARY."

AIR—"The Fine Old English Gentleman."

If you want a Dictionary which is cheap as well as good,
You should purchase "NUTTALL'S Standard," which is
edited by WOOD!

For, if you're fond of Spelling Bees, such help you ne'er
will scorn,
The book is quite brand new, though on the cover's
written WARNE,

A first-rate English Lexicon, all of the modern time!

"AN IRON-BOUND CITY."

A STORY of peril, adventure, privation,
Is told, in two vols., to your great delectation,
With shrewd common sense and uncommon sensation!
Here's the painful account of Parisians defeated:
And Paris besieged is most "specially" treated:
Like a trusty Tapleyan, bright, hopeful, and witty,
O'SHEA tells the tale of *An Iron-bound City*.

"SNOW-BOUND."

WE give to BRET HARTE in this number a lift—
We've read his *Snow-Bound*, but we don't see the drift.
It looks well outside, for the publisher, finding
He'd purchased *Snow-Bound*, gave the book an ice
binding.

"STANDARD AUTHORS FOR THREEPENCE."

THE banner of cheap literature is gallantly unfurled.
In the "National" by CASSELL, and by ROUTLEDGE in the
"World";

We're bound to give these Libraries our hearty commen-
dation,
They're sure to have a national and world-wide circulation!



A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

Captain Bulsize. "HERE! I WANT A HAT, PLEASE!" Sir James. "So do I!"

A RAE THROUGH THE CLOUDS

"No Rows without a Thorne."—Vaudeville Motto.

I HAVE, as a rule, given up going to "first nights." Why Managers continue to court failure by adhering to the old plan of "last nights" and "first nights," instead of "saying nothing to nobody," rehearsing carefully and then quietly substituting the new piece for the old one, I do not know, except that they love advertisement, notoriety, fuss and blowing of trumpets. It may be objected that "booking" would be rendered difficult under such circumstances, as, without previous warning on a particular night a Manager might remove from the bills some piece which a considerable number of the public had booked their places to see. This is no difficulty if the Théâtre Français plan of booking is adopted. There, if I remember rightly, the booking is for a certain piece, not for a certain night. Your seat is retained for you for whatever representation of the piece you like to specify: say the second, third, fourth; what you will.

There is an old story of a young gentleman taking a ticket for the second performance of some piece at the Théâtre Français, but after a first night's failure, or in consequence of the outbreak of a revolution next day, it was not played again for twenty-five years, when the first person to present his ticket at the door was a grey-haired man of fifty, who, a quarter of a century before, had booked for this performance.

To these remarks I have been led by the first-night failure of Mr. RAE's "Original Farce, in Three Acts," produced at the Vaudeville last Thursday. I was not there, but requested a young friend to tell me what the piece was like on the first night. He simply wrote across his bill, "Stupid," but scribbled against Mr. THORNE. "Very good," and against the two young ladies, Misses HELEN FORSYTH and MAUD MILLETT, "Good." He added that it had been an "original Farce" by somebody else, in French, but was not an "original Farce" by Mr. RAE, in English. That was his opinion.

The next morning I looked to see what the Critics of the *Daily Telegraph*, *Standard*, *Daily News*, and *Times* had to say about it.

The Critic of the *Daily Telegraph* tried to make the weather responsible for the temper of the audience, which was shown in "howls and execrations from the Pit, followed by contemptuous

sneers from the Stalls." What a reception for a Farce in Three Acts! "But the comic scene of the last Act, laid in an English Restaurant, was too much for the most temperate audience." . . . "The pent-up patience gave way, and it was a very difficult matter to quell the last of the threatened storms." So it appears there was a near approach to a regular riot over this original Three-Act Farce by the gentleman whom the kindly disposed *Telegraph* Critic termed "luckless Mr. RAE."

The *Standard* Critic spoke of it as a "faltering and not very intelligible story," and he finished up with "On the whole the reception of the piece was dubious; there was applause, but there were symptoms of dissatisfaction,"—which seems a very mild version of the previous Critic's description of "howls and execrations from the Pit, followed by contemptuous sneers from the Stalls." The *Standard* Critic is evidently of that happy philosophic temperament which finds it so easy to bear the sufferings of others.

The *Daily News* Critic reported the reception of the farce with "jeers and groans, against which the applause of more friendly spectators contended with no little difficulty, and not always, it must be confessed, with complete success."

The *Times* Critic summed it up thus:—"The whole piece, plainly speaking, is a farrago of nonsense, which seems to have been accepted by the management, on the supposition of Mr. RAE's being the 'Author,' as he is styled in the playbill, instead of the 'adapter' of *The Man with Three Wives*." He too tells of the unruly and disorderly audience, and of the Author being called out and "greeted with a volley of groans." As I have already said, I have not seen the piece, but taking into account all the difficulties of a first night's performance, is it likely that any piece, be it what it may, is on such an occasion heard at its best, if it have a best?

When will the vulgar fashion of calling an Author before the curtain be given up? An Author can't help himself, he is compelled to respond, or his non-compliance is misinterpreted. Better the old French way of keeping secret the name of the Author until the fate of the piece is determined by the public, and then announcing it from the stage. Who was injured by Mr. WYNDHAM's reticence as to the adaptship of *The Candidate*? Who has adapted *Denise* for the Haymarket? If it is a success, let the public know, but not till then.

NIBBS, THE REFORMER.

"QUO TENDIMUS?"

Being a Brief Academic Conversation held A. D. 1926.

"STILL further changes are in process of being added to the long list of those which recent years have effected in the course of education at Oxford and Cambridge. At the latter University, which prides itself so much on keeping abreast with all forms of modern progress, the proposal is to-day to be made to establish an Engineering Tripos, as the fit complement of the Engineering School directed by Professor STUART. At Oxford a yet more startling change has been agreed upon. The examination known as 'Pass Divinity' is about to be abolished."—*Leading Article in the Times.*

The Strangers' Room at a London University Club. An Oxford Don and a Cambridge Professor discovered entertaining their Nephew, EUSEBIUS, a prospective Undergraduate, at Luncheon.

Cambridge Professor (winding up an exhaustive Panegyric on his own University). Well, my boy, all I can say to you is this: If you wish to break away from the foolish and effete tradition that holds that there is any learning worthy the name apart from technical instruction, you must set your face to Cambridge. Look at the variety and choice she offers you. Would you be a Tailor, she gives you a pass in Pattern-cutting; a Pastry-cook, there is the Pie-crust Tripos open to you. Indeed, my boy, there is practically no limit to the advantages now offered to the ambitious student. Look at my case. How did I get my Glass-blowing Professorship except by taking up the manufacture of soda-water bottles for my great go, and experimenting in the University furnaces ever since. Cambridge, believe me, is the place for you.

Eusebius. It certainly looks like it. But is Oxford less liberal, — less within touch of the times? What does Uncle BOGUS say?

Oxford Don (with enthusiasm). Oxford less liberal, less within touch of the times? My dear EUSEBIUS, what can you be thinking of? Why, she is, in all that concerns the highest cult, far in advance of the Sister University. Look at her magnanimous attitude in the matter of Theology. BUDDHA, CONFUCIUS, ZOROASTER, and the Fetish worship of the South Pacific, all have their Professorial exponents; and Christianity—such is the genuine liberalism of the age—is practically unknown. Why, I hold a living myself; but do I know anything about the Scriptures or the Thirty-Nine Articles? No, my dear boy, no—a thousand times no! I took the Vedas up for my degree, and I have found them, spiritually, amply sufficient ever since. You must come to Oxford.

Eusebius. The prospect is encouraging. The practical abandonment of Christianity that you mention so aptly accentuates the feeling of modern Society on the matter. But what of Cambridge?

Cambridge Professor. Not a whit behind in the intellectual march. On the contrary, her Atheism is as robust as it is notorious. We have learned to be practical at Cambridge. But come, brother, confess it,—at Oxford you are still spiritual.

Oxford Don. No, I do not admit it. There you mistake. We regard Spiritual Systems as merely the dried husks of fervid poetic fancy.

Cambridge Professor. But you wear the white tie of a parson! You have taken Anglican orders?

Oxford Don. Yes, forty years ago. Times have changed since then, and I have marched with them.

Cambridge Professor. But surely your attitude towards Christianity is one of sceptical benevolence?

Oxford Don. You might say, rather of critical antagonism, were it not that its glaring puerilities placed it beyond the pale of philosophic investigation. Come, come, EUSEBIUS, I can see that the thought of the free intellectual air of Oxford invigorates you. Let me write to the Dean, and have your name down for Christchurch.

Cambridge Professor. No, no, my boy. You come to Trinity. Think of the practical advantages. Why, Nevil's Court is converted into a huge Smithy. At Oxford they've only done away with Latin and Greek. At Cambridge we have sent everything to the right-about. Come, my boy, and go in for a technical degree. Take your M.T. Finish up as a Master of Trade.

Oxford Don. Or better still, as the new D.D., or "Doctor of Doubt." That, EUSEBIUS, is a distinction worth earning, and the one that our modern Oxford can, *par excellence*, confer upon you. My boy, believe me, my dear old sceptical, free-thinking atheistical, Alma Mater is the proper place for you.

Eusebius. Thank you, my dear Uncles, both of you for your excellent counsel. The prospect in either direction is inviting, and quite delightful. Fortunately, such empty futilities as "Faith and Morals" appear to disfigure neither programme, but as I am held in natural hesitation between the unbounded attractiveness of both, I will, with your kind permission, take a little time before I make my final choice.

Cambridge Professor. Very well, my boy, take your time by all means; but think of your technical future.

Oxford Don. Certainly; and, before you decide, ask yourself, as we asked ourselves forty years ago, "*Quo tendimus?*"

[They rise, and adjourn to the smoking-room.]

HIBERNATION.

(By Oliver Wendell Holmes's Tutor at the breakfast-table, who was so saturated with Latin that it oozed out into his English, and got itself mixed up with his poetry.)

No more supine 'neath fagine shades

The cive invokes lactiferous maids,
His front by nasiterge* occult,
To serve from muscan turb his vult.

Now brumal vents indure the terr,
And pagans o'er the lakes pererr,
The aves impast assiduous vene
To pete the erust relic from coene.

* Manutergium, a tergendu manus vocatur. Isid. Orig. 19. 26: unde nasitergium similiter derivatur.

† Argilla, white clay, potter's earth; id quod vulgo apud fumatores, per mentonymiam, "pipe"—(*Hibernice* "dudheen")—appellatur.

So fugient from the sæve prunes
To jucund sanctum he festines,
And, ere his labors he transacts,
His gelid digits calefacts.

His argill† then securely fumes,
While pocule vast with zythum spumes,
And grateful to propitious fates,
He sedes, bibes, fumes, then dormitates.

REGULATIONS FOR THE NEXT DRAWING-ROOM.

(Founded on Precedent.)

1. CARRIAGES containing décolleté Dowagers and thinly-clad Débutantes shall wait in the Mall or Grosvenor Place for three hours in an easterly wind.

2. During the aforesaid "wait" the carriage-windows shall be assailed by a large and jeering mob of Cads and Snobs.

3. On reaching the Palace, the Ladies shall be shot out of their carriages with a jerk, and hustled up a flight of steps.

4. On entering the hall, Ladies shall be hurried into an anteroom, in which they shall leave their wraps, to be subsequently confused with other similar habiliments.

5. In passing through the various apartments leading to the Throne-Room, Ladies shall be either roasted near the fire or frozen by the windows.

6. In passing from one room to the next, Ladies shall be forced to push and fight like cheap-trippers outside the ticket-hole of an excursion-train.

7. On appearing before HER MAJESTY or the Princess or the Duchess, Ladies' trains will be flattened out, pushed on, and wound up at the rate of ten a minute.

8. On leaving the Presence, the wrap-discovery difficulty shall commence, and continue for forty minutes, more or less.

9. On finding their shawls Ladies shall have the privilege of freezing in the Hall for an hour before their conveyances are found and brought round.

10. The hustle into carriages on the departure shall equal the shoot out of coaches on the arrival.

11. Notice is given that ladies who left home shortly after eleven will not return until nearly five.

12 and Last. That after all the above fussing, expense and trouble have been incurred for the sake of social distinction, it is not impossible that some mistake may be made in the Lord Chamberlain's Department in publishing the names of the ambitious victims.

The Cry of the Conservative.

REPEAL of the Union! Oh, certainly, yes;
It is that which would get us all out of the mess.
But the Union whose rupture would make us all glad
Is that which exists 'twixt the Whig and the Rad.

"WILLARD'S WEIRD"—so he is—very much so, at the Princess's every evening, as



Capt. Promise, in WILSON-JONES's play of *The Lord Harry*. WILSON B. is coming out as quite the dramatic author.

WHAT was really played at Her Majesty's on Puritan Col. Pro-Sat., March 6th, mise, a member of was "*The Begone*" the "Naal and gars" Opera." Military." There was in the house that night only one terner,

and he couldn't be changed at this last moment.

THE TIP OF THE "THUNDERER."
GAINST GLADSTONE and his wicked—Home-Rule rigs
There is no hope save in the leading Whigs.
SALISBURY sole can't play the Mrs. PARTINGTON,
But *sursum corda!*—up, oh, up with HARTINGTON!

MANY Theatres were exceptionally full on Ash Wednesday. Highly probable: there are some entertainments which would be prescribed as an extra mortification in the penitential season of Lent.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.



OBLIGING.

"YOU'RE NOT SKATING, MISS LIGHTFOOT!"
 "NO. I FORGOT TO BRING MY SKATES."
 "OH, REALLY! LET ME LEND YOU MINE!"

THE SHOP HOURS REGULATION BILL.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Mr. BIGGAR once took exception to a certain Bill, on the ground that it was "much too narrer in its scope," but the compass of the Shop Hours Regulation Bill will satisfy even his large ideas, for the sphere it embraces would affect wholesale as well as retail establishments. As a member of a large wholesale firm in the City, I venture to address you, with the hope of showing that no legislation is required for regulating the hours of labour in such houses as ours, and there are many similar ones in the Metropolis.

Our hours of business are regulated by the amount of daylight, speaking generally, from 10 to 4 in the winter, and 9 to 6 in the summer, for we never use gas in the shop, it is so expensive and dirty and spoils the goods, consequently on foggy days our *employés* have nothing to do, and are at liberty to amuse themselves in any way they choose. In addition to these impromptu holidays, which, owing to the exigencies of our peculiar climate, are pretty frequent, they have all the recognised Bank Holidays, Boat-Race Day, Harrow and Eton Cricket-match Days, and Derby Day. This last holiday was an innovation introduced by the present senior member of the firm, who once ran second in a race at Hampton, with a horse called *Brother to Beelzebub*, which he acquired in part-payment of a bad debt, and he has naturally taken a great interest in racing ever since. No *employé* is required to attend on his birthday, or, if married, on his wedding day, or the anniversary of Jumbo's death. I may mention, that we are in the ivory trade, and this is a tribute of respect paid to the largest personal producer of our goods known to modern times. The suggestion of thus keeping the date ever green in our recollections was made by the office-boy, a mere lad, but full of fine feeling. I think, therefore, you will agree with me, Sir, that we are not unnecessarily harsh in the matter of holidays.

A Club is established on our premises where the young men can dine either *à la carte* or at a *prix fixe*. Mustard is supplied gratis. We lose by that. There is a library well furnished with books (we are now adding Sir JOHN LUBBOCK'S 100, and have quite lately secured a copy of the *editio princeps* of *Happy Thoughts* in fine condition), games of draughts, dominoes, spillikins, fox-and-goose, and a German game called "Spielteufel," which no one has yet mastered, although there is a code of rules in seventeen languages pasted inside the box. Our Correspondence Clerk, who knows a little French, says he thinks it has something to do with BISMARCK and another man, whom he calls REICHTAG.

In case of illness, the young men are at once transferred to the private hospital

attached to our place of business, and attended, at our expense, by the firm's medical man, a young practitioner who has completely emancipated himself from the prejudices of the old school, and will treat the invalid allopathically, antipathically, homœopathically, hydro-pathically or electropathically as he may prefer.

Every *employé* must wear goloshes in wet weather; the infraction of this rule is attended with instant dismissal.

Not wishing to trespass any further on your valuable space, I trust I have made it clear that if legislation is desirable for regulating the hours of labour for factory hands and those employed in retail trades, it is entirely a work of supererogation for establishments like that represented by

Yours truly, BENJAMIN DENT.
 (Dent, Tusker & Dent, Long Acre.)

MUSICAL CRITICISM "AS SHE IS WROTE."

UNDER the auspices of the London Harmonic Union (of which His Serene Highness Prince PUMPERNICKEL, of Potstausend, is President) a very fine selection of Music was performed last night at St. James's Hall before an overflowing house. Long before the Conductor, Herr ARMETUEFEL, had taken his stand upon the *rostrum*, every seat had been appropriated; and while Amateurs naturally mustered in strong force, the professional element was very strongly represented in the *auditorium*, as well as upon the chairs which, to meet the unprecedented demand, had been arranged behind the orchestra. The Concert opened with BEETHOVEN'S Ninth Symphony. This colossal work is doubtless the finest of the master's earlier Symphonies—excepting, of course, the tenth and eleventh—and is too well known to require any detailed analysis at the present day. Suffice it to say that the splendid band worked to perfection in the familiar strains under the rhythmic beat of Herr ARMETUEFEL'S *bâton*.

Naturally the greatest interest centered round the production of Mr. JOHN SMITH'S new "Tone Poem," entitled *The Maid of All Work*. This, the only novelty included in the scheme of this season's *prospectus*, was bound to attract the *cognoscenti*, and indeed all those who have the welfare of National music at heart. Mr. SMITH is stated to have derived his inspiration from an incident occurring in his own household. Be this as it may, the subject is evidently of an intensely romantic nature, and the Composer, in dealing with it, has had the good sense to divide it into distinct movements, with an appreciable break between each. The musicians are thus enabled to snatch a few moments' breathing time about every forty minutes—a notable improvement on the old plan.

On a first hearing it is almost impossible, and it might be also indiscreet, to attempt to enter into a minute criticism of the *Maid of All Work*. It will be sufficient to record the favourable impression produced by the *pizzicato* of trombones in the *adagio*, combined with the ingenious contrapuntal facility involved in the introduction of a syncopated figure in triple time upon muted flutes and oboi. The rendering by the instrumentalists was more than adequate; but of the work as a whole it is undesirable to speak with authority until we have been able to ascertain in which direction the *consensus* of the Critics will go. In the meantime we shall suspend our judgment.*

* We wanted an independent criticism, and we've got it. Only if he suspends his judgment again, we'll suspend him. —ED.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?—It is not often that the *Athenæum* indulges in a sensational Advertisement, but in the current Number there is a real awakener. Here it is:—

REVIEWERS BAFFLED; Professors collapsed; School-masters in a fog; Society nonplussed; Truth boycotted; and the world no wiser than it was 300 years ago. The Earth is called a globe, while £500 are offered in vain for one single fact to support it.

Everybody seems to be demolished. What does Mr. LABOUCHERE say to *Truth* being boycotted? What does Mr. EDMUND YATES think of the *World* being no wiser than it was 300 years ago? We do not believe in the Earth being supported by one single fact, and certainly should not be likely to give £500 for that fact. In these hard times the Earth has to support itself! Yah!



CO-OPERATING.

Extremely Civil Servant (to Mr. John Bull). "WHAT CAN I SUPPLY YOU WITH TO-DAY, SIR? LITTLE LOCAL GOVERNMENT—VERY FINE WESTPHALIA HAMS—NICE INLAND REVENUE ACCOUNTS—TEA AT EIGHTEENPENCE A POUND—A FEW CONFIDENTIAL DESPATCHES—OR WOULD YOU LIKE TO TRY OUR THIRTEEN-AND-SIXPENNY SPRING TROUSERINGS?"

John Bull (taken aback). "HERE, I SAY! YOU CAN'T ATTEND PROPERLY TO ALL THESE THINGS AT ONCE."

Extremely Civil Servant (politely). "No—BUT I DO!"

[*John Bull thinks this had better be looked into.*]

NOT TO-DAY, BAKERS!

SOME wag once anticipated that the Universe would ultimately become a branch of the British Post Office. Is British Trade to become a branch (extra-official) of the Civil Service? The proposed "Civil Service Bread Company" would seem to be a tentative step in that direction. But before this sort of thing is carried any further, the Public will have some awkward questions to ask of our Ten-to-Four toffs. It is a wise thing—from the worldly-wise point of view, at least—to let a sleeping (British) lion lie. Civil Service Trading is not so entirely sound and satisfactory a thing as to be able to provoke close inquiry with impunity. If our Civil Service, well paid and well pensioned, has, in addition, the leisure to enter into a favoured competition with struggling self-supported Trade,

there would seem, from the point of view of simple justice and public economy, to be something wrong somewhere. *Where* that wrong is, inquiry, once started, would soon elicit—with results. For the present it may suffice to suggest that JOHN BULL is not very anxious to have the interests of "the staff of life" too closely identified with those of his Civil Service Staff. *Verb. Sap.*

THE BLOCK SYSTEM has lately been enforced on nearly all the Railways by the severe snow-storms.

Puzzle.—Why would a coloured Native Bishop, without any hair on his head, be prevented from becoming a Member of the Athenæum?
Solution.—Because he must be Black Bald.



THE IRREPRESSIBLE.

Street Boy (to Cabby, in a Block). "LOOK 'ERE, ARE YOU A GOIN' ON W' THIS FOUR-WHEELER?—'R ELSE ME AN' MY FRIEND 'LL GET DOWN AN' WALK!" [Retires hastily.]

"PETER BELL" IMPROVED.

PETER was tired of being dull,
"One of the plaguy flowers I'll cull,"
Cried he, "and see what *can* be in it,"
When, lo! a Lady, lithe of limb,
Appeared, and she enlightened him
In less than half a minute.

A Dame was she of high estate,
And ultra-feminine loquacity;
Her port was proud, her glance elate,
Her faith was very very great,
And so was her audacity.

She said, "Much-quoted PETER BELL,
Behold this flower of brimstone hue!
Our dear Endymion loved it well,
And none shall ring Old England's knell
Whilst to its tint we're true."

"Dear me!" cried PETER, "can that be?
I must indeed be very dull, for
I really really cannot see
How we shall owe security
To that faint blob of sulphur."

"Oh, PETER, PETER!" cried the Dame,
"How very right was Rydal's bard!
But I'll explain our little game.
Then, if your heart is not aflame,
It must be awfully hard."

She told him how that yellow flower
Was poor old England's latest hope;
The last palladium of her power,
Her shield from Rad revolt's red shower,
From GLADSTONE and the POPE.

She showed how Radicals would smirch
The flag of England, swiftly, surely;
She told how our beloved Church
Was like to be left in the lurch
By CHAMBERLAIN and MORLEY.

She showed our fundamental laws,
Sapped by insidious pamphlets, crumb-
ling;
And champions of the Good Old Cause
In Anarchy's devouring jaws
Precipitately tumbling.

She poured upon his shuddering soul
Disastrous news in this or that form;
Ill tidings of such dismal dole
Might draw a hermit from his hole,
A Duchess to a platform.

"Good gracious, Madam!" PETER cried,
"This really is extremely shocking.
How are you going to provide
Against the ghouls in spectral tide
Around your country flocking?"

"Oh, PETER, PETER, are you blind?"
She cried. "Those spectres crowd in
dim rows,
And menace us; but never mind:
Thanks to Endymion, we shall find
Salvation in the Primrose!"

"Well, well. Friend WORDSWORTH'S
observation"
(Thus mused our philosophic PETER)
"Caused me much mental tribulation.
But now I've got an explanation,
And what could be completer?"

"A primrose by a river's brim,
Or, better, at a lady's breast,

Henceforth will make my spirit swim
By adumbrations vast, though dim,
And scarce to be exprest!"

And PETER, though wild rumours float
That he is still a "stupid party,"
Now wears the Primrose in his coat,
And yields to it, by speech and vote,
Allegiance true and hearty.

PHOTOGRAPHY EXTRAORDINARY

THE following appears in the *Photographic News*:—

WANTED, Lessons in Out-door Photography, instantaneous sea-views, and other landscape work. Teacher to have apparatus, and give the Lessons near Portland Street Station.—Address, stating terms, &c.

We hear nowadays a great deal about "dry plates" in connection with photography, perhaps this may be intended as a specimen of a photographer's dry humour. That anyone could see views instantaneously near Portland Street (Isn't it Portland Road?) Station, we can readily admit. But how the "briny" is to be photographed in that locality, unless it is sent up from Brighton in casks, it is difficult to understand. The Ocean is known, on the best authority, to be "the blue, the fresh, the ever free"—but we doubt if it will ever be free enough to reach Portland Road. Perchance some day we may encounter "breakers ahead" in the Marylebone Road. By the way, we did one day, only they were "stone-breakers ahead," and the road was "up," and our horse was down—and we missed the train.

OUR EXCHANGE AND MART.

TO POULTRY FANCIERS AND OTHERS.—A Brood of WILD TURKEYS for disposal. A Gentleman, a professed epicure, of artistic tastes, who with a view to giving a series of banquets to his intimate friends, has recently had a consignment of these celebrated birds forwarded to him from one of the Western States of America, is now, owing to want of nerve and leisure to devote his attention properly to their keep and management, desirous of parting with them in exchange for their value in secondhand photographs, or an equivalent in Cranberry Jam. Together with the birds, that are as yet quite untamed, and in fine savage condition, the Advertiser will include in the exchange a leathern leg-and-face protector, padded gloves, half-a-dozen Hospital tickets, double-handed crow-bar, and feeding tongs, for the purpose of approaching them at meal-times. On view daily, through the top of the coal-cellar, on the premises. Westville House, Paddington Park, W. N.B.—Could be easily removed with the aid of chloroform, under suitable precautions, in a furniture van.

TO THE DEAF AND MUSICAL.—An Inventor, who has devoted the last seventeen years of his life to the construction of a "Symphonikon," or Self-acting Steam Organ, having, owing to the seizure, at the last moment, of the whole of the treble and half the bellows for arrears of rent, been left with the bottom five base notes on his hands, is open to entertain an offer for them, on reasonable terms. As, when turned on even at half power, they emit a clear deep bellowing sound that deafens the performer, and shakes the house with its vibration, they might either be found useful to a student hard of hearing wishing to familiarise himself with a portion of the left-hand scale, or still better, serve as a permanent fog-signal attached to a light-house on a dangerous coast. Might be utilised by a village choir accustomed to the use of limited plain chant. As the piping would also be serviceable as hot-water apparatus, the representatives of public baths and wash-houses might communicate.

TO THE BENEVOLENTLY DISPOSED.—An Indian Chief for Adoption. The Secretary of an Aborigines Protection Society that has recently collapsed for want of funds, but has left him in charge of a Warrakiri Islander for whom he has no room in his family circle, is desirous of meeting with some philanthropic person willing to take him off his hands. The Chief, who is understood to be descended from a long line of Ocean Kings, and whose outfit consists of a dozen pots of war-paint in two colours, a tomahawk, fifteen long spears, a throat-knife, and the skin of a bison for Sunday wear, would be found willing to make himself generally useful in an athletic household from which he could occasionally enjoy the run of a London Square. As in his native country he has been in the habit of performing the carving-knife feat and turning a double somersault backwards over the heads of six high-priests together, his services might, if not available at an East End Music Hall, be possibly acceptable to a childless and aged couple who wished to enliven their declining years by a little daily after-dinner recreation and excitement. Can be lodged comfortably in a dust-bin. Small bonus. For further particulars, and inspection, apply, efficiently protected by police, at the Secretary's Office, 293, Poultry, E.C.

ZOOLOGICAL AND EDUCATIONAL.—An Invalid Nobleman having, as Residuary Legatee under the will of a distant Colonial relative, succeeded to the possession of a couple of mammoth Rattlesnakes that he is anxious to keep, but has not the health or ability properly to domesticate, wishes to meet with some experienced person who would be willing to act in the capacity of Charmer, and reduce them to reasonable control. As the Advertiser had, with the assistance of his family circle and the police, managed to get pillow-cases over their heads, and pursuing them with a Chinese gong, induced them to take refuge inside the drawing-room grand piano—from which, however, they subsequently escaped in a somnolent condition—it is not calculated that they will give much trouble to a thoroughly experienced Tamer accustomed to their ways, and well provided with proper antidotes. As they are at present coiled about the central chandelier, hissing, and making frequent darts at any one attempting to dislodge them with a red-hot poker, and so somewhat interfering with the comfortable service of five o'clock tea, as early an application for the post as is possible is desired. Salary a matter of arrangement. No objection to a confident Amateur.

School Board Rhyme.

How doth the little Scholar's Fee
Improve the shining hour!
We'll gather money all the day,
As long as we've the power.

LAST WORDS IN THE BELT CASE.—"Bust up!" and "Alas, poor Ghost!"

SIKES ON SELF-HELP.

(For the "Unemployed.")

A PERSON wot is unemployed,
Acceptin' of relief,
'Is hinddependence' as destroyed;
Which therefore I turned thief.

No charity to 'elp distress,
Says Swells, but wot's to blame,
Demoralizin, more or less,
Receivers of the same.

Blow charity, assistance blow,
And blowed employment be!
So long as I can plunderin' go,
You don't demoralize me!

Self-'elp it is the means and plan
I chooses to pursue;
So, consequently, all I can
I 'elps myself unto.

SPREADING THE LIGHT!

Extract from Mr. MICHAEL DAVITT's Diary.

Go down to Oxford. Flattering invitation from young men of Thingummy College to give them a lecture on "Irish Home Rule Problem." Wire to ask if this means that my hotel expenses will be paid; also add that "I never think of lecturing under ten-guinea fee." Reply (also by wire) that "no need of my going to hotel—they'll put me up in College, and lecture-fee will be paid." Satisfactory. Bad times at present for Irish Patriot. No rent, so to speak, coming in. English audiences have had enough of Irish grievances for some time. When I ask ten guineas "in advance," they reply that they will willingly pay ten guineas for me to keep away. Discouraging. Also rather alarming. Irish Patriot has his personal expenses, like other people, and how is he to pay his land-dress if Home Rule lecture not appreciated?

Therefore pleased at unexpected invitation to Oxford—always thought it was home of old-fangled Toryism, landlordism, clericalism, and that sort of thing. Evidently young Oxford going to alter all that. Get to Thingummy College. Nobody waiting at gates to receive me. Porter suspicious. Says "the young gen'lemen are at 'All," and asks me to wait in poky little anteroom till they've done. I ask what "Hall" is? Porter looks at me pityingly, and says it means dinner. Dinner! Well, aren't they going to give me a dinner? How's Irish Patriot to live if people don't give him free dinners? Send in my card to President of College Debating Society, with message that "I only had hasty lunch before leaving Town." He must take the hint, I think.

He does. Says "he's sorry to hear I've had no dinner, but it's against College rules to ask stranger to Hall without putting his name down beforehand." Wants me to "wine" with him after Hall.

This is not exactly the sort of treatment I expected. Inwardly determine to cut out a good part of my Lecture, and get supper in the place after it's over. Noise in Quadrangle. What is it? Ah! the young Oxonians coming out from their dinner. President of Debating Society shakes hands with me warmly. He appears to have been dining heartily—wish I had. Is uncommonly merry. Takes me off to his rooms. Gives me wine, cake, and fruit, and no end of cigars. Pitch into the cake, as sort of compensation for having no dinner. Curious that nobody else seems to come to this "wine." Always heard that College "wines" were such festive gatherings.

Say so to host. He seems embarrassed. Says the fact is the Dons are so stupid, they think an Irish Patriot, who's an ex-convict, "and that sort of thing," is not fit company for the young men of the College. Apologises profusely for prejudices of the Authorities, whom he calls "Old Stick-in-the muds." Says "he himself will probably be gated for a week" for bringing an Irish Patriot (myself) inside College. Seems sad, but determined. Quite pity the poor young man. Wonder whether my ten guineas is safe. Would it be best to ask for it in advance? Suppose the Dons forcibly prevent this young man from parting with the ten guineas to an Irish Patriot! Where would an I. P. be then?

President says it's time to go to Debating Room. Walking along Quadrangle, flower-pot dropped from an upper window—narrowly escaping my head. President merely says, "Ah!" as if this were quite an ordinary occurrence, and gives sickly smile. Says "Some men in the College are up to no end of practical jokes." Don't like this sort of practical joke at all.

Lecture. Only ten persons present! And somebody had taken away all the candles, so first five minutes spent in darkness. As I am explaining that in new Home-Rule Parliament my place will probably be that of Minister for Foreign Affairs (with large salary), a ginger-beer bottle hurled through window! Hits President, who pretends to regard it as a capital joke. Wind up Lecture hurriedly. Try to get out of gates into Town. Porter refuses to let me out! Against rules, apparently, to open gates after eleven at night. Or, at any rate, College Authorities have made the rule for this one night, probably to spite me. President (who has not yet offered me my ten guineas) takes me off to my bed-room, hopes

I shall be quite comfortable, and leaves me before I've time to ask him where I can get some supper.

In bed. Curious sensation. Something soft and squashy, and at same time large and round. It's under blankets, so can't get at it without pulling bed to pieces. Is this an *Orange* conspiracy? Trying to remove obstruction (rather an uncongenial task for an Irish Patriot), when whole bed collapses, and lands me in bath full of water, which seems to have been placed beneath! Is this what President called one of the "practical jokes" the College men are so fond of playing? Feel inclined to call for dynamite, or the police, or something.

Noise at door. Heavens! Are they "screwing me up?" No—somebody knocking. Put on stockings and great-coat, and open door. Band of young men, with masks, rush in. Moonlighters, bedad!! Evidently been drinking. Seize me, and carry me down to Quadrangle. One of them unlocks front gate, and I am deposited in the street! This is shameful. Tell them, through keyhole, that I've got no boots or trousers on. Roars of laughter from young men. Also tell them it's against rules for anybody to be let out of gates after eleven. They say they've got Home Rule now, and do as they like.

Two A.M.—This is, undoubtedly, one of the most uncomfortable positions that even an Irish Patriot has ever occupied. A cold night—with only night-shirt, stockings, and great-coat on—in an Oxford Street, and all the hotels shut! Where is the President of the College Debating Society? Where, above all, is my ten guineas? Wonder if an Irish landlord feels like this when he hasn't been paid any rent? Always *did* protest against eviction—shall protest against it more than ever now. Nothing for it now but to claim police protection, and hope to goodness friends in Ireland won't ever hear of it.*

* The "screwing up" has been denied on aff-davitt. But 'alf-a-davitt doesn't sound like the whole truth. If it were, how about the extracts from the diary? We leave it to the public to decide where truth lies.—En.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

A "Music Hall" appears to be a place where you hear the least possible amount of "music" properly so called. There is singing of a kind which requires little voice, but there are popular tunes, good character-acting, topical songs, ventriloquism, feats of strength, and exhibitions of various kinds of acrobatic skill. It is just what the French call it, a *Café Chantant*. The Alhambra has a first-rate orchestra, and does not come within the category of Music Halls, calling itself the Theatre of Varieties—which is a very elastic term. If there were at the Pavilion, which just now may be fairly taken as the representative *Café Chantant*, or Music Hall, of London, an introduction of glee-singing by first-rate choristers, then the entertainment might be fairly styled the best possible in the best of all possible Music Halls, that is as far as I am personally acquainted with such possibilities.

The advantage which a Music Hall, as a free-and-easy sort of evening amusement for men from Club-land, possesses over most theatrical entertainments, is, that it does not necessitate the commission of any such grave irregularity in the dinner-hour as brings its own punishment swiftly and surely. Where, I should like to know, is the piece that can repay the regular eight o'clock diner for taking his meal at the barbarous hour of six or six-thirty? Once in the year this change must be made, on Boxing-night, for the Pantomime; but then Christmas week is altogether exceptional, and one upset, more or less, of the system does not count in the general derangement of the mince-pie and plum-pudding saturnalia. There is no piece on the Stage that can restore the disturbed diner's peace-of mind. For such a disturbance there is no compensation. Only those who are habitually early diners and late suppers can be serious playgoers: but such as these, among the upper and the upper-middle classes, are comparatively few.

"Drop in when you like," says the Music-Hall Proprietor. "There's sure to be something going on that'll amuse you, and you can enjoy your cigar and cup of coffee, or what you will, while listening to and seeing the performers."

It is a pleasant form of invitation, and you need not see the entire entertainment in one night, but take it in bits, and have a little of it at a time. The entertainment at a Music Hall does not depend for its success on any such continuity of purpose as is necessary to a play. You can take it up at any one point without wishing to know what has preceded it, or feeling any curiosity as to what is to follow. A man who became a student of literature late in life, and began reading *Johnson's Dictionary*, complained that the style was jerky and the interest not well sustained, but that there were parts of it which were really excellent reading for a leisure hour. And so it is with the Music-Hall programme.

There are twenty different items of amusement in the Pavilion programme, and the late gentleman, who pays the highest for the privilege of coming in when he likes, may dine, if it so pleases him, in the neighbourhood, say at the Café Royal, where he can have a

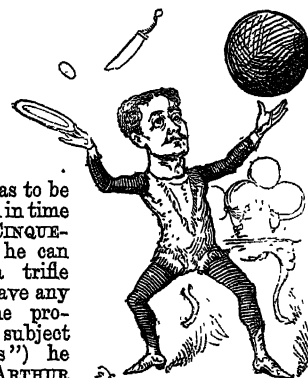
first-rate dinner at a reasonable price, and excellent wine; and then he can talk French to the Waiters, imagine himself in Paris, with none of the risks of crossing, and with not a twentieth part of the expense,—can fancy himself on the Boulevards, as he buys a *Gaulois*



"Great wits to madness nearly are A. Lloyd,"
Irish version.

or a *Caricature*, and saunters out into Regent Street soon

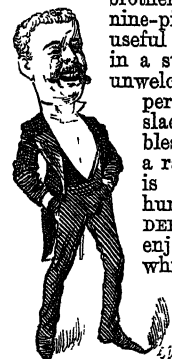
after nine, so as to be at the Pavilion in time to see PAUL CINQUEVALLI, or, if he can get there a trifle earlier, and have any luck (for the programme "is subject to alterations") he will hear Mr. ARTHUR LLOYD, in a highly moral temperance



Keeping it up.

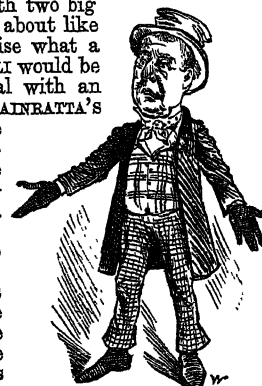
song, and see the Sisters ELVIRA and GISELLA on overhead wires. For my part, I am glad that I did not miss King COLE and his merry men, whose inimitable ventriloquism is as marvellous and as amusing as ever. His puppets are quite old friends. I almost fancy that wicked old reprobate with the bottle-nose recognises me with his stony eye. It is impossible that we should ever be on "speaking terms," and so we do not nod to one another.

PAUL CINQUEVALLI's performance is as wonderful as it is graceful; and when afterwards he reappears with two big brothers, and chuckles them about like nine-pins, I begin to realise what a useful man Mr. CINQUEVALLI would be in a street row, or to deal with an unwelcome intruder. M. WAINWATTA'S performance on the



The Macdermott of that ilk.

slack-wire—which wobbles about as if it were a rather "tight" rope—is both clever and humorous. Mr. MACDERMOTT seems really to enjoy his Chelsea song, which is here, as it was long ago at the Alhambra, the vocal hit of the evening. There is a "go" about The Great MACDERMOTT'S singing



The Timid Fawn, a very Fawzy Fellow.

which is irresistible. Then came Madame GARETTA and her pretty pigeon exhibition; and then Mr. JAMES FAWN, who, in his way, is a BUCKSTONE Redivivus, came on and sang "*I did it*" with genuinely broad humour.

I hope the Pavilion does pay VILLIERS; and if a crowded and appreciative audience is evidence of the fact, it was pointed out on the night we were there. "We" means our party, which included my Maiden Aunt from Dampshire, who had come up to hear an Oratorio. She brought her fan with her, and we seated her snugly in a corner behind the curtain of a private box. She refused to accept our assurance that the Great MACDERMOTT was Mr. SANTLEY, or that ARTHUR LLOYD was SIMS REEVES. She was not perfectly satisfied with her position until we pointed out to her the Royal Box, and finally left the building by the side entrance which is set apart for the visit of Illustrious Personages. "If they patronise it, I can," said my Aunt, and we left it at this, without giving her any more detailed information: but a Music-Hall entertainment will not suit all Maiden Aunts from the country. If there is one sign of prosperity more striking than another, it is the glossy, curly-brimmed hat, and under it, the still more radiant face of the courteous and attentive Acting-Manager, Mr. EDWARD SWANBOROUGH, as it beams over his magnificent shirt-front, reminding me of the time when "all the talents" were at the little Strand Theatre, and when Mr. EDWARD looked considerably older than he does now that he is a Neddycaterer of the public taste. Altogether a capital entertainment, and a most orderly audience.



"What's an 'at without a 'ned?"



FAITHLESSNESS OF THE DANCING MAN.

Hostess. "YOU'RE NOT DANCING, MISS PLUMPTON. SHALL I GET YOU A PARTNER?"

Miss Plumpton. "OH, I ALWAYS GET PLENTY OF PARTNERS; BUT I'M RATHER NEAR-SIGHTED, YOU KNOW, AND SOMEHOW I CAN NEVER MANAGE TO FIND THEM!"

THE FIFTH ACT.

(Freely adapted from Shakspeare.)

Macbeth Mr. GI-DST-NE.
Seyton Mr. M-RL-Y.

Macbeth. Bring me no more reports: let them fly all

Who dare not, or who doubt me. Fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the Opposition's ranks:
The mind I sway by and the heart I bear
Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Supporter, looking scared.

Statistics stay thy soul, thou wry-faced Rad.

What gives thee that goose-look?

Supporter (musingly). Two hundred million—

Macb. Pigs, potterer?
Supp. Pounds, Sir!

Macb. Is it that so pricks thee?
Go, GIFFEN read and over-get thy fear,
Thou lily-livered Lib. Whose sovereigns,
pray?

Supp. The burdened British tax-payer's, so please you!

Macb. My follower and afraid! Those chalky cheeks

Are counsellors to fear. Take thy face hence! [*Exit Supporter.*]

Without there! SEYTON!—I am shamed at heart

When I behold—SEYTON, I say!—such lack

Of faith, such pusillanimous party-fright.
I, the financial Wizard, doubted thus,
In mine own magic circle, with the wand
None ever wielded yet so wondrously
Waving for one last spell? This final push
Will throne me ever or unseat me now.

I have led long enough; my vigorous life
Is verging on the sere, the yellow leaf:
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends
Must I not look to have? but in their stead

Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour,
breath

Of mocking homage and sham loyalty,
Which my proud soul would fain repel, but
dares not?

SEYTON!

Enter SEYTON.

Seyton. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirmed, my lord, which was reported.

Macb. Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on. I fight this to the end.
Companions by the faithful, in despite
Of all deserters, few or many, found
Disloyal at the pinch.

Sey. I'm with you, Sir,
Though elder and much trusted henchmen
fail.

Even the Midland Abdiel—

Macb. Name him not!
Send forth more rumours. Stir the country
round.

Flout those that talk of fear. Give me mine
armour!

Come, Sir, dispatch.—SEYTON, the thanes
fly from me!—

Give me my armour! [*Exeunt.*]

The Navy Estimates in a Nutshell.

(Doggerel for the Despondent.)

OUR MR. HIBBERT

Opened his Cupboard,

To give a good Navy to JOHN.

Thirteen Millions! Oh dear

This should banish the fear

Of those who declare he has none!

Seems to have satisfied critics this time:
(Very good reason if rather bad rhyme.)

"WHAT'S UP?"—WATTS up? Yes. His
pictures are. See book. By the way, there's
a work we see advertised from time to time,
called *Watts on Respiration*, or something of
that sort. As this must be a stethoscopic work
connected with taking soundings on the chest,
it might be called *Watts on the Tappy*.

Another Nursery Rhyme.

(By a Trembling Tory.)

HUSH-a-bye, LABBY! Awful dead-lock!
If Votes you oppose, Sir, Supply you will
block,
If Supply's blocked the Exchequer must fall,
Down will come Parliament, LABBY, and all!



“THE THANES FLY FROM ME!”

MACBETH (*looking into the “dim and distant future”*). — “THIS PUSH
WILL CHEER ME EVER, OR DISSEAT ME NOW.

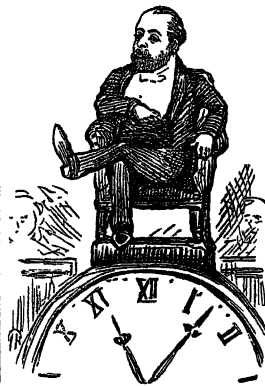
GIVE ME MY ARMOUR.”—Act V.

TO BE RECTIFIED.

SIR,—I have never been inside the House of Commons, but it does seem to be highly disrespectful, and very thoughtless on the part of the architect, not to have provided a proper seat for the Heir to the Throne when he visits the House. My indignation was excited by reading this:—

"The Prince of WALES was present in the House of Commons last night to hear Lord CHARLES BERESFORD's speech on the Navy. The Prince occupied a seat over the clock."

Or was it like this?—



Either would make a good notion for a time-piece to mark the epoch, and the figure of H.R.H. might be mechanical, to move the arms and eyes; but in any case I sincerely trust that the faithful Commons will see to this, and not again offend the loyal susceptibilities of

Yours truly,

DUM CRAMBO CRAMBO.

SOME MORE "SOCIAL PROBLEMS."

(Not by Mr. George.)

JUST heard that Uncle JAMES has left me all his money! What a responsibility! Am almost ashamed to inquire how much it is. Really, afraid I may be a Capitalist, after all. And I have always been so bitter against Capitalists! Hope it isn't a Million.

Uncle JAMES's Solicitor just called. Find that Uncle JAMES has left me not one Million, but *two and a half*! This is worse and worse.

Curious how instantaneously the knowledge of my increase of wealth seems to spread. Already received pressing letters from—

1. Income-Tax Commissioners. 2. My deceased third cousin's enormous and shockingly impecunious family. 3. Any number of friends (with marriageable daughters) who want me to go and dine with them, *just in a quiet way*! 4. All the Charitable Societies in London. 5. All the needy vagabonds in Great Britain. 6. All the swindling lotteries in Europe.

Uncle JAMES's Solicitor says he has a nice little country box down in Hampshire, and offers "to put me up there whenever I like to come." Very nice of him. Solicitor's real business with me is to say, what he forgot before, that a man of my wealth and position—(Fancy having "a position!") What a nuisance. Such an awkward position too!)—ought not to lose a day before making some "testamentary disposition of his real and personal property." In other words, Solicitor wants me to make my will—or rather, wants to make it for me. Think it's rather bad taste of Solicitor to mention subject of will. Tell him I'll think the matter over.

Have thought it over. Feel it would be inconsistent with all my convictions and professions (especially the latter) to regard myself as entitled to more than small modicum of Uncle JAMES's money. Question is—*how much* exactly is mine, and how much is Society's? And when that point is settled, in what way am I to distribute that portion belonging to Society? Last question *seems* absurd, because if it belongs to Society, surely Society is the person to distribute it, and not I. But then, as a matter of fact, I happen to have the money, owing to that stupid convention which says it belongs to me; and so after all I'm afraid I shall have to resign myself to the bother of giving away a large sum which isn't properly mine at all. Have always prided myself on acting from principle—difficulty here is that I don't quite know on what principle to act.

Devote myself to serious study of Political Economy as bearing on problem of proper distribution of wealth.

After two sleepless nights and a day of intense thought, fancy I've elaborated a just method of disposing of my property by will. Send for Solicitor.

"If A. (I tell him) represents my whole wealth"—

Solicitor suggests "available assets" instead of "wealth," which sounds as if I were a Bankrupt.

"And B. (I go on) the amount I've decided to devote to charitable uses."—

Solicitor interrupts me. He hopes, in tone of deep anxiety, I'm not going to "allow myself to be swindled by a lot of begging

Societies." Tells me that "charity begins at home," and wishes to know if I've got no relatives?

I reply that I'm thinking of leaving £50,000 to each of my deceased third cousin's thirteen children, as a "pleasant little surprise."

By a rapid process of mental calculation Solicitor sees that this disposes, at one blow, of £650,000. Asks if "I really mean to be so uncommonly generous to such distant connections?"

I explain to him that it isn't generosity at all, only justice, and that really and truly I've no moral title whatever to Uncle JAMES's property.

Solicitor seems surprised and pained. He won't discuss the question, but looks at me rather strangely. Fancy he thinks me a little cracked; but quite approves of a "considerable sum"—I put it vaguely like that, because I'm really afraid of mentioning a figure which will further irritate Solicitor—being devoted to Lord Mayor's Fund for Relief of Unemployed.

I suggest that with remaining money I might do something for better housing of working-men. Something like Somebody's Buildings, in fact. Solicitor more doubtful than before. Says he's *heard*—but he mentions matter under all reserve, and without prejudice—that Somebody's Buildings are, well, not a failure, but only a drop in the ocean, as it were. Advises me to reconsider whole subject, and gets up to leave. Says I "want cheerful society," invites me again to to his shooting-box, and mentions, quite casually, that his wife is expecting "one or two lovely girls" to stop with her next week.

Problem of Proper Distribution of Wealth is becoming darker than ever!

"WHY AM I A SUCCESS?"

From Mr. J. L. T--le.—Because friend IRVING was jealous of me, and wouldn't let me do the *Ghost*, *Macduff*, and *Faust* at the Lyceum.

From Mr. W--ls-n B--rr--tt.—Because I saw CHARLES KEAN, as a lad, from the Princess's gallery, and consequently took to swearing. Because the Public prefer me to IRVING. Because I am the actual Author of Messrs. HERMAN, JONES, and SYDNEY GRUNDY's original plays. Because I have invariably refused to be photographed.

From Lord W--ls-l-y.—Because, in spite of being a Viscount, I have generally employed a Peer, or the relative of a Peer, to carry home despatches. Because, in recounting my victories, I closely followed the style of my friend Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS. Because I hate "rings," and have set my face against encouraging a titled *clique*. Because, when after all is said and done, I am really and truly—indeed I am—the only General.

From Lord T--m-s-n.—Because I get a guinea a line. Because (had they been properly produced) my plays would have been gigantic draws. Because I know how to attract by eccentricity as instanced by my being photographed in a shocking bad hat, and leaving out the prefix in "a BECKETT."

From the Right Hon. W. E. G--l--st--ne.—Because my parents refused to allow me to become a Christy Minstrel in spite of my proficiency in nigger-songs, and performing on the bones or tambourine. Because everybody likes my collars. Because the "Grand Old Man" was a capital title. Because—

[But our limited space does not permit the publication of further details which in this last instance extends over three dozen closely written post-cards.—Ed. *Punch*.]

OF MICHAEL,—NOT "ANGELO."—The *Daily News*, in a leaderette on the DAVITT affair, at Oxford, said: "Oxford is one of the last homes of hospitality. The old rule of hospitality was, that if your enemy reached your hearth, and took his place there, he was safe for the night." The *Daily News* then went on to say:—

"The same rule holds even in Fiji. Some years ago an English naval officer, lost in the mountains of Fiji, went straight up to the hut of a chief and was in security till after sunrise. He was hospitably treated, and a female slave enabled him to escape during the night. After sunrise he would have been killed and probably eaten. Similar hospitality should prevail at Oxford."

Did the *Daily News* wish to imply that the Oxonians ought to have killed and eaten MICHAEL DAVITT after sunrise! It seems that without even having been "roasted," MICHAEL DAVITT went down with them very well.

A PRECOCIOUS CRITIC.—FRANCISQUE SARCEY, the well-known French dramatic critic, lately wrote in the *Temps*, "*Quand je suis entré dans la critique, il y a plus d'un demi-siècle.*" Whereupon the *Figaro* reckons it up thus:—"M. SARCEY was born in 1828; we are in 1886. Therefore, if M. SARCEY commenced his career as a critic fifty years ago, he must have done so in 1836, when he was eight years old!" What an infant phenomenon! A juvenile critic, not to be got at with "chicken and champagne," but amenable to reason in the shape of buns, oranges, toffy, and ginger-beer. The Criticising Boy must have been very "cheeky," and always "sarcy."



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

"I'M AFRAID WE SHAN'T HAVE THIS COMPARTMENT TO OURSELVES ANY LONGER, JANET."
 "OH, IT'S ALL RIGHT, AUNT DARTLING. IF YOU PUT YOUR HEAD OUT OF WINDOW, I DARE SAY NOBODY WILL COME IN!"

LYRICS IN A LIBRARY.

I.—TO QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS.

AH! HORACE mine, our salad days
 Have long ago departed,
 And those who stood in ancient ways
 Are worn and weary-hearted.
 The sunlight of those hours has fled,
 And left no single flicker,
 The garlands that we wore are dead
 As old Falernian liquor.

We kissed the girls, we loved and laugh'd,
 Each for the hour a hero,
 The fair Bandusian fountain quaff'd,
 'Twas "*Dulci digne mero*."
 The snow was in the wine, but still
 It brought rejuvenescence,
 We felt the Tuscan sunlight thrill,
 That gives the grape its essence.

But now the days are dull and drear,
 Unutterably stupid,
 In vain you pinch your PYRRHA's ear,
 She shuns the darts of Cupid.
 No laughter to our lips will come,
 The blood's no longer torrid,
 For lo! "*Stet nive candidum*,"
 Soraote-like, each forehead.

The girls of other days have died
 As fades each glowing ember;
 The tender Sapphics that you sigh'd
 Are all that we remember.
 In vain the past we would review,
 And all the vanish'd faces;
 Your words to POSTUMUS come true,
 "*Eheu arni fugaces!*"

QUITE A HARPER THOUGHT!—MR. ARTHUR TOOTH paid £3,200 for the right to engrave a picture by Sir JOHN MILLAIS: Messrs. HARPER, without any payment, reproduced it in America. *Mr. Punch* sums the case up as a forcible illustration of "Tooth and Nail."

DOUBLING IT.

Government Office Light Comedy now in active Rehearsal—according to the Critics.

SCENE—Official Room in the Tape and Sealing Wax Department.

Mr. Tentofour, who has accepted an active Directorship of the "Civil Service Piecrust and Pastry-cooks' Association," discovered deeply immersed in perusal of Documents dealing with the wholesale prices of jam, citron-peel, raisins, and flour. Enter a Casual Inquirer.

Mr. Tentofour (looking up, and rising). Ah! at last. I suppose you are the man come about the French Pastry?

Casual Inquirer. French Pastry? No—I've come about this. (Produces Official Paper, issued from the Tape and Sealing-wax Department). I wanted to ask—

Mr. Tentofour (motioning him to a seat). Ha! Something to do with the Office. Just so. But, if you would excuse me for a few moments—I happen to be particularly engaged over this—I will attend to your business directly. (He proceeds to do a double rule of three sum, for the purpose of arriving at the current price of moist sugar. Enter an Emissary from the Civil Service Pie-crust and Pastry-cooks' Association.)

Emissary. MR. TENTOFOUR?

Mr. Tentofour. I'm he. (With alacrity.) Ha! You've come about the French Pastry. Well, what does the Board say to my proposition?

Emissary. Please, Sir, they won't decide nothing. But the Chairman's compliments, Sir, and he says if you'll just step round again, he'd be much obliged to you.

Mr. Tentofour. To be sure. Yes, say I'll come round at once. (Takes up his hat. Seeing Casual Inquirer.) Ha! of course, your business. But I dare say you won't mind waiting a moment. I've some important matters to attend to round the corner. Shall soon be back. Like to look at the *Times*?

[Gives him a back number of the "Grocer" in mistake.

Casual Inquirer. But I won't detain you long. I only wanted to ask—

Mr. Tentofour (cutting him short). No, don't tell me now. I haven't really time to listen. I'll be back very shortly. Look at the paper. (Exit rapidly, following Emissary, and is absent several hours, during which he is fully occupied in discussing, from an amateur standpoint, with several brother Directors, the ins and outs of the manufacture of light pastry, finally returning to his official room, exhausted with arguing, and with his head full of statistics of the trade. Seeing Casual Inquirer) Ha! you here? Let's see what was it? I forgot—

Casual Inquirer. Well, it wasn't much. I only wanted to ask—

Mr. Tentofour (wildly). Look here, if you'll excuse me, my mind is so full of business I would rather you didn't ask me now. Here, fill this up and send it in. (Gives him by mistake a Shareholder's Prospectus of the Civil Service Pie-crust and Pastrycooks' Association.) Fill it up. I'll look into it to-morrow.

Casual Inquirer. But I only wanted to ask—

Mr. Tentofour (showing him out). No, not to-night. To-morrow. I'll see to it to-morrow. (Shuts door.) And now to have a good look into these figures! (Again relapses into a brown study over the manufacture of light pastry, ultimately quitting the Office at 9.45 P.M. and walking home, doing further double rule of three sums in his head for the purpose of arriving at the current price of moist sugar.)

BEN TROYATO.—Mlle. RÉJANE was brushing up her English in order to repeat that poem in honour of the Prince of WALES's visit to Paris the other day. "Tell me," she said to a friend who knew something about our language, "Is not '*Galles*' another word for 'Young Ladies' in English?" "*Parfaitement*," was the unhesitating reply. "*À la bonne heure!*" exclaimed Mlle. RÉJANE. "*Comme toutes les femmes adorent son Altesse.*"—Ah!—*Je comprends!*" And, perhaps, she added this to the poem.

"LENT SERVICES."—Dinner Sets borrowed from the Confectioner's.



PARLIAMENTARY VIEWS N°5. A NAUTICAL NIGHT ON BOARD H.M.S. HOUSE OF COMMONS.

SENSE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, March 15.—H.R.H. down to-night, looking uncommonly well. Came to hear CHARLIE BERESFORD discuss British Navy. CHARLIE in great form. Told us not only all about Navy, which it seems is still steaming, as it used to sail, to the dogs, but lightly handled National Debt.

"Why not pay off Debt in hundred-and-two years instead of hundred?" he asked. And, when you come to think of it, why not? CHARLIE's opinion of the Fleet generally not high. Indeed, he told House he had felt it his duty to inform the Russian Minister that, "Had we gone into the Baltic, and the Russians had one man there with a head on, he ought to have blown the British Fleet out of the water." But his contempt for gunboats was almost unspeakable.

"Sir," he said, to the SPEAKER, "a smart Frenchman or Russian would go and mop the whole lot up."

"I call," he a little later cried, in stentorian tones, "for twenty more cruisers, three torpedo *dépôt* ships, twenty-one torpedo boats of the *Grasshopper* class, and forty torpedo boats of the fourth class."

Pretty to see excitement on Treasury Bench, as noble Lord made these demands. GLADSTONE, with characteristic williness, pretended to be asleep. But HARCOURT moved restlessly on Bench, feeling in all his pockets, and at last vigorously hauling out something. Thought it was at least a torpedo boat of the *Grasshopper* class. Turned out to be only pocket-handkerchief.

Much interest was excited by speech of REED. Last Session, in succession to several other Sessions, REED moved Resolution much like that CHARLIE to-night breezily advocated. A Minister now and bound to defend Estimates. How would he do it? With much presence of mind. It was true that last year he had brought forward such a Motion. But "things had greatly improved since then."

"Yes," said PRUNKEE, "REED's been made a Lord of the Admiralty."

Getting in bad way about laughter. Grand CROSS on memorable occasion "heard an Hon. Member smile." Now Lord GEORGE HAMILTON has discovered a new offence. Accused HARCOURT of laughing. HARCOURT said it wasn't him. Another fellow.

"Then," said Lord GEORGE, sternly, "it was the reflection of a laugh which I saw on the face of the Right Hon. Gentleman."

What are we coming to when we are not to smile lest we wake an ex-Home Secretary, and not to laugh lest the reflection be cast on another man's face?

Earlier in Sitting some sensation created by Captain VERNEX jumping up and moving Adjournment of House to discuss "matter of urgent public importance." No New Member had been placed on

Procedure Committee, and this was the matter of urgent public importance VERNEX wanted to discuss. Excellent idea! New Members who are always walking about with their hats on, passing between Member on his legs and SPEAKER, attempting to address the Chair from the middle of the floor, calling the SPEAKER "Mr. Chairman," and addressing the House as "Gentlemen"; who make their maiden speeches in moving Votes of Want of Confidence on the Address, and who are always getting in the wrong lobby—these are the very men to give valuable assistance in Committee on Procedure. Oddly enough not forty men, nor yet one, rose to support the Motion for Adjournment, and VERNEX sat down, looking slightly sheepish.

Business done.—Navy Estimates.

Tuesday.—Never so astonished in my life! Walking down Corridor by House of Lords, came upon Bishop of PETERBOROUGH with coat off, shirt-sleeves turned up, sparring away at imaginary foe.

"What's thematter, my Lord?" I said, halting at safe distance, for even Bishops sometimes go mad. "Having it out with somebody?"

"No, TOBY," he replied, breathlessly. "It's a little habit of mine when I'm going to make a speech. Warms up the blood, gets your muscles in order, and excites the imagination. Going to say a few words on Pew-rents. The Clergy who have pews to sell don't like notion of interference. Very well.

Imagine Clergy who have pews to sell all rolled up in one figure. Fetch the figure out here, where I thought no one would be passing, and

then walk into it. An idea of my own. Mightn't suit everybody, but useful to me. Feel in fine form now." And the Bishop rolled down his sleeves, and put on his coat. "Better come in, and hear me."

Went with pleasure. Know no man better able to give an adversary what the *Marchioness* called "a one'er" than PETERBOROUGH.

A capital speech, full of fire and righteous fury, with reminiscence of the little preliminary practice in the Corridor. Told a good story, too. A stranger was put in pew of devout parishioner. Service over, pew-owner burst into Vestry, and complained to parson.

"I didn't desire," he said, "to disturb service by turning him out of the pew, but I took the liberty of sitting on his hat."



SELBORNE, observing precaution of getting GRANVILLE between him and the Bishop, attempted to meet his argument. Up jumped the passionate PETERBOROUGH.

"I did not say that!" he thundered.

"I thank God," said SELBORNE, with pious fervour, taking another step backward, "that I have not the right reverend prelate's oratorical power."

Ah, but if he'd only seen him in the Corridor just now!

Business done.—In Commons the C. D. Acts repealed.

Wednesday.—Exhilarating afternoon in society of Scotch Members. One of them (FINLAY) brought in a Bill dealing with Church matters; the others gathered together and tore it to pieces, clawing at each other meanwhile. Attendance wonderfully well kept up, considering subject of debate. But at one time fell so manifestly short of quorum that a Count was called.

The fragments of FINLAY'S Bill carried out and decently buried, RIDER COOK moved Second Reading of Bill dealing with Theatres. RIDER, a New Member, and this great opportunity. He'd show the House how a Bill should be conducted. Those Old Members thought too much of themselves. Let them keep their eye on RIDER. Got on swimmingly. Masterly exposition of details of Bill. House evidently being convinced. At a quarter to Six, just entering upon little controversy with IRVING, when SPEAKER rose with cry of "Order! order!" Old Members sniggled; RIDER looked round with bewildered air.

"I say, look here! Mr. Chairman, don't you know," said RIDER, "I haven't finished telling you what Mr. IRVING said."

"Order! order!" cried SPEAKER, more impressively. "Order! order!" shouted those Old Members, vindictively, and RIDER sat down. He had talked his own Bill out. *Business done.*—Church of Scotland Bill rejected by 202 votes against 177.

Thursday.—ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, though a little eccentric in politics, is at heart good fellow. Has no necessity now of securing seat by coming down early and putting hat on bench. Open therefore to oblige his friends. Few things more interesting than to see him enter House about Three o'Clock with four or five hats piled pyramid-fashion on his head, and one in either hand. Old game with glass of water now comes to his assistance. Used, when about to make a speech, to bring in couple of glasses of water in his hat, carrying them so dexterously that no one guessed what he was up to. Just beginning to be able to fetch in three tumblers, when made a Minister. Can go along now at a trot with seven hats, and rarely comes to grief. Plants them out here and there, obliging seven friends.

Navy Estimates on to-night. Brilliant speech from HIBBERT. A few remarks from CHARLIE BERSFORD. C.B. coming out as a Parliamentary orator. In training for First Lordship of the Admiralty. Told a good story, illustrating difference between soldiers and blue-jackets. After the Duke of EDINBURGH had been shot at in Australia, a double row of blue-jacket sentries were placed around the house he stayed at; every man strictly enjoined to remain at his post, to challenge three times any who approached, and, receiving

no answer, to fire. There was an emu in the garden, who approached one of the blue-jackets. Blue-jacket challenged emu three times. "Of course," said CHARLIE, anxious to omit no detail, "the emu didn't answer;" whereupon the blue-jacket fired, and every man of the double row of sentries came running to the spot.

"There you are, you know," said C. B., confidentially, to the Chairman; "a soldier will stick to his post, a sailor will run wherever he thinks he's wanted."

Dulness of Committee on the Navy Estimates threatened by signs of mutiny on part of Captain FIELD. Gallant Captain has professional contempt for the late Secretary to the Admiralty, who is something in the sugar business. "I have," he said, glaring down upon RITCHIE, "a great respect for him when he's dealing with sugar, but I haven't the same confidence when he's dealing with salt."

Grand Cross thought he heard a smile.

Business done.—Navy Estimates.

Friday.—Always treat to hear Lord BRAMWELL, whether right or wrong. A man who's got a mind, and isn't diffident about expressing its convictions. "Never, that I know of, heard an elephant trampling through a jungle," said ROSEBERRY; "but whenever I listen to Lord BRAMWELL trampling through a jungle of prejudices, always think of the elephant. He's so grim, so unconcerned for the feelings of those who get in his way. He's going somewhere—and he goes."

To-night bent upon going to the Museums on a Sunday, and growled his way thither, causing the Bishops visibly to shudder as he talked lightly of "the Book of Sports," and left some doubt in the mind whether he didn't read the newspapers on Sunday. A terrible man—more fitted for rough company in House of Commons than for the serene atmosphere of the House of Lords, where Bishops sit in lawn sleeves, and shake their heads over the unepiscopal vigour of "brother PETERBOROUGH."

Business done.—In Lords, Lord THURLOW'S Motion, Opening Museums on Sunday, carried by 76 votes against 62. In Commons, none.

GOING OUT OF FASHION.

(A Chronological Table for the Future.)

- 1886. End of the Italian Opera at Her Majesty's.
- 1887. Supplementary and Final Exhibition at South Kensington.
- 1888. Last University Boat-race on the Thames.
- 1889. Abolition of the Westminster Play.
- 1890. Sale of Burlington House, and breaking up of the Royal Academy.
- 1891. Cricket at Lord's and the Oval is discontinued.
- 1892. Completion of the Hyde Park Estate on the site of Rotten Row and the Ladies' Mile.
- 1893. Commemoration at Oxford held for the last time.
- 1894. Yachting given up at Ryde and Cowes. Last Derby and Leger.
- 1895. The "Lancers" only danced at the Court Ball before the demolition of Buckingham Palace.
- 1896. Drury Lane and Covent Garden pulled down.
- 1897. Dinners cease in Hall at Lincoln's Inn, the Temples, and Gray's Inn.
- 1898. Feeble anecdotes prohibited in the Law Courts. Retirement of Baron HIDDLESTONE.
- 1899. Suspension of Beer-making.
- 1900. Abolition of Skittles!

A WILD SUGGESTION.

"THAT strange Body, the Court of Common Council," as CHARLES DICKENS once described them, are becoming both wise and witty in their old age. When Mr. Alderman ISAACS, who ought to know better, proposed that the new Tower Bridge should be made of British Iron, regardless of cost, the Court, we are told, carried "the previous question," by a large majority, and one Member threatened that had the proposition to exclude all Foreign Iron been carried, he would have moved, as an addition thereto, that all Foreign Wines and Foreign Turtle be excluded from the Mansion House! What would our good friend "ROBERT" have said to this "hateful proposal?"

What an imagination it requires to conceive the bold Member's idea being carried out! With the *Mock Turtle* a nice glass of pure Ginger Wine instead of the customary Madeira, Cowslip Wine with the Fish, Sparkling Gooseberry with the *Entrées*, a nice glass of old Rhubarb with the Game, some fine old crusty Elder with the Cheese, and plenty of Special Margo Red Currant, bottled in 1885, with the Dessert!

We wonder how many Royal Princes, and really good Judges, would pay a second visit to the Mansion House under such truly patriotic conditions.



MAD AS A—LUNACY BILL!"

Sense. My good British Public, I think you have recently taken up the amendment of the Lunacy Laws with a great deal of zeal.

Sensibility. Certainly I have; because I believe they require alteration, especially as regards private "Licensed Houses."

Sense. Do you know what a "Licensed House" is like?

Sensibility. Not particularly; but I have a general impression that it is a place where patients are kept for the unholy gain of unscrupulous men.

Sense. And you consider that a Public Asylum would be infinitely preferable?

Sensibility. Being equally ignorant of the character of Public Asylums, I reply. Certainly.

Sense. Would you be surprised to hear that a Licensed House relies upon the cure of its patients for its success? That it must be kept up to a standard of excellence fixed by the six medical and legal gentlemen called the Commissioners in Lunacy, who are constantly inspecting it, and the Resident Medical Officer, whose appointment they have authorised, and that upon their good opinion (subject to an appeal to the LORD CHANCELLOR) it retains its licence; and that, consequently, every individual patient has necessarily far more attention devoted to him than is customary, or even possible, in a Public Asylum?

Sensibility. I was not aware of these facts.

Sense. Are you sure that a vast Institution, containing hundreds of patients, who attract as much as, but no more interest than the inmates of a Parish Workhouse, in charge of a Superintendent, and perhaps a couple of assistants, having infinitely more freedom than the Superintendents of Licensed Houses, will be better conducted than a Private Asylum, wherein, from the highest to the lowest, every official is personally interested in the welfare, good management, and high reputation of the establishment with which he is connected?

Sensibility. Putting it in that light, the "Licensed House" would be better.

Sense. And are you aware that some hundreds of thousands of pounds have been invested in these Licensed Houses, representing in some cases the savings of a lifetime of a father for his orphan children, and that the Bill, if it becomes law in its unmodelled form, will rob these children of the provision thus left to them?

Sensibility. Impossible! For that would not be fair.

Sense. Do you not know that not only is it proposed to make a licence cease with the lifetime of the present holder, but also that it is already a question (even before the Bill has passed) whether a licence that has been left to a dead man's children for more than a dozen years, is not to cease immediately, and be lost to them for ever, because during a few months of that time it has been held by some one else for them in trust, and not by them in person?

Sensibility. But surely that is against equity?

Sense. Yes, and what is against equity should not become law. Moreover, are you aware that the regulations in this eccentric measure are of such a penal character that all good men will most probably be driven away from the study of mental disease, for fear of being turned unconsciously into felons, misdemeanants, or, at any rate, defendants, to be mulcted in heavy damages, and that consequently psychology will possibly fall into the hands of simpletons and quacks?

Sensibility. I have not read the clauses of the Bill, but—dear me!

Sense. And, under all these circumstances, do you not think that a measure thus carrying so much reckless damage both to the sane and insane, if it becomes law, should be called not the Lunacy, but the Lunatic Act?

Sensibility. Unquestionably!

SOME RECENT CONCERTS.

GOUNOD's *Mors et Vita*, at the Crystal Palace, attracted an unusually large audience. But the Oratorio is so long—*Mors* the pity—that it should hardly be offered in its entirety at a single sitting. As it consists of three distinctive parts, it might well be given serially. Issue it in numbers, and the public will be more likely to take it in. The greatest praise is due to Band and Chorus. The MANNs the MANNs for a' that.

A pianoforte recital, with songs by Mrs. HUTCHINSON and Miss HOPE GLENN, was announced to be given last week, at Kensington Town Hall, by Señor A. CORDE-LASS. Accordel—tut! tut—Accordingly I went. The Spanish Grandee is a fine pianist, and played without either notes or affectation—I suppose upon a Spanish Grandee piano. Particularly did he excel in CHOPIN's music, of which he rendered unhackneyed and very difficult selections. An *impromptu* of his own would have taken any one else years to compose, but his ideas are not forced, though he does come from a Conservatory. N.B.—What a splendid chance for a Negro Comedian attending the Concert, to say, with a chuckle, on getting home, that he "just cor de lass train!"

Miss AGNES ZIMMERMANN, and a Broadwood Piano, monopolised the platform of Prince's Hall, on the afternoon of March 25th. Two hours is a long time in which to listen to the uninterrupted strains of a piano, howsoever well it may be smitten; and though Miss ZIMMERMANN plays divinely, one or two, if not more, of us would like to have heard a few songs between whiles. Songs *with* words, I mean; and would it be irreverent to ask whether SULLIVAN or COWEN is not as classical as the hybrid composer SCHUBERT-TAUSIG?

The twenty-third public Concert of the Bach Choir, erstwhile presided over by Mr. OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT, but now conducted by Dr. VILLIERS STANFORD, was too tempting to be missed—at least the crowded audience seemed to think so. Herr JOACHIM played the violin in a *Concerto* of his own composing, and in a *Chaconne* by BACH. The latter work is more surprisingly difficult than pleasing to the ordinary listener—but then "*Chaconne à son goût*."

NIBBELUNGLET.

PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

(By Our Special Book-Marker.)

"LONDON OF TO-DAY."

Our Little Village would you view,
And all its sights and lions do,
Without the least delay;
Or if you're anxious to divine
The *restaurants* where you should dine—
Where best the food is and the wine—
The inns where you should stay:
If all about the Town you'd know,
I'd counsel you at once to go
Straight off to Messrs. SAMPSON LOW,
And buy a book, by EYRE PASCOE,
Called *London of To-day*.

"LETTERS TO DEAD AUTHORS."

Letters to Dead Authors is reading mighty fine,
Writ by ANDREW LANG to the scribes of auld lang syne.
The living Author seems to write just as it takes his whim,
So sometimes it appears as if the dead 'uns wrote to him.
Some are bright, and some are light, and others gay or
sollum,
And Messrs. LONGMANS of the lot, have made a pretty
wollum.

"DAGONET."

Who wrote *Dagonet*?
Oh, the agony!
Can't make it out!
What's it about?

O MACMILLAN, excuse me if I rail
'Gainst the writer of this Mac-millancholy tale.
There's only one bit that's worth reading—no more—
Of a Nun, and a knife, and a Duke, and a boar.
Fill up my flagon! a
Farewell to *Dagonet*!

DOBSON, BY GOSSE!

POET PUNCH offers a sincere tribute of admiration to Poet Gosse and Poet Dobson. It is his own ignorance (one cannot attend to everything) that prevented him, till now, from being fully aware of the established claims of these Poets to the meed of immortality. TENNYSON he knew—and BROWNING he knew—but who were DOBSON and GOSSE? He stands rebuked, however, before Poet Gosse's more royal self-estimate.

Exegi monumentum ære perennius.

I have erected a monument more durable than brass, said, of himself, one HORACE once, and he turned out to be right. But Bards have not been so cock-sure since then, till Poet Gosse arose. Even thus, in a new volume, writes Poet Gosse to Poet DOBSON:—

Brother not more kind to brother,
We have cheered and helped each other:
Till so far the fields of each
Into the other's stretch and reach,
That, perchance, when both are gone,
Neither may be named alone!

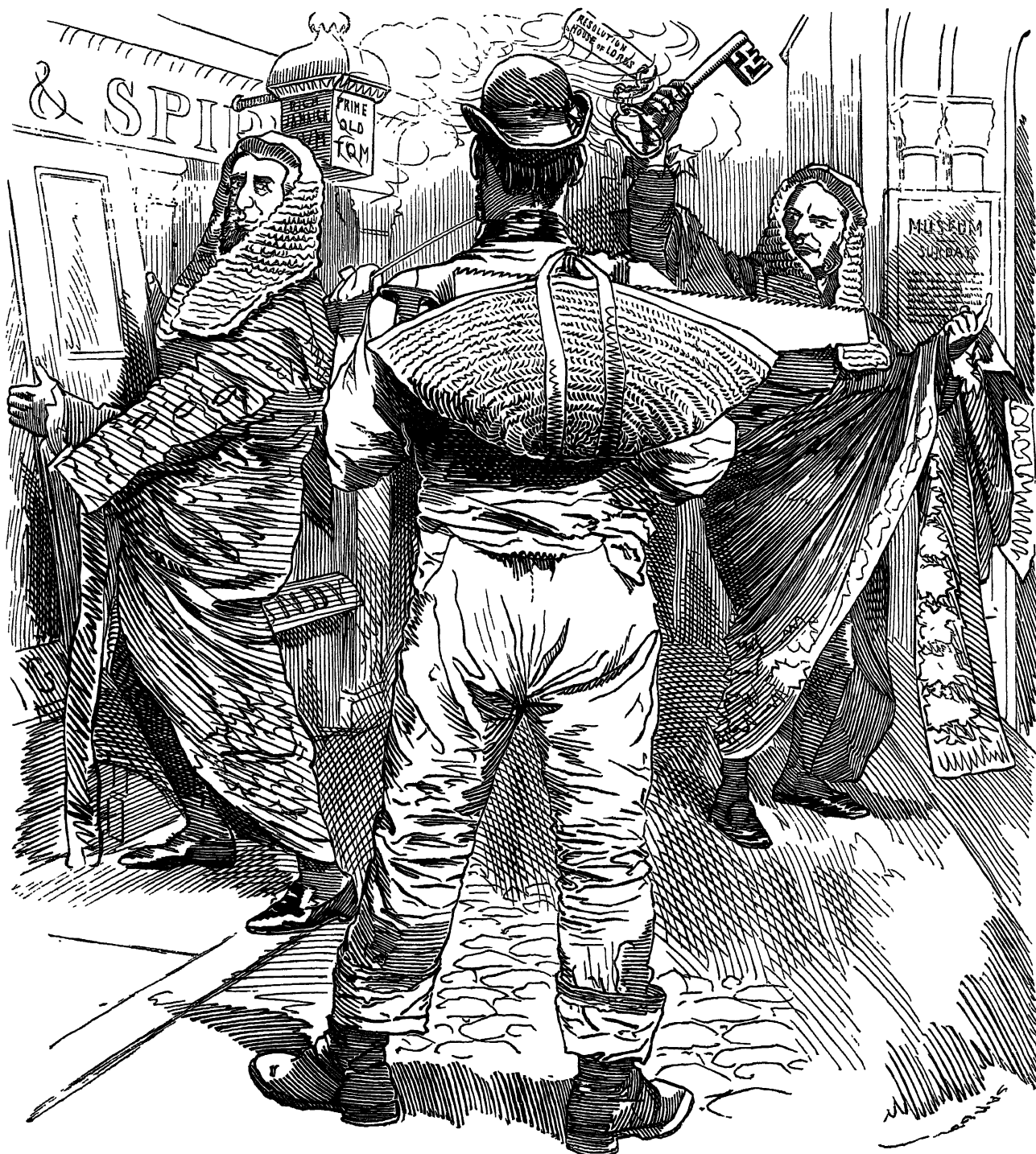
Remark the simple modesty, and the simpler humour. Both poets are so like, that an admiring world will not know 'tother from which. So far, Poet Gosse, the Court is rather with you. Our acquaintance with Gosse's field is not quite what it ought to be, but after that, we can but share his feelings, when he points the finger of scorn at the men who will try to write poetry, without an eye to futurity like his and Dobson's:—

"Now every worldling flings his cap in rhyme,"

is a lofty line indeed, and only Poet Gosse could have risked it. All worldlings wear caps; they all throw them about; and all the caps are made of rhymes. If Poet Gosse's monument is not more durable than brass, his brass should, at least, last longer than many monuments. And Poet PUNCH, being of the Gods already, now welcomes Poet Gosse and Poet Dobson in the name of the generations that are to be, at Poet Gosse's own valuation:—

Posterity hath choice of HOBSON,
'Twixt Poet Gosse and Poet DOBSON;
Because entirely at a loss,
Which may be DOBSON—and which Gosse.

ALL FOR HIM: OR. GRANDMOTHERLY LEGISLATION.



Working Man. "WERRY KIND, I'M SURE! BETWEEN 'EM BOTH I OUGHTER BE 'APPY. ANY'OW, THEY WON'T PUT MY PIPE OUT!"

Laodicean Labouring Man loquitur:—

THEY 'RE werry kind, I'm sure! It reglar seems
As though the lot of 'em was my dry-nusses.
The parson preaches, and the poet dreams,
The spouter cackles, and the scribbler fusses,

All—all along o' me! From year to year.
They never drops me, they are always at it.
It's werry kind; but wot seems rayther queer,
I'm blessed little better for 'em, drat it!
My fault o' course. I'm sech an orkerd lot,
I am. Don't drop into their ways, not nicely.
They'd tuck me snugly in my little cot,
But then, you see, I'm not a kid—percisely.

That's where 'it is, I 'spose. Us working chaps
Are more than seven, take us one with t'other.
Don't cotton quite to baby pats and paps,
Which vexes them as comes the Old Grand-mother.
Ungrateful, ain't it? Ought to be all right,
With wotes, and 'tracks, and Kyrleys and cheap clarets



PLENARY.

Visitor (stalwart Spinster). "FIVE AND A HALF ARE YOU, DEAR? AND HOW OLD DO YOU THINK I AM?"
Ethel (deliberately). "SIXTEEN." *Visitor.* "SIXTEEN? OH!—YOU QUITE FLATT—"
Ethel. "I CAN'T COUNT ANY FURTHER THAN THAT!"

To slick us up, keep us from getting tight,
 And make smart peep-shows of our leaky garrets.
 Look at 'em, Lords and Commons, SPEAKER
 LORD CHANCELLOR there,—the kindness and the grace of 'em!—
 One shuts the pubs to save us from the beer,
 One opens the Museum doors in place of 'em.
 Wot could be pleasanter? They'd like, of course,
 To drop their Clubs, and turn up their snug
 Work six days out o' seven like a horse,
 And pass their Sundays all in Pickter Galleries!
 No river larks, no Richmond feeds for *them*,
 No Sabbath club-cracks, and no Sunday tennis!
 Fancy a lecture on Jerusalem,
 A lot of hods and hends from Rome or Wenice,
 A stroll among chipped statues or stuffed
 Nine hours with long-mugged Saints and crummy Cupids!
 Wouldn't that suit the Swells? Oh, why waste words?
 Them as such wouldn't satisfy *must* be
 Fifty-two Sundays in the year, you see,
 But Galleries and Museums are like bacey,
 The more you have the better they agree,
 That is, unless you're obstinate or cracky,
 Like—well, like *me*, I s'pose, for, dash my wig,
 If I can stand too much of 'em! It needles
 My temper somehow to take picters big
 In too big doses,—or stuffed snakes, or beedles.

Therefore, my Lords and Gentlemen, it strikes
 Me somehow as you ain't percisely hit it.
 We've all our little likes and our dislikes,
 And my tastes ain't for statues, I admit it.
 Shut wot you like, and open wot you will,
 'Tain't doors alone as does it. Look at Churches!
 I tell you we ain't babies, drawn at will
 By sugar-sticks, or drove away by birches.
 "Now then, my little man, be good, and drop
 That nasty pot and pipe—they're most injurious—
 And take this pretty pickter-book!"—O stop
 That Granny gabble! It just makes us furious.
 Wholesome amusement, handy to us all
 To take or leave, no question asked, no cackle,
 Would empty half the pubs, and leave no call
 To shut the others. Who's prepared to tackle
 That little bizness? Don't all speak at once!
 It wants a man no canter, and not quacky.
 Till he turns up, I'm such a blooming dunce,
 I don't see turning up my beer and 'bacey.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE.—This is a good form of advertisement:—
 "MAID (USEFUL) or Maid to Young Ladies."
 If she's to be engaged in a general way, she's "useful"; but if only as a "Maid to Young Ladies," then she is no longer "useful," and therefore useless; though, of course, she may remain purely ornamental.

LEGAL OPINIONS *v.* STREET'S GHOST.

ON Thursday, March 25, judgment in this interesting case, so long pending, was delivered in the Central Hall, and in the Queen's Bench Division, as reported in the *Times*:—

"The LORD CHANCELLOR (in the Central Hall) said,—This Palace of Justice was the crowning work of Mr. STREET's life. I am quite sure of this, that the more this building is studied, and the longer the profession live in it, the more reason they will see to be grateful to the architect who designed it, and to be satisfied with the result of his labours. I remember, on the day when the Courts were opened, a gentleman, whom I now see present, said that he was quite sure that every day we lived in them we should discover some fresh beauty in them. As far as I am concerned, that observation has been completely verified.

"Mr. Baron HUDDLESTON (in the Queen's Bench) said, with regard to the Royal Courts of Justice, that they seemed to have been designed and constructed so as to combine every possible inconvenience to every person connected with them. When consulted as to the proposed new Courts at Birmingham, he had said that, whatever was done, he strongly advised them not to copy the Royal Courts of Justice of London."

The Lord Chief Chancellor Justice PUNCH fully agrees with what has fallen from both his learned brethren, and is glad, in the interests of the Public, that the matter is settled. Not that the Public matters much.

MOTTO FOR CLARET DRINKERS.—*Revenons à nos "Moutons."*

THE GLENEMIES.

MR. COGHLAN's play of *Enemies* has some fine dramatic situations, some well-drawn characters, but mostly stagey ones, and a plot, which being composed of very familiar materials, could not possibly be interesting were it not for the excellent acting of everyone in the



The Hit of the Piece. Mrs. Langtry in her celebrated "Winding up Act."

piece. There is not one part weakly played. Nothing could be better, for example, than the small part of *Mrs. Lawler*, landlady of the "Crown and Sceptre," as rendered by Mrs. BOWERING, and nothing prettier in look and manner—beg pardon, I should have said "method"—than the *Rose Heely* of Miss FLORA CLITHEROW. Yeoman, Footman, Waiters, and Sheriff's Officer are all good. All good "Methodists."

Being no judge of country dialect, and not having brought a County Court Judge with me to criticise, I am not aware whether *Joe Heely* as a countryman, was correct or not; but I cannot understand why a rough, hulking, sturdy poacher, as he is, allows *Captain Percival Glenn* to rummage his pockets out, take his rabbits, and rob him of his gun, without any show of resistance. The Glenn family are a queer lot, and a more dangerous part than that of *Sir Manners Glenn*, a doddering, selfish, scientific old Fozzle, who has been a gay dog in his day, and who is now always wanting someone to come and look at "a fine specimen of a Furniss"—probably some collection from the *Illustrated* or *Graphic*—it is difficult to imagine; especially, when at the very end of the play this comic old fool has to go on his knees to the chief villain, *Peter Darvel*, and confess how, out of mere light-hearted cussedness, he had wrecked *Peter's* happiness. At such a moment, when the piece is within five minutes of a satisfactory conclusion, to give a funny old chap a pathetic bit, snivelling, and grovelling on his knees, is about the most risky thing an Author can do; and for an Actor to pull such a situation through safely is very clever, but, if he compels a burst of applause, it is a positive triumph of Art. Mr. EVERILL triumphs.

The more I consider this play, the more extraordinary appears the interest it undoubtedly excited; and the more am I led to admire the acting. For instance. There is the conventional old money-lending villain, like *Ralph Nickleby*, with an oath taken forty years ago to ruin all the *dramatis personæ*, one after the other. Well, this diabolical character, called *Peter Darvel*, is excellently well played by Mr. FERNANDEZ, whose make-up suggests a new type of our old stagey villainous friend, while he throws into it just sufficient melodramatic action of the old school, to remind us that, after all, this is only play-actin' and not stern reality.

Mr. COGHLAN, as his son *Richard*, shows us the modern, realistic, quiet, gentlemanly style of melodrama; but when he is with Mr. FERNANDEZ he has to play up to the Old School, to cast off the lamb and assume the lion, or else he would be simply wiped out as colourless. As it is he shows himself a veritable chip of the old block, and father and son have an excellent give-and-take scene between them, in fact it is a very 'Darvel of a scene, and brings down the House.



Our Artist's idea of how Mr. Pateman should have appeared in the character of a Deaf Mute, and how he ought to have been spoken "un-toe" by Miss Rose-up Heely.

Rose Heely, who lives with her father the poacher, and *Daft Willie* (small and select society) in the Glen; and so may be called another "Glen family." So that part of the action of the piece is divided

between the Glenn Family with very odd *Manners*, and the Glen Family with still stranger manners. The remainder of the action is *Darvel's*, which is a legal one to deprive *Manners* of his estates. "Glen" enters so much into the piece that an advertisement of "Glen Whiskey" appears in the programme of the Prince's theatre, and is probably the drink patronised by the Glen family when out on the Moors.

Then there is *Lord Dunderby*, an aristocratic old idiot, not deaf or dumb, but also given to making curious noises, and to skipping when he gets an opportunity. This character-part could not be better made-up, or played, than it is by Mr. H. KEMBLE; the lines he has to say are not exceptionally brilliant, but they are characteristic, and he makes every one of them tell.

Mr. GRAHAME gives an admirable reading of that superior specimen of an aristocratic cad, *Captain Glenn*. The Author didn't trouble his head about him, after he had served his purpose; and so *Captain Percival Glenn*, who had come in like a lion, goes out like a lamb.

But with the character of *Margaret Glenn* the Author has taken great pains, and while he is to be complimented on the skill with which he has fitted the Actress, the latter deserves all praise for, as it seems to me, her true rendering of the Author's meaning. *Margaret* is a handsome, high-spirited young lady in whom the qualities, which in her father and brother provide the materials for the vices of pride, selfishness, and obstinacy, being directed towards a worthy object, become the virtues of proper self-respect, sympathy, and determination; and these, combined with a certain shrewdness in business matters, and considerable address, make her altogether a very exceptional character. There are situations as, for example, when she strikes the conventional old villain, where I should like to see her "let herself go" with greater abandon than she does. Here and there I notice this restraint, and I ask myself, can it be at all due to the Author, who, as Commander-in-Chief of the "Reserve Forces," has told his pupil to keep herself well under control? On the other hand, nothing could be more in keeping with the character than her interview with *Richard Darvel* in the Fourth Act, and if she tones down the exit to the colour of the rest of the scene, none but the hypercritical could find fault with her performance in this situation.

In the last Act everything is over and the Author is evidently shutting up the shop, and going home as fast as he can. There is not much for anyone to do, except the old Fozzle, who is one minute on his knees confessing his early wickedness,—all the GLENNs are of a dogged character, and the old man was of a gay-dogged character—

and the next, he is chuckling over the idea of bringing out a scientific invention which has already introduced him and his family to the Bankruptcy Court, and which will now prove the hopeless ruin of his old enemy, who, as his partner, is going to find the capital. On this the Curtain descends. I am only sorry that we hadn't more of *Lord Dunderby*, and as I go out I hear many of the audience regretting that the Author had not given *Lord Dunderby* a sensational fight with



Mr. Kemble, who only does a peer (*Lord Dunderby*) in one scene. This was the sort of inspiration in the Author's mind: 'Coghlan put the Kemble on, Coghlan take him off again.'



ATTITUDE'S EVERYTHING.

Darvelish Wicked Old Father (with rage). Pay their debt! But with whose money?

Richard (his son, a clever young DARVEL). Whose? MINE!

Darvelish W. O. F. (sneeringly). How will you get it?

Cleverer-than-ever Young Darvel (triumphantly). From the proceeds of my play, *Enemies*! Ha! ha!

[Both strike two-pence coloured attitudes. Curtain.]

The Idiot in the Glen,—how his Lordship in tight yeomanry trousers would have skipped over such rocks as he could contrive to see through his eye-glass!—where *Lord Dunderby*, as the Avenger of blood, should have avenged the murder of *Rose Heely*, with whom he might have been violently in love in the First Act; and then, at the finish, he might have been brought in again to follow the old

Foote's example of making a clean breast of it, and could have gone down on his knees, and owned that he was *Peter Darvel's* long-lost brother; after which he might have got up again, with assistance, called in everybody generally, and finished the dance in which he was so cruelly interrupted by the fall of the Curtain at the end of Scene 1, Act II.

If Mr. KEMBLE will take my advice, he will come to terms with Mr. COGHLAN, and develop the character of his Lordship into a sort of *Dundreary*, and, after a little reconstruction, bring out the piece in America,—where they love to see an English Lord chaffed,—and, after a successful run there, reproduce it here, with himself as the star, calling it no longer *Enemies*, but *Lord Dundreary*. Success to Mr. KEMBLE in this venture is the wish of his sincere admirer,

NIBBS.

" LISZT, LISZT, O LISZT ! "

MR. PUNCH SINGS TO THE
ABBÉ LISZT:—



AIR—"Let us be Happy Together."

- LET us be, Abbé, together,
- For where there's a will there's a way,
- And if you but feel in high feather,
- I'm sure you will sit down and play.

It is said that Dr. LISZT will only be present at the performance of his own Oratorio, *St. Elizabeth*, at Messrs. NOVELLO'S Concert, on April 6th, merely to Liszt, and not to play. It is "a good forty year" since he was in London, and ERARD and BROADWOOD say it ought to be a good piano-forté year now he has returned.

A NAUGHTY NOVELIST'S DIARY;

Or, How "As in a Looking Glass" was Probably Written.

January.—Began the year with a capital notion, suggested by reading *A Bad Boy's Diary*. Why not a *Bad Girl's*? Only serious, of course—in three volumes—not comic, and "published at a shilling—selling at ninepence." *Bad Girl* must be a woman of the world, fast, lots of French slang, with a touch of pathos. Makes her Diary a Father Confessor—tells it everything. Leaves it in the last chapter, to be read by somebody or other, to explain—everything. Of course carries it about everywhere. A pretty considerable MS., by the way, for a woman of the world to be bothered with. Must make *Bad Girl* a little eccentric, as I have got a lot of Shakspearian quotations I want to work in somewhere. Oh, I know. Parson's daughter. That will account for everything. Wicked now, but early training excellent. Read nothing but the Bible and Shakspeare, and, altogether most proper and good. Write to my Publishers, and see what they say about it.

February.—Publishers like the idea, but prefer one volume to three. Greater demand among the public for the former than the latter, and more convenient shape when it gets to the popular "Shilling-selling-for-ninepence" stage of its existence. Well, I will see how I get on. Always send my copy in by instalments. First about title. Fond of SHAKSPEARE, *Holding up the Mirror*. Done by somebody else. *As in a Glass*—not bad, but open to chaff. Critics might want to know "what particular spirit was in the glass?" *Through the Looking Glass*. I have it! *As in a Looking Glass*. Excellent! New and appetising. Send the idea to my Publishers.

March.—Publishers say all right about title—might perhaps suggest a quaint sort of binding. "Toilette-table, with a face looking from the glass." Yes, perhaps. But that's their business, not mine. And now about names generally, at which I am not good. Thought of calling my heroine *Fatima* at first, but changed it to *Lena*. Rather fancy I have heard the name somewhere in real life. Possibly another "Clergyman's daughter, who forgot her early training." If so, give people something to talk about. *Lena Despard*. *Despard* sort of suggestion of "Desperate." Little too

much like the characters in the Pantomimes. "Cricketers, Messrs. Wicketts, Stumps, Batts, Gloves, and Ball," but will do. Begun capitally. *Bad Girl Lena* lets the public into her secret. She has a past, but has taken for a motto, "Let bygones be bygones." Past consists of relations of a dubious character, or rather not of a dubious character, with *Jack Fontinbras* (not a very good name—picked it out of *Hamlet*—always was fond of SHAKSPEARE), a divorce suit or two, and anything else of a compromising nature I like to throw in as I go on. Of course must read up "Lady novelists," to get style of women. BRADDON—no, not even for French. OUIDA—no, not a bit like it. RHODA BROUGHTON—that's it. Capital! Quite her line of country—only a little developed. Think I have got my heroine about right by this time. *Lena—Becky Sharp*, modernised, with a refined and "high-toned" (as the Yankees would say) dash of the garrison hack—I forget her name—in *Nancy*. Careful to put in a lot about dress—ladies always do. Might possibly get an American to help me. Also speak somewhere of a "foaming glass of Soda and B." Female touch that. Now, having settled character finally, go on with the story. Mustn't tell all at once. Allusion in the Diary will work in anything useful to the development of the plot. Send opening chapters to my Publishers.

April.—Publishers delighted, only one of them (they both say it's the other) wants to know whether "she is to be wicked to the very end?" Of course not. Sat down and knocked off last chapter leaving name in blank for virtuous chap she has married (because she shall marry a virtuous chap), and making her die by taking an overdose, suicidally administered, of chloral. Very much affected. Cried over it. Sent it off to Publishers, asking them what they thought of that?

May.—Publishers delighted with last chapter. Both cried over it. Want to know how I am getting on. Return, first-rate. Just started a Russian into the story. In fact, two. Head of Secret Police (this kind of character introduced and made popular by SARDOU, in *Dora*, *Fédora*, &c.) and conventional Prince. Call the Head of Police (who should be immense when developed) *Domitoff*. Not very good name, but for the life of me can't get a better. "Off," of course, all right, in fact absolutely essential, as the chap is a Russian (what Russian ever had a name that did not end with "off?"), but don't much care for the "Domit" which, I candidly admit, is Somersetshire swearing. However, I will jot it down and alter it in proof. But having got these first-rate characters on paper, must get them in the flesh, especially as my Chief of Police, in appearance is, with his "hooked nose almost meeting his chin," rather too much like Mr. Punch. Dropped a line to Publishers to say, mustn't expect to hear from me for a fortnight or so, as I was off to study character.

June.—At Monte Carlo studying character. Rather late, but still amusing. Trying "all for the sake of *Lena*" a little system I have got—put a napoleon on 18, 20, 22, and 24, and double the stake on Pair—and see what comes of it. Send a post-card to Publishers telling them how hard at work I am.

July.—Left Monte Carlo because it was empty. System also a little disappointing. Studying character this month at Ostend. Bathing excellent. Publishers write to say "Glad I am enjoying myself, but when are they to have any more copy?" Reply, "After I have studied a little more character, and as to enjoying myself, I am hard at work."

August.—Still at Ostend: lots of character. Making notes of it. Write to Publishers and tell them how well I am getting on.

September.—Publishers again making inquiries about copy. Write back, "Must attend shooting-party in the sake of Art. Probably may introduce some sporting sketches in *As in a Looking Glass*. Consequently must knock over a few partridges."

October.—Got back to work—I mean, finished studying character. Overhauled my novel. First-rate—like it very much. Plenty of subject for six volumes, much less three. Russian Chief capital. Get 'em all in his meshes. *Lena* to become "moucharde" like *Marie de Fontanges* in *Plot and Passion*. Communicated with Publishers.

November.—Publishers say "They are glad I have begun again, and hope I enjoyed my long holiday." "Long holiday!" What nonsense! But these people never know what they mean. Send in a heap of matter.

December.—Important interview with Publishers. They said, "they had enough for a volume, and wouldn't I have it published in that form, for which there undoubtedly was a demand, and which had several advantages when they come to the shilling-edition—sold at ninepence form." They added, "that the last chapter, which I sent in some time since, (and at which they both had cried) would, in their opinion, do admirably for a *finale* to what had already been set up, that was, if I didn't mind." Urged that last chapter would come too suddenly, and what was I to do with my Russian episode. Answer by telegraph, "Last chapter could not be too sudden—too admirable for that, and Russian episode would keep for something else." Consented. Ended the year by hearing that *As in a Looking Glass* was a genuine success, and likely to be good for several editions. As for the Muscovites, they are off for the present. Quite so, but what "off?" Oh, bother! Can only think of "leave off." I will!



FASHIONABLE ENTERTAINMENTS.

Her Grace. "THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR KEEPING SUCH NICE PLACES FOR US, JUDGE! IT WAS QUITE A TREAT! WHAT ROMANTIC-LOOKING CREATURES THEY ARE, THOSE FOUR PIRATES! I SUPPOSE THEY REALLY DID OUT THE CAPTAIN AND MATE AND COOK INTO BITS, AND THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT THE VERDICT!"

Sir Draco. "VERY LITTLE INDEED, I FEAR!"

Her Grace. "POOR DEARS! I SUPPOSE IF I AND THE GIRLS GET THERE BETWEEN FIVE AND SIX TO-MORROW, WE SHALL BE IN TIME TO SEE YOU PASS THE SENTENCE! SORRY TO MISS YOUR SUMMING-UP, BUT WE'VE GOT AN AFTERNOON CONCERT, YOU KNOW!"

Sir Draco. "I'LL TAKE CARE THAT IT SHALL BE ALL RIGHT FOR YOU, DUCHESS!"

A MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

Anxious Parent loquithur:—

DANGEROUS place, to be sure!
Didn't expect such a nasty one.
Bridge the reverse of secure,
Torrent a violent, vasty one.
I have approached it with care,
Cautious as any Dame Durden;
Question is now, *will* it bear
Me and my duplicate burden?

Both of them darlings, you see.
Children well-fashioned and hearty;
Promising pets, and by me,
Carefully dressed for the Party.
Like as two pins to their nurse,
Excellence equal, if various;
But—well it gets worse and worse;
Feel that my footing's precarious.

Not quite so young as of old,
Arms just a little bit weary.
Rapid torrent ne'er rolled.
What if I slip? That's the query!
Heaviest bairns I have borne.
'Spite of my love, I feel shaken.
Poor little dears! How forlorn
Either will look—if forsaken.

Fancied they'd be much admired;
Certain they would, but for jealousy,
Meanwhile my muscles are tired,
Breath's a bit broken and bellowsy,

Friends hint my babes are a bore—
Very unkind and unfair of them.
I must get over once more,
But—can I carry the pair of them?

GOOSEY V. JARDINE.—Name of GOOSEY generic for suitors, whether at law or in love. The name of the case has provided the kitchen of the Inns of Court with a new dish to set before the Benchers—"Goose à la Jardinière."

APRIL FOOLS.

ALL Members of violent mien
Who defy or obstruct or abuse;
Who hiss at the toast of "THE QUEEN,"
Or who Ministers vilely accuse;
Who bother and wrangle and tease,
Just like children in primary schools,
Inflated with malice and vanity—these
Are really the true April Fools.

The Ranter, who splutters and raves
In the House, in the hall, in the park;
Your demagogues, socialists,—knaves,
Who would bite even worse than they bark;
Party hacks who think that the world
May be ruled from their own petty stools—
The red flag of anarchy soon being unfurled—
All these are but mere April Fools.

Your Statesmen, who swear and forswear,
Who entrap and decoy and deceive;

Who hoodwink with promises fair,
And still laugh all the while in their sleeve;
Who pose as the heads of the House,
Though they know that the Irishman rules,
And play with them all, as a cat with a mouse,
Well, these are the true April Fools.

The innocent Author who looks
For his novel to get a *critique*;
The Critic who hopes that the books'
Will not be quite so heavy next week
The playwrights who fancy their plays
Would best suit the Lyceum or Toole's,
And promise the stage, through their aid,
better days,
Are certainly poor April Fools.

The Artist who's longing for May,
With the pictures he hopes to see hung;
Who has his name, labelled R.A.,
If not yet on his cards, on his tongue;
The Actor who thinks that the Press
Is controlled by a parcel of mules
Who know naught of Art, while the public
know less,
Are both of them mere April Fools.

All Tourists who trust that the trains
Will arrive and depart up to time.
And readers who addle their brains,
And expect to find reason in rhyme.
Those who think that we don't rule the seas,
And that Britons are simples and tools;
And bards who presume to write verses like
these,
The Editor dubs April Fools.



“SET DOWN TWO, AND CARRY ONE.” (?)

ANXIOUS PARENT. “IT’S MY ONLY CHANCE. CAN’T GET ACROSS SAFELY WITH BOTH OF ‘EM.”



THE QUEEN INAUGURATING THE SAVOY SAWBONES HALL.

From the Drawing of that rare old Master Medical Hallbein, in Mr. Punch's possession. Hall Portraits.

MOUNTED LONDON.

THE advantages of Battersea Park for Equestrians are obvious:—

First.—One of the main approaches is by the Chelsea Embankment, where may be heard and seen, at most hours of the day, machinery of various sorts in motion, in which it is probable your horse will take a lively interest.

Secondly.—The frequent arrivals and departures of the penny boats from the different piers keep the eyes and ears of the Equestrian, not to mention his hands and legs, well occupied. For distraction there is no exercise like riding; and especially along the Chelsea part of the Embankment, which is much affected by drays, vans, waggons, going along at a good swinging pace, with such a clanking and grinding noise, that anyone asleep within a hundred yards of them would be awoken with a shock that would render them sleepless for nights afterwards. As a rule it is only the driver who seems to be utterly indifferent to the noise. If calm repose in the midst of disturbance is any evidence of a good conscience, then most of these drivers of vans, waggons, drays, and suchlike monster vehicles, must be the most paradisiacal innocents that ever breathed heavily.

Thirdly.—At certain hours the children from schools in the vicinity make things uncommonly lively for the Equestrian.

Fourthly.—So do the wharf-labourers about dinner-time.

Fifthly.—Crossing the Suspension Bridge. This must be for Equestrians the first step toward teaching an animal to compete with the Blondin Horse, in its marvellous feat of traversing the plank. Gently does it. The trick is only taught by kindness in the shape of sugar. N.B.—Take lots of sugar out riding with you in your pockets. Thus provided, you may attempt the Suspension Bridge on horseback.

Sixthly.—Your animal, if of an inquiring turn of mind, will examine—nay, it may even stop to examine—everything right and left with the utmost anxiety. The horse is a more or less intelligent animal, and very nervous about anything he can't quite understand. He can't understand most things. To impart this intelligence is an affair of time, kindness (sugar as before), and perseverance. A cross word and no cross bridge. So far the Equestrian *en route* for Battersea Park will find his time fully occupied.

Seventhly.—Supposing the Equestrian safely across the bridge, and comfortably clear of the 'busses which have a halting place on the Surrey-side, he will gratefully turn at once into the Park. Here he has the choice of two sides of the soft ride: one by the river, which offers, as its main attractions, the proximity of the steamers, the landing-stage, the barges and the boats: and the other to the left, presents an undulating surface between two banks, on the higher of which foot passengers can appear at various points with a startling suddenness that would do credit to a Zulu warrior in savage warfare, and where on both sides, close to the railings, the youths of Battersea, encouraged by considerable experience of the utter unlikelihood of any official interference with their amusements, play purposeless games, quarrel and fight, and only unite on the appearance of a mounted stranger, when they will rush into the ride, yell and shout, and then back themselves for Nursery-stakes along the side-path against the horse.

The Park is overlooked by a whole system of railways. Trains are running in various directions every five minutes, and if there should be a lull of more than this, a locomotive is sent swiftly along the line to inquire what is the matter. So that the Equestrian can never be dull: there is always something to enliven him, and to engage his horse's attention. During the summer there is also cricket, and there are other games of a more or less quiet character. The return journey from Battersea Park, by a line of quiet streets, offers the varied attractions of organs, German bands, barrows, handtrucks, and bakers' carts until the main thoroughfare is reached, when, in all probability, the Equestrian will find the roadway taken up, and a traction-engine in full operation.

Hyde Park, it is true, does not possess all these charms for the Equestrian, having simply one monotonous ride, Rotten Row, instead of some twenty bridle-paths, each capable of accommodating four abreast, traversing the Park, North, South, East, and West, with intersecting rides across Kensington Gardens under the trees. To this subject *Mr. Punch* will return, and in the meantime he thanks *Sir Morning Post* for seconding his motion with regard to Metropolitan improvements.

"EHU, FUGACES!"

"Unfortunately the more or less fugitive colours are not only far the most numerous, but they are also the most brilliant and useful to the artist."—*Mr. J. C. Robinson's Letter to "The Times."*

TRUE, Sir! Our TURNER takes a leading part
In the triumphal march of English Art,
But 'tis the source of unavailing colours
That it so oft should be with flying colours!

"AS COLD AS CHARITY."

ONE begins to understand the old phrase when one reads, in the Report of the Proceedings of the last Meeting of the Kensington Board of Guardians, of the aged paupers in the old women's ward of that Workhouse sitting shivering, with open windows, at a temperature of 43°, during the late severe weather. It is stated that "the atmosphere was severe, and the coughing of those who had bronchial affections was something distressing." We should think so. At least, to anyone not "porochially" pachydermatous. Poor old souls! One shivers, in sympathy, at the bare thought of them. What can be much crueller than to deprive blood-shilled old age of the only thing that makes the life of aged poverty endurable, a due measure of warmth? The picture of those bronchial old BIDDYS in that cold, comfortless ward, suggests some of the icy scenes in DANTE'S *Inferno*. What were they being punished for? Could anything less heinous than helpless poverty deserve such dreadful treatment? And yet there are some obstinate ancients of the BETTY HIGDEN sort who shrink from the tender mercies of the Union! Somebody—besides the old women—ought to be "warmed up" for this.

"ANCHORED" is advertised as "the most popular song of the day." Then it ought to be further announced as "Ancoired, daily."



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

He. "WHAT A PRETTY FAN!"

She. "YES; I HAD IT GIVEN TO ME WHEN I FIRST CAME OUT!"

He. "REALLY! IT HAS WORN WELL!"

SUPER-FINE ART IN BOND STREET.

THERE couldn't be a better foil to the manliness of the Millais Show at the Grosvenor, than the pseudo-medieval-O-quite-too-beautiful-namby-pamby-gilt-edged-and-gothic-clasped-Church-service style of the effeminate religious Art of Mr. HOLMAN HUNT. MILLAIS tried it, and, after a struggle, snapped the pre-Raphaelite fetters, and escaped.

No. 4. "*The Awakened Conscience*," has been lent by Sir THOMAS FAIRBAIRN. How everyone must envy the happy possessor of such a gem! It is so precious that, were it ours, we would hang it up in a cupboard at the top of the house. At night perhaps it might be kept in the hall, to frighten possible burglars.

No. 6. Look at CLAUDIO's hair. ISABELLA is telling him he really must have it cut. Some people admire this picture immensely. Happy people!

No. 7. "*The Hiring Shepherd*." Everything in this picture charming except the rural *Stiggins* and the hoyden. "Mr. HOLMAN HUNT," says the Catalogue, "painted this picture in rebuke of the sectarian vanities and vital negligences of the nation." Did he? And how the nation has improved in consequence! "The sheep are jumping a rivulet into the cornfield." What is the moral of the fable? Does it mean Protection, or Fair Trade, or Free Trade, or is it prophetic, and is the Hiring Shepherd Mr. GLADSTONE, and the girl HIBERNIA, while the Liberal Flock are distributing themselves in different directions?

The two celebrated pictures No. 12 and No. 26 we cannot away with,—which is lucky for the Exhibition, as they are of course the great attractions. How some former admirers must be disillusioned now! Ah, bah! Let us turn the corner, and see the Sketches of London by Mr. HERBERT MARSHALL, R.W.S.

Let a perfect stranger to our Metropolis take Mr. MARSHALL's views of Birdcage Walk, and Park Lane, and he would say, "It's all very well to talk to me of Spain and Italy for atmosphere and colour, but give me London."

What delicious, but misleading, names London possesses! Imagine anything sweeter than "Lavender Wharf." Yet we should imagine that a visit would soon undeceive the too confiding nose. "The Hay Market" has a sweet rural sniff about it. "Cherry Garden Pier," "The Sanctuary," "St. Martin's-in-the-Fields," all on view in Mr. MARSHALL's Exhibition, and a welcome relief after half-an-hour with HOLMAN HUNT.

"PARLIAMENTARY MIDDLEMEN."—All the Mediocrities.

TO MY PICTURE.

"Further, I say, that every fully-coloured water-colour drawing, framed and exposed to the light, begins to change and fade, to die, in fact, from the very moment that it is so exposed; that the only remedy is either to keep such drawings in the dark in portfolios, to exhibit them only by artificial light in the evenings, or else, in private houses, to keep them covered with curtains of some thick opaque material when they are not actually being examined."—Extract from Mr. J. C. Robinson's Letter to the "Times."

The Water-Colour Purchaser sings—

O PICTURE, purchased for my delectation,
Must all thy beauty last but for a day,
And, by some process of evaporation,
E'en, as I gaze upon thee, pass away?
Will all thy landscape fade? Thy azure mountains
Into a leaden gray tone gently down?
Thy clouds grow red; the water of thy fountains,
From heaven's own hue, develop into brown?
Will this sad thought to me come glibly home:
"Twere better had you been but monochrome!"?

Or shall I, wary in my generation,
Thy colour-charms endeavour to retain,
And quietly suffer thee, with resignation,
Within my darkened cellar to remain?
And shall I there, when friends are with me dining,
Beneath with them to that same cellar steal,
And by a dim dark lantern's dusky shining,
Thy points of beauty manage to reveal?
And shall we, as we mount that cellar-flight,
Admit the game is really worth the light?

Or shall I from thy gilded frame remove thee,
And keep thee in some snug portfolio laid,
And have thee out that critics may approve thee,
Discreetly viewed in dim judicious shade?
Or see thee, curtained off, revealed obscurely
To connoisseurs who look in one by one,
In chamber darkened, and cut off securely
From any random entrance of the sun?
Shall I, in short, on thee set such a store,
That thou become'st a great artistic bore!

No, no! I'll face the worst! Nor shade nor curtain
Shall veil thee. What, if ROBINSON appeals
With tale of colour fickle and uncertain,
Thine, while it lasts, shall deck my chamber walls.
Shift blue to gray, thy red tints disappearing,
Come what change will,—to me thou'rt still the
same,
Buoyed up at least by this thought, bright and
cheering,
That I, unchanged, shall yet possess thy frame.
So, picture, know, that bought for my delight,
Perish in it or not, thou'lt see the light.

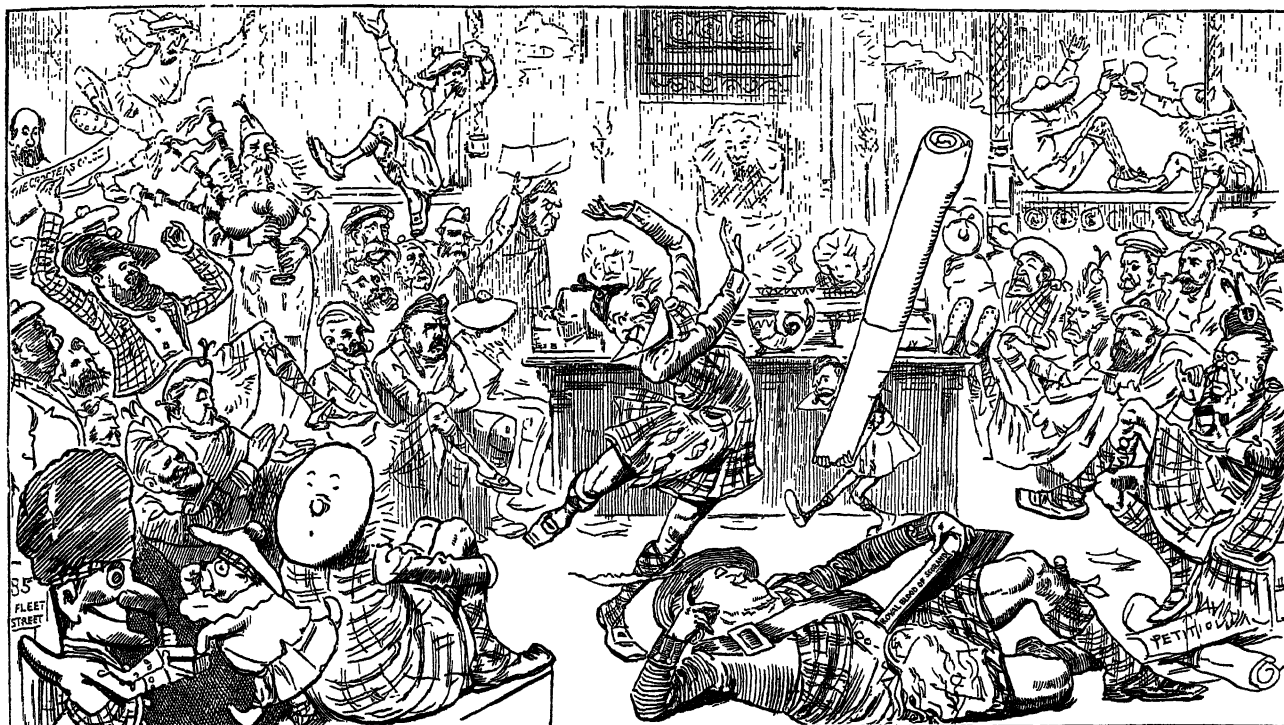
THE FRENCH GALLERY.

As people of all countries meet in Paris, so do Painters of a variety of nationalities assemble at the French Gallery in Pall-Mall. Mr. Punch had the honour of being introduced the other afternoon to M.M. MEISSONIER, FRERE, KAULBACH, HEFFNER, GEROME, COROT, ISRAELS, SEILER, LOEFFETZ, HOLMBERG, VON POSCHINGER, RASCH, DARGELAS, BOKELMANN, and other distinguished Artists, at Mr. WALLIS's most pleasant *salon*. This Gallery has the advantage of not being too large, and its walls are not too crowded. You can see the pictures without breaking your neck, or bringing on a determination of blood to the head. For these considerations Mr. P. is truly grateful, as it enables him thoroughly to appreciate a good Art-show, without subsequently suffering from the Exhibition Headache.

A Pretty Girl's Ultimatum.

[The Rational Dress Reformers, in their attacks upon tight-lacing, make a great point of the fact that the waist of the Venus de' Medici is twenty-six inches in circumference.]

TWENTY-SIX inches? What a taste!
But Statues form no precedent.
The argument from such a waist
Is simply waste of argument.



PARLIAMENTARY VIEWS No 6 A SCOTCH NIGHT THE CROFTER'S BILL HAS ITS FLING.

SENSE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 22.—New Members had new treat to-night. Often heard of GLADSTONE blazing forth in sudden wrath at unexpected times. Saw him at it to-night. Came out on Motion by HOWARD VINCENT, to increase Capitation Grant to Volunteers. One or two Members had spoken whilst PREMIER sat restless on Treasury Bench. Then he jumped up, and the astonished House found him in towering passion. Increase of Capitation Grant meant increased taxation, "and," he continued, glaring fixedly upon Grand CROSS, who happened to be within the focus of his eye, "all I can say is that the House may find a Minister who will carry out their orders for an increase of the taxation of the country, but the Minister will not be the one who is now addressing them."

A reference, familiar enough to Old Members, to his stay in the House being limited to "days or months," so excited Mr. LEICESTER, that he hurriedly rose, and rushed off to Telegraph Office. "He's going to resign," he said, "and my constituents shall be the first to know it."

When he came back, GLADSTONE still thundering away, cheers and counter-cheers filling the astonished House. HARCOURT presenting himself in new character of mediator, so astonished House that it partly cooled down. Excitement increased again as Division drew near. Rumours that the Government would be beaten. And so they would have been, but that at the last moment Colonel JOSEPH GILLES, rallying the Irish Brigade,

led them to relief of beleaguered Ministry, and turned the fortunes of the day by a majority of 21. Resolution rejected. *Business done.*—Some Votes in Army Estimates.

Tuesday.—Tone of House distinctly raised to-day. CHRISTOPHER SYKES took oath and seat, and New Members will have a model

which it is to be hoped they will sedulously observe. CHRISTOPHER got through the ceremony of introduction with that simple grace and dignity that distinguishes his every movement. Evidently fearful that Sir THOMAS MAY wanted to shake hands with him. He steadily stared at him for space of moment, nipping in the bud any such inconvenient intention. Having signed the book, he stood at full arm's-length of the SPEAKER, regarding the Right Hon. Gentleman with curious stare, as if he were going round a Museum, and had now come to its most remarkable specimen. SPEAKER held out his hand. CHRISTOPHER stared at it with slightly accelerated interest, touched it with the tips of his fingers, and then fared forth behind the Chair, not to be seen again to-night. Sufficient for one day was the introduction thereof. New Members watched scene with profoundest interest, nudging each other, and telling how this was the man who passed the Crab and Lobster Bill, and often had the Prince of WALES to dinner.

CHRISTOPHER, still suffering from accident, slightly limped in his passage up the House. Pretty to see ARCH, a little later, leaving the House, affecting limp. Expect it will be rather the thing this Session. Shall have all the New Members limping about the premises. That is a trick easily caught; but CHRISTOPHER is safe in the sole possession of the sublimity of his who-the-dooose-are-you? stare. No one can imitate that.

A steady night's debate on Local Taxation. Level course interrupted by speech from AMBROSE, in which he referred to his "experience of some hundreds of years." House roared with incredulous laughter. But, to me, very interesting incident. Began to believe shall never really fathom the peculiarities of the New Members.

Business done.—THOROLD ROGERS's Resolution on Local Taxation carried by 216 votes against 176.

Wednesday.—JOSEPH GILLIS is an altered man. Still lingers around old familiar scene, but 'tis the ghost of his former self. Sits



Joseph Leicester, M.P.



Christopher Sykes, M.P.

out of sight, under shadow of Gallery. His shrill "Hear, hear!" no longer breaks in upon debate. He never now puts questions designed to connect Lord Lieutenant with irregularities at the Ballymahool Post Office, or with shortcomings alleged against the matron of the McKillykollie Workhouse. His eyes have lost their lustre, his smile full two inches of its breadth.

"Isn't my JOSEPH well?" I asked him to-day, for we always have been on affectionate terms.

"Well enough in body, TOBY," he said, wearily; "but sick in the soul. If they call this being in Parliament, they may have it all to themselves. You mind you of the times when we used to move the Adjournment at Question Time, and howl at the Chief Secretary? How we used to keep talking, on going into Committee, till morning broke; how I used to cry 'Hear, hear!' when GLADSTONE spoke of nearness of his death, how we used to defy the SPEAKER, bully the Chairman, and generally go agin the Government? All this over now. No questions worth putting. Cheer the Chief Secretary instead of howling at him. Behave respectfully to GLADSTONE, bow to the SPEAKER, let COURTESY live peacefully, and, worse than all,—vote with the Government. That's what breaks my heart, TOBY. Could stand some of the other things; but to rush in, as we did on Monday night, and save the Government from being defeated, is more'n I can stand, though being in for it I lead the reserve column. I've begged PARNELL to give us at least one night, but he won't. 'Wait,' says he, 'till we've got what we want, and then you can make up for lost time.' That's all very well, but I fear I won't live to see it. I'm sinking, TOBY, sinking fast. Some day they'll come and fetch me to vote in a Division with the Government, and they'll find me dead."

A tear coursed slowly down JOSEPH's comely cheek; his voice broken by a sob. I myself, strangely touched. Silently wrung his hand, and we parted.

Business done.—Cornwall Sunday Closing Bill carried by large majority.

Thursday.—Committee did not seem particularly anxious to hear GOLDSWORTHY to-night. Drawing towards midnight, and, for six hours, speeches going forward on miscellaneous subjects connected with Army. Two hours ago got into Egypt, and talked about withdrawal of troops—not, in itself, absolutely new. So, when the General presented himself, uttered a peremptory "Hem!" squared his shoulders, and looked good for forty minutes, he was met with a yell that would have frightened an ordinary man. But General has smelt powder in India and Abyssinia. He is now in the habit of dealing at the Army and Navy Stores, though, as he said when charged with this offence, he "also deals with thirty-three other tradesmen." Not the man to be put down by clamour in the House of Commons. If Committee wanted to shout, let them shout. He would wait. BRODRICK, touched by his situation, came to his assistance. Wanted to have BRADLAUGH named for shouting "Divide!" BRODRICK's interruption signal for renewed tumult. BRODRICK himself put down by Chairman, the General once more rose, standing dumbly in the breach, whilst the roar of "Divide!" rose and fell around him. But he had something to say, and would say it, in spite of Radical rowdiness. In partial lull in uproar he was heard to shout,—

"Some time ago I was in an omnibus—"

Why Committee should roar with laughter at this General didn't know. But he had interested them, and amid comparative quiet went on to describe how soldier presented himself, and proposed to seat himself inside omnibus. "You must go on the top," said Conductor. "Why must he go on the top," General GOLDSWORTHY asked, "as an officer." "Because," said the Conductor—Here Chairman interposed. Pointed out that the conduct of the omnibus Conductor was not before the Committee. Question was that sum of £866,500 be granted to HER MAJESTY to meet the charges for clothing establishments. Thus encouraged by Authority, Committee again set upon gallant General, who, after vainly struggling, succumbed, and left untold what the Conductor said.

Business done.—Army Estimates.



Joseph Arch, M.P.

Friday Night.—GLADSTONE back to-night after day's absence, through illness. Liberals took opportunity of giving him rattling cheer. HICKS-BEACH took opportunity to question him about procedure on Irish policy. Could he tell the House in what form the statement would be made? "Most certainly," said GLADSTONE, in the eagerness of the moment slightly misquoting. If there was anything in the world that could give him pleasure, it would be to tell the House everything he knew about proposed Bills. House settled itself eagerly to listen, but didn't get very much. PREMIER's eagerness to be communicative began and ended with emphatic "Most certainly." All else he could add was, that on the 8th April he would make a statement, which was what HARCOURT had assured the House last night. Still the PREMIER's manner was so frank, his readiness to reply so emphatic, that House felt satisfied, and did not discover for five minutes, when opportunity of prolonging inquisition was gone, that the Grand Old Mystifier had told them nothing more than they already knew.

House proceeded to discuss Greenwich Hospital Funds. Droned along till Eight o'Clock. JOSEPH GILLIS, walking about in the restless manner that has come over him of late, looked in now and then, but always tore himself away. Had promised to behave himself, and would try. Eight o'Clock. Thirteen Members present, each with speech ready. Knew there were not twenty more on the premises. JOSEPH looked on with wistful, hungry eyes. It would not matter once—just once—and those thirteen fellows would be so mad. In hollow voice, scarcely recognised, he moved a Count. Not forty Members answered the summons, and, for the first time in its history, the Parliament of 1886 was Counted Out. As for JOSEPH B., he hailed a homeward-bound bus with lighter heart. It was not much. But it was something.

Business done.—House Counted Out.

ANOTHER WILD SUGGESTION.

THE Commissioners of Sewers, determined, apparently, not to be outdone in absurdity by the Court of Common Council, discussed and actually carried a Resolution at their last Meeting, instructing their Streets Committee, who are about advertising for Tenders for paving some of the City streets with Asphalt, to inquire why English Labourers cannot be employed rather than Italians, who are usually engaged upon this rather delicate and somewhat difficult operation. The number thus employed in the City is so small, that the resolution was probably intended as a sarcasm upon the attempt previously made to induce the Corporation to resolve that none but British iron should be used in the construction of the Tower Bridge. But the Commissioners, taking the ironical resolution *au sérieux*, actually passed it, despite the threatened addition, by a witty Commissioner, that none but English Grinders be allowed to torture the Public by playing Italian organs!

As a proof of how contagious is the enunciation of a bad principle, we may allude to the fact that, within a few days of the notice of Motion being given in the Court of Common Council as to the use of none but British iron in the Tower Bridge, the Municipality of Paris brought up their Budget, including the expenditure of twenty-five millions of francs on improvements in their beautiful city; and this was agreed to, but with this novel addition, that all the various materials used, and all the labour employed, should be solely and exclusively French!

Snap!

THE latest amusement of the pooh-pooh school of paragraph writers is to sneer at M. PASTEUR and his efforts to safeguard humanity against a horrible disease. Perhaps the graphic gentlemen a little overdo the dreadful details in their daily reports of the progress of M. PASTEUR's patients. But that is not M. PASTEUR's fault, and all sensible and kindly people must wish him success in his enterprise. Perhaps the snapping cynics, who are a little apt to run rabid themselves sometimes, sympathise more with the dogs and the disease than with the doctor. A fellow feeling makes them wondrous—savage.

A NEW DANGER.—To the Editor.—Sir, I read the other day in the *Daily News* of a proposed "Irish Exodus." When I first heard of the Revised Version I dreaded something of this sort. What next? Is there to be an Irish Genesis, a Scotch Deuteronomy, a Welsh Leviticus? When will it stop?—I remain, indignantly,

A SOUND ENGLISH CHURCH-AND-STATEMAN.

THEATRICAL Management is supposed to be of all speculations about the riskiest. Even our most prosperous and successful Manager and Actor is always *drawing lots*.

IN COURT JUST NOW.



SCENE—Royal Courts of Justice. Summing-up in the great case of Jarndyce v. Jarndyce. Court crowded. Jury attentive. Usher vigilant.

The Judge. Gentlemen of the Jury, this is a case in which the Plaintiff is a linen-draper, residing at Wolverhampton, and the Def— (*A crash. The Electric lamp-glass, suspended in the centre of the Court, falls on to the head of a Learned Counsel, who is carried out bleeding. Sensation.*) Dear me! Mr. COOKHAM, who is that who has been injured?

Mr. Cookham, Q. C. Merely a Junior, m' Lud.

The Judge (much relieved). Ah! then he won't be missed. But I confess I should prefer some "ancient lights" in Court. (*Laughter.*) These Electric play-things are too dangerous. Where is the Engineer?

Usher. Gone circuit, I believe, m' Lud.

The Judge (astounded). Circuit! Why, is he a Barrister?

Mr. Cookham, Q. C. No, m' Lud. The Usher has made a slight mistake. He's gone to "complete the circuit," that's all.

The Judge. Ah, well, when he comes back, I shall really insist on his keeping a due supply of Surgeons, and some Court-plaster, handy in case any more of these lamps take to falling on people's heads. I should think—eh, Mr. COOKHAM?—I merely throw it out as an *obiter dictum*, but I should think that this conduct exposed the Engineer to the animadversion of the Court of Crown Cases Reserved. (*Laughter.*)

Mr. Cookham, Q. C. Not preserved, m' Lud, certainly. (*More laughter.*)

The Judge (turning to Jury). Well, Gentlemen, as I was saying, when the Electrical Engineer's desperate attempt at manslaughter interrupted me, this is a case in which the Plaintiff's name's—dear me! what is the Plaintiff's name?—let me examine my notes. (*Does so.*) Why, what's this? My notes are covered with soot, or dust, or something! So is my desk! (*Looking up.*) Why, so is your wig, Mr. COOKHAM! (*Turning angrily to Usher.*) What is the meaning of this?

Usher (deprecatingly). 'Taint my fault, m' Lud. It's the blacks "come in with the ventilation"; they've come from the street.

The Judge (growling). Not the first nuisance we owe to a STREET in this building. Well, Gentlemen, I must—phew!—adjourn this case till to-morrow; I can't see you, owing to the density of the atmosphere, but I dare say you can hear my voice. To-morrow, at the same time. And let me advise you, for your own sakes, to bring helmets and respirators with you. [*Court rises, as the Blacks fall.*]

"A LORD IN WAITING."—Lord HARTINGTON.

MORE ADVERTISEMENTS.

(Useful to Practical Jockists, after the style of the one recently played on Mr. Justice HAWKINS. For Price of Publication, apply at the Era Office.)

WANTED, IMMEDIATELY, FOR A GRAND EASTER BURLESQUE, three hundred Ballet Ladies, of unexceptionable appearance. Must be beautiful. Apply to the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, Lambeth Palace. Office hours from 11 to 3.

USEFUL PEOPLE FOR A CIRCUS.—Required, to open shortly on the Continent, by a Gentleman of considerable distinction in another walk of life, who has made up his mind to devote the remainder of his existence to horsemanship, some Bounding Brothers of Bohemia, and a few performing Elephants. Apply to PREMIER, Downing Street.

TO CHAMBERMAIDS, WALKING GENTLEMEN, and OLD WOMEN.—Any number required by a Legal Gentleman, who, having ample leisure during the Long Vacation, purposes to utilise it by taking round a complete Company to the principal Provincial Towns. Apply in person at the Royal Courts of Justice. Ask for Baron HUDDLESTON, Q.B.D.

WILLIAM TO JOHN.

"Is the old man friendly?"—*Dick Swiveller.*

WHAT do you say, my old friend JOHN?

Followers falter and friends fall off.

JOSEPH has left me, GEORGE OTTO is gone;

Backers look doubtful and enemies scoff.

All thoughts are turning to you, JOHN, to-day.

What do you say, JOHN, what do you say?

Birmingham's shaky, your Birmingham, BRIGHT;

Even my Abdiel Scots show alarms.

Can I count you on my side in the fight?

Say, once again, are we brothers-in-arms?

Hundreds ask which is your side in the fray.

What do you say, JOHN, what do you say?

Veterans both, we may yet hold our own,

Fighting together as often of yore.

If you desert me, I shall feel alone.

Sad that, you know, JOHN, at nearly four-score.

Come, must we part? Are you going my way?

What do you say, JOHN, what do you say?

THE BILL OF THE LEVÉE.

(Companion Account to the Expense of the Drawing-Room.)

	£	s.	d.
PRIME MINISTER. Wear and tear of old Official Costume, &c.		2	10 0
Newly-Appointed Cabinet Minister (complete outfit, West-End)	150	0	0
Ditto, ditto, ditto (ditto, as advertised, East-End)	43	7	10½
Colonel of Yeomanry (Royal Diddlesex George the Fourth's Own)	268	15	10
Ditto of Volunteers (3rd Volunteer Battalion Auld Reekie Regiment)	7	10	0
Subaltern of Ditto (Light Cavalry Troop, Hon. Gun Association)	96	12	0
Bishop (washing of lawn-sleeves, and lunch at the Athenæum)	4	3	6
Queen's Counsel (wig and silk gown)	28	5	0
South American Minister (full diplomatic uniform, credit prices)	126	10	0
Minister of the United States (hire of dress clothes)	0	10	6

MESSRS. SPIERS AND POND are opening a "Maison Duval" opposite the Law Courts. If successful, its best advertisement will be, "Oh, go to the Duval!" Of course it will be patronised by "The Duval's Own."

WHAT is their refreshing drink at a Cabinet meeting?—A "split."



PITFALLS IN A LION'S CAREER.

"BY THE BYE, OLD MAN, THE DUCHESS OF CHEEKBORO' HAS ASKED ME TO HER FANCY BALL. I WISH YOU'D RECOMMEND ME A COSTUME."

"HAS SHE ASKED YOUR WIFE?"—"N—NO."

"DOES SHE KNOW YOU'RE MARRIED?"—"Y—YES."

"AND YET YOU'RE GOING?"—"WELL—A—YES!"

"THEN LET ME RECOMMEND YOU ONE OF HER GRACE'S LIVERIES—IT WILL SUIT YOU SPLENDIDLY!"

A STRIKING CONTRAST.

I'M quite free to confess as how we've bin rayther short of Princes and Dooks at the Manshun House lately, and all kinds of various reasons has been given to account for it. They're none on 'em quite satisfactory to me, no hexcuses never ain't, for I quite agrees with the great Dook of CAMBRIDGE wen he sed, as the feller as is good at hexcuses ain't never not no good at anythink else. However we broke the hiee last Satterday week and had a Royal Prince and a Royal Dook all in one, and who is also the Commander in Chief of all the Middysterrayne Sea, and the Marster of the Trinity House on Tower Ill. I confesses as this larst title seems rayther a tumble down arter the others, but as the pashent Hangler hobserver, "Little Fishes is sweet."

The kind LORD MARE, ankshus no dowt to give the poor old fellers a treat, arsked all the Elder Brothers of the Trinity House to cum and see their royal Marster, witch they all did, and drest theirselves up in blue and gold livverys, jest like reel Sailors, tho' why their poor yunger brothers was left out in the cold noboddy couldn't tell me.

To perwent anythink like jealousy, I sponse, on the part of the Army, we had also another Royal Prince and Royal Dook all in one, and who is also the Commander in Chief of all the Queen's Armys, and jest to oblige his Nevvy, I sponse, he acshally cum drest like a Sailer, all in blew. So wen he rose up to return thanks for the Army, he amost blusht, and apollygised for his blew costoom, witch he oped as the Army wood xouse, but many of the werry old Ginerals looked werry sawage at the slite on their royal Skarlet, and so did the four royal skarlet Footmen as stood behind the Royal Princes cheers.

It was a perfectly lovely site wen the compenny all stood up to drink "the QUEEN," for with the xception of just a few Common Councilmen in sollem black, jest to give a tone to the picter and earst

PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

(By Our Special Book-Marker.)

"LOVE'S MARTYR."

A VERY wide interest—if we're not mistaken—Miss TADEMA's novel is bound to awaken: Though her first—so we're told—'tis first-rate as a "starter,"

A capital story you'll find in *Love's Martyr*!

"EVIDENCE."

NEITHER heavy nor dense, we have *Evidence* here That the story is light and amusing and clear!

MAURICE NOEL's the Author, and he—will he not?—In one Volume assist you to find out the plot.

"FRANK'S RANCHE."

IF you want to know what's to be done with our boys, Here's a capital book that one really enjoys! For of life in the Rockies—the smooth and the rough—In *Frank's Rancho* is the story told frankly enough. With adventure and travel 'tis brimming—in short 'Tis a fund of good spirits, statistics, and sport! You should read it at once, for there's not the least doubt That "E. M." knows full well what he's writing about.

"DICKENSIANA."

IF, with your Dickens-love you'd make Considerable headway, The way to be well-read's to take This book brought out by REDWAY. 'Tis clear, exhaustive, and compact, Both well-arranged and written; A mine of anecdote and fact, Compiled by F. G. KITTON.

A BRILLIANT VARIATION.—Mr. and Mrs. LITTLETON's reception of the Abbé FRANZ LISZT, at Westwood House, Saturday night last, was an event never to be forgotten. But it was not until all the Great 'uns had left the LITTLETONS that the Greatest of them all sat at the piano in the midst of a cosy and select circle, and then, when *Mr. P-nch* had put on his LISZT slippers . . . but to say more were a breach of hospitality. Suffice it that on taking up his sharp-and-flat candlestick in a perfectly natural manner the Abbé, embracing *Mr. P-nch*, sobbed out, "This is the Abbé'st evening I've ever had! Au plaisir!"—(Extract from a *Distinguished Guest's Diary*. Privately communicated).

It is not much of a compliment to a Cricketer to call him "An out-and-out player."

a hair of respecterbility over the hole lot, they was all in ether skarlet or blew unyform, and all smothered over with sitch lots of gold lockets and dimond stars, as I sponse, their wariuous wives lent 'em jest for the heavingen—as I never seed the likes on. What a striking contrast! Why I've acshally seed the present Prime Minister, pore fellah, a setting next to the LORD MARE on one of these brilliyant ocashuns, and he was drest as plane as a Metherdist Parson, and hadn't ewen got no Star! BROWN sed as the reason was, as he hadn't got no Garter, but I should like to know how BROWN could know that, he hasn't never bin his Wally I suppose.

LORD GRANWILL made the best joke of the heavingen. He sed as he was a Brother of the Trinity House, and he claimed for his Elder Brothers as they put up the most usefoolest Lites round the Coast, and made the most hidjus noises with their fog-signels, of any Brothers old or yung, anywhere. That a frend of his was woke in the nite and thort it must be a dying Cow in the back garding, and went down to sea, but couldn't find it, so LORD GRANWILL, seeing Sir ARTHUR SULLYWAN at the table, said as he had no dowt at all but that it was "The Lost Cord," which had been found at last by his Elderly Bretheren, wen everybody else had given it up!

Well, arter waiting on Royal Princes and Dooks, praps one can ardy think of a grater change than offshiating at a Bankwet of the Washupfool Company of Barbers! I natrally had sum esitation in accepting the ingagement, but curiosity overcum pride, and I went, and suttlenly a more respectabel looking lot of Air Dressers I shoold think was never seed. I did not reckognise my own partickler hartist from the 7 Dials among 'em. Praps they draws the line at "Clean shave 1d." My nite was a nite of wunders! Fust there was the Dining-room, built by INKYNOSE JONES, as BROWN told me, and he seems to know amost everythink, and then there was the picters, such picters! Why I was told as the werry biggest of the hole lot, which was painted ever so long ago by Old BINZ, is of such enormous walue that the late Sir ROBERT PEEZ acshally hofferred the Barbers



THE GRAND OLD 'MAN PROPOSES,' AND—

(After Sir E. Landseer's "Man Proposes," &c.)

three thousand pounds for a little bit of it, becuz it was a little bit like his Grandfather, but the Barbers, like true artists as they is, declined with thanks.

Then there was the Plate! amost all of it given by Kings and Queens. Wot a story sum of it tells of the days of old, ah, and of the nites too. Fanny a punch Bole given 'em by Queen ANN, all of solid silver, and big enuff for a Bath for a Baby, and so hevvy that I could scarcely lift it. And then there's a lovely Gold square Cup that holds about a pint, with four bells hanging at the four corners, and at a certain time of the Bankwet every gest had to fill it with his favrite drink and empty it at a draft, and then soberly ring the four bells, and this was giv' 'em by that reel lover of wedded life, ENERY the hayth!

There was a Major JOSEPH SOMBODY, I didn't quite ketch his other name, and in course I shooldn't have named it if I had done so, who must have got just sitch a seller of Port Wine as I shoold like to have. I herd him tell his estonished naybur, a old Common Counselman as I has known a werry long time, that the werry yungest Port in his seller was '47! The only remark as his nayber made was, Ar! but there was a twinkle in his grey eye that was equal to a hole wollum

of "Gammon!" The Chairman was a Major as well as a Barber, and guv out his Toasts like flashes of Hartillery, and without won shuperfluous word. And wot with the hinteresting All, and the old picters, and the old Plate, and the old Wine, it was one of the nicest hevenins as I've waited at for a long time, and so all the werry gentlemanly looking Barbers and their gests seemed to think. ROBERT.

NOTHING IF NOT CLASSICAL!

(Extraordinary Conversation, heard outside the Stock Exchange.)

"I SAY, CHARLEY, you did not turn up yesterday, and so lost your two guineas."

"I don't think it worth my while to cross my roof [meaning threshold] for such a trifle."

"I say! I didn't know you were quite such a Cassius [meaning Cressus] as that."

"Oh yes; I take Epaminondas [meaning Epicurus] for my model, and think pleasure to be the only real good."

"A regular Stagirite, [meaning Sybarite,] I do declare! Ta, ta!"



MR. PUNCH EXPERIENCED NO UNPLEASANTNESS FROM THE CROWD AT THE BOAT-RACE THIS YEAR.

"GRAND ROUNDS."

SIR.—You asked me, as General Inspector of Artistic Forces, to go round to the different Studios on Little Show Sunday, and on the Great Show Sunday—which, alas, is sometimes *pas grand shows*—to which request I respectfully but firmly declined to accede. I am all for the Sunday opening of places of recreation to the Public—have I not seen the Salon in Paris opened gratis to the working-man and provincials, and crowded on a Sunday morning?—with respectable refreshments within reach—for nothing so stimulates the appetite and drinketite as sight-seeing. But this Sunday opening is for those who cannot get any other day in the week, not for those who can; and therefore, Sir, I would not, on compulsion, visit any Studios on the Sundays named by you. My inspection combines business with pleasure; but on Sunday I want no business, combined or otherwise. No, Sir, on the Day of Rest, as, with becoming dignity, I informed you, I like to take things easily; whereupon you frivolously returned, "Why not take things easel-ly, and see

the Studios?" Ah, Sir, cannot you be serious even on such a subject? Must, forsooth, Sunday become for you merely Punday!

One morning then, arrayed in my official uniform as General Inspector of the R. A. Division, and armed with a sufficient supply of copper and small silver medals bearing the likeness of Her Gracious Majesty, wherewith to decorate those fortunate persons who should have the honour of holding my stirrup, I mounted my spirited Danish charger Bukjömprhe, who has carried me bravely through many a field of cattle, and lightly touching him with the spur while I reined him in tightly on his brand new silver-threepenny bit, I caused him to execute three demivolts and two caracoles, which brought all that there was most beautiful in the neighbourhood to the windows, to whom, kissing the tips of my fingers, I gracefully bent to my saddle-bow, and then clearing the railings at a single bound (Bukjömprhe never makes two bounds at an obstacle), I dashed across the verdant sward of Hyde Park, swam the Serpentine, and taking the single iron post and rail in my stride, my gallant steed shot past the Park-keeper, who, as an old soldier, was standing at the double-salute, and, in less time than I have taken to recount this, we had passed through the two first Court-yards, and were standing, my gallant steed and I, without a hair turned, or a muscle quivering, at the inner portal of Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, Bart. and P.R.A.

The President's Chief-Oil-and-Colour-Man, in full Academic livery (it was devised by MICHAEL ANGELO for the President of the Venetian Art Society as part-payment of a sum of money lost at *cinq-cento* to the Illimito LORENZO, known as the Artful Doge of Venice, and recently presented to Sir FREDERICK by a descendant, in as straight a line as possible, of LORENZO's), descended the steps, and, in reply to my inquiry, expressed his extreme sorrow at his being unable to disturb the President at that moment.

"Sir FREDERICK is not yet up," he said, in answer to my inquiry, "and Herr JOACHIM is behind a curtain, playing the fiddle to him."

"A Herr on the violin!" I exclaimed with exquisite humour; and, springing lightly out of the saddle, in another second I rushed upstairs, and was in the President's *zhimber-zimmer*, as we used to say in Hanover before it was annexed.

On seeing me, the President looked out from underneath the bed-clothes (JOACHIM, unaware of my intrusion, was still performing his sonata behind the curtain which divides the *zhimber-zimmer* from the *habillimento-appartamento*, or dressing-room, as we used to say when I was an Art-student in Umbria), and murmured, lazily, "Caro mio! . . . can't help it . . . doing 'The Sluggard,' you see—" And he pointed to that exquisite piece of sculpture, which will soon be before the eyes of an admiring public.

"But," I said, after passing several encomiums on the statue, "I want to see the ceiling."

"My dear fellow, that's why I'm so done," said the President, yawning. "After the ceiling I'm floored." Then, raising his voice, he called out, "JOACHIM, my boy, you've often brought down the house, bring down the ceiling to show to the Herr Inspector."

The eminent and herculean violinist, staggering under the weight of this colossal work, was a sight never to be forgotten. I examined it in the courtyard, and being unwilling again to disturb Sir FREDERICK, for "Twas the voice of the Sluggard, I *had* heard him complain," I left the ceiling, with its Cupids and Muses and Lyres and dancing-girls and pipes, to the care of the attendants, and vaulting on to Bukjömprhe's back—he was getting a bit restive—I careered to High Art Row, and throwing the reins to a passer-by, I cautiously entered Studio No. 2, but promptly retired with a "Beg pardon, I'm sure!" having caught sight of a model in such a state of attire as left nothing whatever to my vivid imagination.

My old friend HORSLEY, R.A., was after me in no time. "It's only a lay figure," he cried out, over the banisters.

"Fact?" I asked, suspiciously.

"Truth," he answered, with his hand on his heart, bowing over the banisters.

"Naked truth?"

"My Lady," said he, winking and chuckling. "Come up!" he added, as if he were addressing Bukjömprhe, not his rider.

"Souse me, Mr. HORSLEY," I replied, "but I'm a married man with a character to lose, and before I consent to enter, I must know who it is you have got in your studio?"

He leant over the banisters, and in a hoarse whisper—that is speaking hoarsely—he said,

"My Lady!"

I would hear no more. "HORSLEY, farewell!" I said, and in another minute I was in the saddle. I have since regretted my too precise virtue, having ascertained that "My Lady" is only the title of one of the pictures with which the veteran Academician is about to startle the public in this forthcoming May. The First of May is just the time for "My Lady," but "My Lord" ought to be with her, likewise "Jack-in-the-Green" and Mr. Merryman.

I pulled up at my old friend's, Sir JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, Bart. In answer to my summons, the door was immediately opened, and the Bart's head popped out. "Not to-day, family's out of town," he said; but on catching sight of my face, he came out with, "I beg

your pardon, but took you for the baker, and the house is shut up just now! Can't offer you to have a pull at anything, except a pull at the bell. Then, after humming the chorus of an old comic song, "O dear, raggedy O, what a jolly young fellow was BILLY BARLOW!" he observed, "That's my subject, you know—BARLOW; same chap I did as the Dying Naturalist. Can't show it to you now. House shut up, and I'm going to bed for a holiday. I'll tell you what though, I'm doing a real big historic work that'll take the wind out of TITIAN and knock VANDYCK and VELASQUEZ into a cocked hat."

"The subject?" I asked.

"I'll tell you," replied the Bart, "and you only," and thereupon opening the door half an inch wider, and squeezing a bit of himself out over the door-chain, he whispered in my ear, ". . . My! It is . . ." Stupendous! I was so staggered by the information that I had not heard the slamming of the door behind me.

Once more I sprang into the saddle, and galloped away in the direction of ALMA-TADEMA'S.

Just in time for a classical luncheon. There, in a grove of orange-trees, lay the painter on a marble seat near a fountain, carelessly quaffing Falernian from the interior cask, while Greek maidens and boys stood around serving him.

"What have you got there?" I cried out cheerily; for, truth to tell, I felt a bit peckish.

"An Apodyterium," the Painter replied. "Have some?"

"Oav!" I said, in excellent Greek, and, giving my horse into the care of a Greek Slave, I accepted a plateful, for I am always glad to make the acquaintance of any new dish. I was hungry, and took the first spoonful down at a gulp. Ahem! . . . "No more Apodyterium for me, thank you, if this is it," said I to myself mentally; but to the glorious Artist I merely said, "Food for the Gods, O TADEMA! Have you some rare Chian or Falernian wherewith to wash it down?"

No sooner suggested than poured out. I drank it off at a gulp. Perhaps my face betrayed my true feeling.

"It has been in bottle some two thousand years," said the glorious TADEMA, simply. "I'm afraid," he added, after just sniffing it, "it is a little gone."

In less than another minute I had followed the wine's example. I was, I felt it, "a little gone." The slaves carried me out into the air, and bathed my forehead with the water from the sparkling fountain. Not otherwise did they deal with the heathen temples—when fevered—of old.

Slowly I allowed Bukjömprhe to saunter down the street. I was aroused from my reverie by the sound of wild beasts roaring and growling. The Danish horse pricked up his ears, and refused to move. The noise came from behind a high wall close to us. Rising in my stirrups, and standing on my well-trained steed's back, I was able to see the cause of the disturbance. There was BRITON RIVIÈRE standing at his easel, with paints, pots, and brushes, while opposite him, properly grouped, were a lion, a lioness, and three jackals.

"Come in!" says he, catching sight of me on the top of the wall. "Come in! they won't hurt you. It's only their play. Lie down, will you!" This last command was addressed to an old lion, who, being disengaged at the moment, had silly made for that part of the wall over which my left leg had just appeared. "No, thank you!" I replied, nothing daunted. "Just tell me your subject, and I'll look in again, when you're disengaged."

"The name of my picture," said M. RIVIÈRE, mysteriously, "I will whisper to you; but breathe it not in Gath." I gave the required promise as to Gath, and included Bath, to neither of which places have I any idea of going. Then he whispered it to me over the wall, and I cantered gaily away, singing:—

"Oh, he told me in a whizpah,
That his picture's name was Rizpah."

And on I went again until Bukjömprhe made a stumble. It is most rare with him; there was something in it. There was—in the shoe: a stone. And we were close by an A.R.A.'s house. The intelligent animal's hint was sufficient. Tying him up to a ring by the door, I strolled in among the oak-trees and over the bridge: the swans are floating down the stream: the whole scene breathes quiet and peaceful. Yonder sits a gentleman in the costume of the last century, over whose head some summers have past; on the terrace are two ladies and a little dog: they are shaking hands, or reading a letter.

"Mark us!" they are saying.

The gentleman turns towards me, and in a second I turn to Stone! Stone!—to Mr. MARCUS STONE—and I congratulate him on having struck out an entirely new and original line this year. He waves his hand to the swans, the bridge, the trees, and the ladies. "This is how it is done," he says; and, feeling that I only belong to the "so-called" nineteenth century, I retire.

"Ah, what a happy life is an A.R.A.'s, is it not, my Bukjömprhe?" I ask the brave old horse, who says "Neigh," by way of reply. Then we trot on to Mr. FIDLES, who has anticipated my arrival by looking out of a small window, and shouting, "Don't come in! It's Venice"—and so I ride on. "Chutnee as usual?" I

shout as I pass Rajah PRINSEP'S establishment. "We've finished tiffin," he says, looking out from under a punkah, "and am going away for the day." Thus saves trouble, and I do not descend. But I ask myself, is this Oriental hospitality?

But the hour of One—my hour—is approaching, and as yet I am only at Dicksee's Land. DICKSEE, A.R.A., is at home, but he would rather not show me his picture, it is so new and original. "I'll lay a trifle," I say, musingly, "that there's an organ in it"—he shakes his head—"or a piano." He blushes—I have divined his secret. "Is it a maiden playing?"

"Hush!" he cries, "for Heaven's sake! I will not do it again." We shake hands. "Quod Dicksee, Dicksee," I murmur to myself—which I explain to the trembling Artist does not mean that I think he deserves to be sent to "quod"—"but I do not regret it." Speed thee onward, my gallant steed—we must be at the Knight's Castle ere the stroke of Two, then back by the Vale of Maida and the Wood of St. John, which to traverse, I have heard, is dangerous after nightfall. On! On!

The drawbridge is up! The horn is sounded. The Warder is summoned. "A friend!" The Pass-word. "Water-Colour and Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A." Good. The drawbridge is down. Bukjömprhe is led to stable by a couple of grooms. "Ifakins but he shall be well fed and well watered as his master shall be well quartered," cries a hearty voice; and the next minute the good old Knight is embracing me heartily in the ancient hall.

Pasties are on the sideboard, boars'-heads, barons of beef, flagons of ale, bottles of Rhenish.

"Marry come up! gadso!" says the Knight, as we sit down to the viands, "here is the finest banquet for thee that Master CHOPPS, the butcherly knave, can serve us with. A *Benedicite*, holy friar, and then fall to as best ye may." We do so.

"Gramercy!" quoth Sir JOHN GILBERT, "I've just finished my work of painting, and by the merry maskins, I know no method better than this of effectually cleansing and refreshing the palate," and with a frolicsome wink in his eye, that would have brought the blush to even the cheek of a Primrose Dame—and that's considerable—he added, "Here's to ye!" and raising the foaming beaker of right good English ale to his lips, he did not remove it thence until there was scarce a drop left to trickle lazily down the sides, as he turned it topsy-turvy, and fall on to the boards of polished oak.

The repast was protracted into the large hours of the afternoon. After this we played at the old chivalric game of chuckspear, at which the Knight is an adept, and I am no bad hand for one rather out of practice. Hippocras and Metheglin were handed round in goblets at intervals, and we had a jolly evening of it, while the rain and east wind had a good time of it outside.

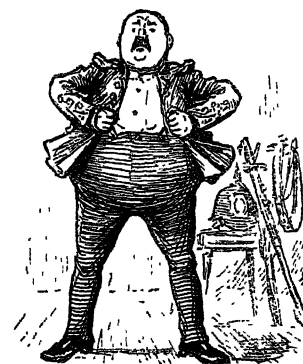
Suddenly I felt . . . It was not the wine, for I had not taken anything to speak of,—but it was that confounded Greek stuff I had swallowed some hours previously, and which was now doing its deadly work.

"Good Knight—" I began, addressing Sir JOHN.

"By all means," he replied. And, ere I had time to utter another word, his servitors had advanced, and the next minute I found myself, like *Christopherus Sly*, in a tapestried bed-chamber. . . It was next morning before I awoke. I will resume my "Grand Rounds"—but this is enough, so far. A tap at my chamber door! Ha! ha! It is a tap, and a right good tap too! A flagon of cool ale for the morning draught—Sir Knight, I drink to ye!

Yours, THE GRAND ALL-ROUNDER.

MOTTO FOR BASS'S BITTER.—"A-liquid Amari."



SHOP HOURS REGULATION BILL.

"No hope of uniform closing by voluntary action."—Evidence before Committee, D.T., March 30.

A NEW FASHION.—The *Irish Times*, March 29, in announcing that the Lord-Lieutenant and the Countess of ABERDEEN intend giving a garden-party early in May, add that—

"It is desired that Gentlemen should wear suits of Irish tweed, Irish felt hats, and poplin ties of St. Patrick's blue. Both Ladies and Gentlemen should wear Irish gloves exclusively."

The regulation for the Irish Gentlemen alone is sufficiently becoming, but for the Ladies and Gentlemen together, to wear "Irish gloves exclusively," that is, to the exclusion of all other articles of attire, is going as near the simple fashion of those first two garden parties, ADAM and EVE, as can well be imagined!



PICTURE SUNDAY.

Piers Sopley (explaining his picture). "IT'S JUST A REALISTIC ALLEGORY, TOO SADLY TYPICAL, ALAS! OF OUR OWN TIME. IT ILLUSTRATES THE FADING AWAY OF ART, LOVE, AND SINCERITY IN THE FOUL MIASMA OF WORLDLY SUCCESS!"

Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns. "HOW LOVELY! HOW TRUE!! AND OH, WHAT A LESSON FOR US ALL!" *Snarls.* "NOT IN PAINTING!"

SINK OR SWIM!!

A DESPERATE venture! Old and strenuous
striver

With many storms, you never yet essayed
A plunge more perilous. SCHILLER'S daring
diver,

Who plumed the furious whirlpool, un-
afraid,

To snatch the goblet from the black abyss,
Scarce tried a task more terrible than this.

What inner fire the valiant veteran urges

The fury of the floods once more to brave,
To beat with time-worn arms the insurgent
surges,

To breast the wrath of the fierce refulgent
wave?

The fire of phrensy, or that finer flame
That age cannot abate nor peril tame?

"Mad! Mad!" The accord of many voices
moves him

No whit from his set purpose. The cold
doubt

Of ancient comradeship in vain reproves him;
The friendly warning and the hostile flout

Fall equally unmarked on faith-stopped ears,
By pleadings unsecluded, unswayed by fears.

How will he fare? The light grows dimmer,
dimmer,

The wreck more hopeless looms through the
black night,

The mad floods menace the adventurous
swimmer,

Hot in their wrath, tumultuous in their
might.

What, what will rope and buoy at last avail?
How may he win the wreck? What if he
fail?

Comrades shrink back, long wont in faith to
follow,

They falter now, retire a scattered crew,
So strong the fear, hope's tale so wild and
hollow.

The King who down the gulf his goblet
threw

Found one to follow it, and only one.

Mad or heroic? How will record run?

Now! Strong men hold their breath, antici-
pating

The imminent plunge; and, whether foe
or friend,

The 'mazed bystanders watching, wondering,
waiting,

What'er their hopes or fears about the
end,

May spare a sympathetic wish for him

Who puts all to the touch, to sink or swim.

WHISKEY AND WATER. — Note a Paper recently read at a meeting of the Scottish Meteorological Society on "The Winds and Rainfall of Ben Nevis in 1885." Not a word therein about the "Dew off Ben Nevis," or celebrated "Mountain Dew." Has the progress of Temperance swept it all away?

If the Statutory Parliament comes into existence in Dublin, the first one will be known as the Irish Parnellment.

A POLITICAL PLAINT.

WHAT was it frightened thee away,
And bade thee face retreat,
Below the Gangway made thee stray
To choose thy lonely seat?
Those millions, that repaid had been—
Or not—as time will show?
The Parliament on College Green?
Thou'lt surely answer "No."
Then, ah! why with me not remain!
Why leave me, gentle CHAMBERLAIN?

Or is it that from me being freed
Thou think'st to stand alone—
Trustest some day to give a lead
That shall be all thine own?
Ah! if 'twere this, then fain would I
But bid thee go thy way,
Nor ask why thou dost not reply,
When thou dost hear me say,
"With me why wouldst thou not remain,
O fickle, foolish CHAMBERLAIN!"

SUGGESTED BY DR. ROOSE'S SECOND ARTICLE IN THE "FORTNIGHTLY."—*Diner à la Russe* used to be all the fashion, in future it will be *La vie à la Russe*. The sum is, "take it easier than you do." Good: let us all *Roose't* and be thankful.

GATHERED FROM THE GROVE.—"Barmaids have no nerves." (*Times Report*, April 3.)—Having been at the Bar so long himself, Mr. Justice GROVE must be considered as an authority on the subject.



SINK OR SWIM!!

A LIGHT AND LUCY'D HISTORY.

For a while the public will put aside its novel reading, and defer even the latest shilling sensational till the more convenient season when they shall have finished *A Diary of Two Parliaments*, whereof the second volume has recently been issued, and which, ere this appears, may have reached a second and even a third edition.

The peculiarity of the author of this Diary suggests to me the idea that if, at any time, a light, unbiassed, eminently readable History of the Jews under the Kings of Israel and Judah might be required, a work whose style should be modelled on the Orientalisms of the Book of Proverbs and Ecclesiasticals, illuminated by a touch of the humorous method of DICKENS, and tempered by observations after the caustic parenthetical manner of THACKERAY, and which should be illustrated from time to time with apt Biblical similes, and the happiest Dickensian parallels,—should, I say, an imperious demand arise for such a remarkable work, then Mr. HENRY LUCY is the man to supply it.

By means of this Diary, the Parliamentary characters who, to most of us outsiders, are but names at the beginning of speeches in the dry journalistic reports, and many of them not even so much as that, are brought, as it were, home to us, and thus the names and individualities of CHRISTOPHER SYKES, ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, BRADLAUGH, CHAPLIN, SIR CHARLES FOSTER, RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, HICKS, NEWDEGATE, SERJEANT SIMON, DODDS, BARTELOT, CHAMBERLAIN with his orchid, and WARTON with his snuff-box, with many others, will be as familiar to the present generation, and to the rising one, as were Mr. Dick, Barkis, Major Pendennis, Dick Swiveller, Oliver Twist, Winkle and Bumble to the generation now gradually disappearing from the scene.

The only fault we have to find with *A Diary of Two Parliaments*—a title evidently suggested by *A Tale of Two Cities*—is that this highly entertaining style of interesting us in politics, makes the reading of the Debates a much drier task than it even used to be; for how can we any longer picture such creatures of a humorous novelist's fancy as are Mr. LUCY'S CHURCHILL, his BARTLETT, his WARTON, his GLADSTONE, and his CROSS (SIR RICHARD) humming away through column after column of closely-printed matter, without even an incident, an entrance, or an exit to vary the tedious commonplace monotony of an evening's debate? Truth to tell to the charmed reader of the *Diary*, these beings belong to the range of purely humorous fiction, whose actions, apart or in combination, assist in carrying out the story to its dénouement, pointing the moral and adorning the tale. As regards the story, it is a novel without a heroine; for it must be owned that, striking as are all the characters of the men, it is lamentably deficient in female interest. The situations, however, are all unforced and natural, and the excitement is well sustained from the opening of the first chapter to the concluding sentence of the last. And though, as we have hinted, female interest is not unnecessarily dragged in—not even to the Peeresses' Gallery—yet that it cannot be entirely absent is evident from the fact that in every page of the *Diary* there is clear evidence of the presence of a really very "Fair One" of the name of LUCY.

UNSOUNDLY RATED.

A Commercial Forecast.

"The measure armed a practically irresponsible Government Department with power to deal with £800,000,000 of capital so as to manipulate it, and reduce a very moderate profit into an absolute loss."—*General Shareholders' Verdict on Mr. Mundella's Railway and Canal Traffic Bill.*

A VERY crowded Meeting of the Proprietors of the Great London and Central Railway Company was held yesterday afternoon at the City Terminus, for the purpose of discussing the recent disastrous Report issued by the Directors, and of taking, if possible, further action thereon.

The Chairman, who was very pale, and had to be led to his place on the platform, and was evidently suffering from acute nervous prostration, said he hardly knew how to open the proceedings. They were, he regretted to have to say, of such a very gloomy character, for the facts and figures that he had to submit to the meeting were to him, not only in his official capacity as Chairman, but in his personal and private position as a debenture holder, quite shocking and overwhelming. A year and a half since, what was the position of the Company? Their Debenture and Preference Stock stood respectively at 125 and 133, and they were paying their ordinary Shareholders a dividend of 6½ per cent. per annum. This was when they were getting £4 a ton—a reasonable rate for the conveyance of Steel Rails, Bath Bricks, and Sardines, which enabled them to pay their way, and satisfy all parties. But what was their position now, under the provisions of Mr. MUNDELLA'S iniquitous Bill? On appeal to the Board of Trade their charges had been cut down; and, whether they could afford to do it or not, they were now forced to convey the selfsame goods at three farthings the hundredweight.

The result was only what could be expected, and he, the Chairman, hardly had the strength to communicate it to the Meeting. (*A Voice*, "Let's know the worst!") Well, if they wished it, he would go on. The figures he had to place before them were most dispiriting—more, they were quite heartrending; and it was almost with a sense of blank despair that he announced to those assembled to hear his statement, that not only were there no assets available for any dividend on the Ordinary, Preference, and Debenture Stock, but that the half-year's takings left an absolute deficit, the working expenses exceeding the receipts by a considerable amount, to meet which the Company have to part with a portion of its rolling stock, and half their terminus, and reduce the fees to its Directors. The extinction of the whole line as a Commercial undertaking could only be a matter of time. Personally he was ruined. All his property was invested in the 4 per Cent. Debenture Stock of the Company, which was now quoted at 13, and he never expected to see it touch any higher figure. He could only conclude by saying that the prospect, when he looked at it, brought the tears to his eyes.

Upon the Chairman resuming his seat—which he did, evidently overcome with emotion—a scene of indescribable confusion followed; the proposition of a Shareholder that the Meeting adjourn in a body for the purpose of breaking the windows at the Offices of the Board of Trade, being carried with enthusiasm.

TEN YEARS AFTERWARDS.

"THEN." SCENE—*The Club*. TIME—1876. Present BROWN and JONES.

Brown. Well, just as the Eights got to Hammersmith Bridge, Oxbridge put on a spurt, and Camford was left a length behind.

Jones (*excitedly*). Yes—yes! From the accounts in the papers I thought No. 3 was trained too fine. Well, go on—yes—Camford was left a length behind—

Brown (*slowly*). And there was no alteration until the two crews came abreast at the Limes at Mortlake.

Jones (*eagerly*). Well—

Brown. It was then that Camford put on the steam, and rowing forty strokes to a minute, beat Oxbridge by a dozen lengths. I never saw such enthusiasm. There were hundreds of thousands of spectators on the shores cheering with all their might! It was magnificent! It was grand! It was—

Jones (*interrupting him with a sigh*). Ah! I wish I had been there!

"NOW." SCENE—*The Club*. TIME—1886. Present BROWN and JONES.

Brown. But you don't know what I did last Saturday?

Jones. Haven't the faintest notion. Didn't know that anything was going on anywhere.

Brown. Went to Putney.

Jones. Putney! (*Laughing*.) What an odd place to go to! What took you to Putney?

Brown. Why, the Boat-race, to be sure.

Jones. What Boat-race?

Brown. Why, the Blues, of course.

Jones. The Blues! Didn't know they had an eight. Who are they rowing against? The First or Second Life?

Brown. Don't mean the Horse-Guards. I mean the two Varsities.

Jones. What Varsities?

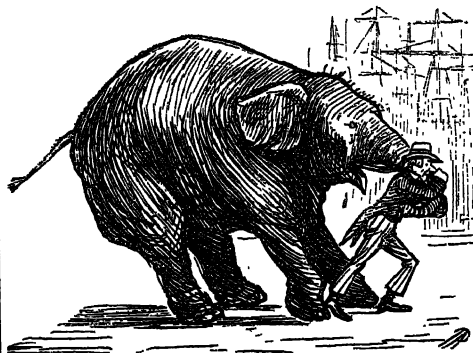
Brown. Why, Oxbridge and Camford, you gubbins!

Jones. Do they still have a Boat-race? Thought they had given it up years ago.

Brown. Not a bit of it. Last Saturday, first-rate contest. You must know that when Oxbridge got to Hammersmith—

Jones (*interrupting him with a yawn*). Ah! I wish I had been there!

A NEW DEPARTURE.



We read in the *World* of a Bishop for South Africa being consecrated in Whitechapel. Surely it ought to have been in Blackfriars.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.—Round its axis.

THE WORST OF WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.—Grandmotherly Legislation.

"Alice" has gone out to Barnum—Alice in Wonderland.



"UNEARNED INCREMENT."

Aunt. "AND HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR DOLL'S HOUSE YOUR UNCLE GAVE YOU?"

Niece (who has taken to Story-Books lately). "OH, IT'S A BEAUTIFUL, CONVENIENT HOUSE; BUT I'VE LET THE APARTMENTS, FURNISHED, TO MABEL AND GERARD FOR THIRIPPENCE A WEEK!"

"IN THE NAME OF THE PROFIT—£100,000!"

A CONTEMPORARY has recently sent round a circular to "the best and wisest of men," asking "how they would spend £100,000," had they it in their gift unincumbered by the claims of kindred and friends. The replies published have hitherto been so few and unimportant that it has been considered advisable to give in these columns some additional answers, as appended:—

The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.—Spend the whole of it in a magnificent statue to that great Statesman the late Earl of BEACONSFIELD, whose pedestal should be enriched with statuettes of LORDS HARTINGTON and DERBY, the DUKE of ARGYLE, SIR HENRY JAMES, and Messrs. TREVELYAN and CHAMBERLAIN.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer.—Purchase a Crown, to be worn by my descendants at some remote date. As I am connected with the Royal Family, the succession may pass into my line yet in the dim and distant future.

The Right Hon. J. Chamberlain.—Obviously devote it to the acquisition of Cows and Acres.

Lord Randolph Churchill.—Part in Gladstone collars, remainder in designs for a statue of self.

The Duke of Cambridge.—Equally between Volunteers and Militia, two bodies infinitely preferable to the Regular Army.

Prince Henry of Battenberg.—Uniform of Captain in the First Life Guards (to be worn at home when no one is looking) and annuity.

Mr. Henry Irving.—Testimonial to Friend TOOLE.

Mr. J. L. Toole.—Testimonial to Friend IRVING.

Mr. Arthur C. C.—On supper.

Dr. Boshwe, Bishop of Nottingham (R.C.).—I shall devote it entirely to purchases of Primrose League Badges for gratuitous distribution amongst the more influential members of my flock.

Sir Edmund Henderson.—As a legacy to the Home for Lost Dogs, in recognition of the services afforded by that excellent institution in suppressing the unmuzzled.

The President of the Royal Society of Physicians in Westminster.—Give the whole of it to the Royal Institute.

The President of the Royal Institute of Physicians in Westminster.—Present the full amount to the President of the Royal Society.

And Mr. Punch.—Retain the whole sum for the most deserving of reward, who would adopt the appropriate motto of "Charity begins at home."

LYRICS IN A LIBRARY.

II.—TO OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

O THOU, whose wisdom and whose wit,
Whose fancy and whose fable,
Have won two hemispheres to sit
Around thy breakfast-table.
Our old-world notions never find
A more indulgent critic,
Though your sharp scalpel lurks behind
Your verdicts analytic.

In *Elia's* hand the essay writ
With admirable fancy,
A thousand prosy subjects lit
With potent necromancy.
So now across the Western seas,
Atlantic billows tost on,
There comes, in precious books like these,
A LAMB—"designed of Boston."

I never crossed from this old shore
Atlantic ocean ridges,
I never heard the Charles downpour
Through all the Boston bridges;
And yet I seem to know your home,
The "Hub," the Boston people;
To see the State House with its dome,
Hear chimes from Christchurch steeple.

For I have pondered o'er each page,
Till half by heart I know it,
Of keen "Professor," kind and sage,
Of tender-hearted "Poet."
Before the "Autocrat" I see
In vain his foemen flounder,
Like DON DREGO PEREZ, he
A veritable "pounder."

One idyl to my heart of hearts,
Professor, you have granted,
Though scarce susceptible to darts
By Aphrodite planted.
In Dreamland Iris still I woo;
It raises up my dander,
To think she married even you,
O happy Marylander!

So trust me, Doctor, writing here,
Afar 'mid English daisies,
Howe'er unkempt my rhymes appear,
That honest are my praises.
I cry "Pecavi!" if you care
With my poor verse to quarrel,
Yet *Punch* may ask you'll deign to wear
This leaf of English Laurel.



SSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 29.—"It's quite clear," said RANDOLPH, surveying the opposite benches this afternoon, "that when we build new House, we must make provision for extra corner seats on the Liberal side."

Situation certainly growing embarrassing. Bad enough before CHAMBERLAIN and TREVELYAN came out; now things have grown beyond all possibility of arrangement. Fortunately HENRY JAMES doesn't seem to hanker after corner seat. Content to sit anywhere so that he doesn't inconvenience other people. But HARTINGTON must have corner seat. Proposed to appropriate FORSTER's old place won after desperate conflicts with Dr. LYONS. But DODDS claims reversion; not inclined to yield to HARTINGTON. GOSCHEN holds on to his corner seat on third bench above Gangway. CHAMBERLAIN, showing sudden interest in prayers, managed, to-day,

to get BRIGHT's old corner seat. But what if BRIGHT had happened to come down, and how, if CHAMBERLAIN misses prayers and comes in half-an-hour late, and finds PETER RYLANDS installed? TREVELYAN, with characteristic modesty, sat anywhere he could find room, but gradually worked his way to corner seat on fourth bench below Gangway, where in happier days he had sat a private Member. The same place, the same man, but, Ah me! how altered.

"TREVELYAN," said HARCOURT, "is much too good for House of Commons' daily food. He is too sensitive, too highly pitched, too anxious lest he do the wrong thing. I don't think you'd find that even two years of Ireland would whiten my beard (supposing I had one), or age me by ten years."

Question of corner seats will have to be dealt with sooner or later. There's more coming, they say, and there's not a corner seat to let.

GLADSTONE in high feather. Spirits seem to go up as his old colleagues go off. Rather like secessions than otherwise. Announced introduction on 8th April, of Bill for "the Future Government of Ireland." "Ah!" said RANDOLPH, "even *he* daren't speak of it

as the 'better' Government of Ireland."

Business done.—
House went into Com-
mittee on Crofters' Bill.

Tuesday Night.—House of Lords occupied with consideration of Lunacy Act Amendment Bill. Lord DENMAN and Lord STRATHEDEN - AND - CAMPBELL watched the



A BACK SEAT.

progress of the Measure with keen interest, but took no part in the discussion.

Commons chiefly engaged for some hours in consideration of Motion in favour of Universal International Penny Postage. Sir R.

TEMPLE fast asleep on back bench. HENRIKER HEATON moved Resolution. REID seconded it in speech of extraordinary vigour.

Never saw a man so agitated. Trembled in every fibre as he discussed probable effect of Motion if carried. Arms, legs, fingers, head, and small of the back all brought into action to demonstrate that "it only needs strong pressure to induce foreign countries to adopt a Penny Postage." "This agitation," REID said, clearing a fresh space around him, as a settler clears an opening in a primeval forest, "goes back in its origin to the time when in this country we had succeeded in establishing a Penny Postage."

"Well," said WILLIE BRIGHT, who sat on the bench below, wearing a new hat, "I don't care how far back the agitation went; but as it seems to promise to go forward for some time, I'll go and look at the evening papers."

Dr. CAMERON moved to disestablish and disendow Scotch Church right off. Debate enlivened by promising maiden speech from ROBERTSON of Dundee. House thought it had enough on hand with Ireland. Decided by 237 Votes against 125 to leave Scotch Kirk alone for the present.

Wednesday.—CHAPLIN, that many-sided man, came out in new character this afternoon. Bill for Allotments and Small Holdings brought in. In absence of JESSE COLLINGS, engaged at Ipswich, CHAPLIN opposed Bill. But, as he explained, with a tear dimming his eyeglass, only on account of its machinery. With its object he had the profoundest sympathy. If there was a creature in the world whom he most esteemed and respected, it was the Agricultural Labourer. He would give him small holdings if he insisted, but would be happier if he would be so good as to take large ones. HARCOURT inconveniently reminded him of very different views expressed a couple of months ago. CHAPLIN visibly hurt at this unkindness. But he had faith that it would fail in its obvious effort to induce dissension between him and his old-time friend, HODGE.

Business done.—Police Forces Enfranchisement Bill read Second Time. Allotments Bill talked out.

Thursday.—Lord KENSINGTON and Lord STALBRIDGE (better known as Lord RICHARD GROSVENOR) inducted to seats in the House of Peers. "Good Whips, when they retire from business, go to the Lords—eh?" said WOLVERTON, welcoming the new-comers, who hung timidly together like young girls just "out." Many nights spent in Lobby together; heard the chimes of midnight, and long after. Lovely and pleasant in the Commons, in the Lords they are not divided. "We'll tell together again yet, KENSINGTON," said Lord STALBRIDGE, as they walked out hand-in-hand. "Yes—but we get home so confoundedly early; and besides, there's no bench by the doorway where one can go to sleep with one eye open, and spring up to catch Members going out without having paired."

In the Commons, DE COBAIN has come to the conclusion that he won't ask any more questions. He is one of the Members for Belfast. Hates the POPE, and draws the skirts of his coat together when he passes JOSEPH GILLIS. Not fluent of speech, but can ask questions. Always at it. Industrious as Parnellites themselves in raking up local fables, and putting questions to Chief Secretary, with intent to

bring Land-Leaguers into contempt. "The boys" determined to let him in. To-day, being First of April, appropriate occasion. Concocted thrilling story about proceedings at Election of Poor Law Guardians at Tralee. Represented that the Mary Street Branch of the National League in Tralee threatened any voter who supported Mr. JOHN DUADON, Conservative candidate, and opposed WILLIAM FLYNN, the Nationalist. Drink generously supplied, and a man named WILLIAM DENNY brought into Tralee dead drunk, occasioning resort to stomach-pump effectively used by Doctors MURRAY and MULLALLY.

DE COBAIN's hair bristled with indignation as he read these facts. Government must be called immediately to account. Put down question for All Fools' Day, reciting blood-curdling details, and demanding "whether Her Majesty's Government would take steps to set aside the election?" On arriving at House, found telegram awaiting him. All a hoax. No Mary Street Branch of League at Tralee. Mr. JOHN DUADON a myth, and so were Mr. WILLIAM FLYNN and Doctors MURRAY and MULLALLY. Stomach-pump a phantom. Only person in Tralee named WILLIAM DENNY, an esteemed local leader of the Orange party. DE COBAIN found he had a sudden and urgent engagement elsewhere. Not in his place when Question put. But TIM HEALY with inimitable gravity dragged it all out. A fine light-hearted lot, the boys!

Business done.—Crofters' Bill in Committee.

Friday Night.—RANDOLPH in his place at question time. Stayed to listen to discussion on Motion about Diplomatic Agents Abroad. Thought he would go to dinner. This debate might last another hour or so. At any rate nothing much would be done after it. So strolled off to dinner, and strolled back a little after Ten, having in the meantime judiciously dined. Horror at observing House upon Order Twelve, having passed the rest all but Motion relating to Distress, and Out-door Relief. That passed over in absence of new President of Local Government Board, who has gone off to Halifax to get re-elected. RANDOLPH, having regained his breath, stormed and raged. Warned House against "the rashness and recklessness of legislation going on at the moment."

Bill under discussion, one to prevent sale of intoxicating liquors to children. Grand Cross had, before RANDOLPH came in, supported the Bill. MUNDELLA peached upon him. Pitiful to see Grand Cross's state of terror when RANDOLPH turned round with mute inquiry whether this was really so. Grand Cross endeavoured to wriggle out of the situation, but House would not have it, and RANDOLPH resumed his seat in grim silence.

Business done.—A great deal.

TO BASHFUL AUTHORS.

It must be an awful thing nowadays to be a bashful Author, if there are any. The terrors of his life, as soon as he becomes anybody, are growing impossible—and anonymity his only refuge. A friend of ours who writes lectures and tales has consulted us, as the recognised Dean of Letters, on what is to be done. His one desire is to do his work to the best of his power, and then to hear the least he possibly can about it, and do some more. There really are a few like that still. Of course the proverbial good-natured friend will be careful that he shall hear of anything ill-natured enough: but that is quite proper. But what of this? A terrible person called STOMAKY or something like it, has established an "Agency," and writes to our unhappy friend that, for a consideration, he will supply him "with all comments, criticisms, &c., from the entire British, Colonial and Foreign Press, on yourself, your lectures, or any subject in which you may be interested." Underlined as in the original. As our friend happens to be interested in everything that goes on, STOMAKY's work, in this respect, would seem to be cut out for him. But what a ghastly threat! "I may add," finally adds S., "that most of the principle (sic) Actors and Actresses, among whom are G. R. Sims, Esq., are already subscribers." Whether the omnivorous SIMS are an Actor or an Actress, our friend, who has heard of him but as an Author, does not know. But poor SIMS, to have his little weaknesses thus advertised! POLLAKY was nothing to STOMAKY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.



Sir Richard Beauty asleep.



Chaplin and the Agricultural Labourer.



President of Local Government Board.



PROCEDURE.—A FACT.

Old M.P. "AW—I SAY, ROBINS. 'XTRAORDINARY THING ALL THE SEATS TAKEN AT THIS EARLY HOUR!"

Official (of many years' standing, who doesn't approve of recent changes). "YOU SEE, SIR, IT'S ALL THESE 'ERE NEW MEMBERS. EARLY IN THE DAY THEY'RE 'ERE, AND THEN, WHEN THE GENTLEMEN COMES DOWN IN THE AFTERNOON, THERE AIN'T NO ROOM FOR THEM!"

"GRAND ROUNDS."

Chez M. Herbert, R.A.—"AH, cher ami!" exclaimed the eminent Academician, "I 'ave give myself *une petite vacance*,—vat you call in ze angleesh vich I do not most speak, *mais je l'admire*,—I give myself a leetle olidays."

"Then you've got no pictures to show this year," I sighed, with an expression of heartfelt and sorrowful disappointment on my countenance.

"Ah! *vous ne me comprenez pas*—you not me comprehend. I mean, I should 'ave like to 'ave painted one, two, tree dozen picture,—*mais, hélas*, I 'ave only painted seven!" Unfortunately I was at the moment suddenly overcome by the heat of the room, and was unable to wait and examine these works of Art. "*Au revoir*!" were the last words I heard as I descended the front door-steps. "To the see—again!"

At P. H. Calderon's.—I found the Cald'ron stirring. There stood Don PHILIP, Knight of the Brilliant Brush, leaning against a pillar of the noble portico,—under which I cantered up to the house,—and prepared to receive cavalry.

"Don't get down," he said, lighting another cigarette, "I'll bring 'em out to you—they're in the hall ready for Burlington House. First-rate light for seeing them here."

Sitting carelessly in my saddle, I examined the first of the lots at my leisure.

"I could look at this," I murmured, "for years!"

"*Sì Signor!*" returned Don FILIPPO; "but I can't hold it for more than twenty minutes."

Then he fetched the others: and the others fetched me. The public will not be disappointed, I think, with the works of Don PHILIP CALDERON this year,—but that of course is a question of what the public expects. *Adios! Adios!*

Frank Dicey's.—"The Master is not in," said a humble pupil, who offered to hold my gallant steed Bukjömprhe for a consideration. So I walked into the Studio, and had there been anything to find fault with, I should have walked into the Artist. Could I look at his picture without at once, Weglike, dropping into poetry.

O FRANK DICEY,
Nicey! Nicey!!

And treading lightly so as not to waken "the Sleeping Beauty," I sped down

the stairs, and throwing *largesse* to the pupil, and bidding him follow in the steps of the excellent *maître*, I trotted off to the next on my list.

"Many pictures?" I asked, as FREDERICK GOODALL slid down the banister-rail and alighted *dop*, in his good-humoured way, on the hall floor.

"Only four," says he, pausing for breath.

"Only four," I return; "but *good all*, eh?"

Doubled up with irrepressible laughter I left him, for I was obliged to hurry on, and couldn't stay till he had recovered.

Up an avenue, across a bridge, over a piece of water where a miniature yacht was at anchor, I came upon the Viking BRETT, R.A., in a tent refreshing himself and a youthful assistant with a lively game of skipping-rope.

"What cheer, Skipper?—and his boy!" I shouted. A lovely garden, a perfect Eden! "I see you're under canvass, as usual."

"Ay, ay, my lad!" he returned. "Nothing like it. Let's make it three bells, and avast heaving! Belay there! Yeo ho!" And so we went down into the cabin to lunch. His toast was "A fair wind—and a good sale!" Grog was served out all round, and after drinking the Skipper's health and partaking of junk and salt beef, I weighed anchor (not much more than before luncheon), and getting aboard H.M.S. Bukjömprhe, put about, luffed, got on the port tack, and, Bukjömprhe answering the helm, we made for the Frith.

A cordon of police was about the door to keep off the crowd. Giving Bukjömprhe in charge, I opened my cloak, showed my brilliant order—inscribed in diamonds "Pass one to the Studio"—and was at once ushered into the Artist's Sanctum. Royal Highnesses, Dukes, and Duchesses were there, but towering far above them all was the Great Colour Moraliser, J. W. FRITH, R.A.

"Come," he whispered to me, "come into my Sanctissimissimum, and I'll show you my *chef d'œuvre*."

Then we retired from the giddy aristocratic crowd. The Great Moral Colourist touched a jewelled button, and a tray laden with . . . but no matter; to say more were to betray confidential hospitality. A few choice spirits looked in: then all was bumpers and banjos. Don't tell me that FRITH, R.A., is a dry colourist. I saw no more pictures that night. But if the works of FRITH, R.A., this year are not the best, the truest-to-naturest, the in a general way superlativest that ever were seen, then am I very much mistaken.

After this I rode round to the houses of several other distinguished Artists, including SANT, R.A., who showed me rows of pictures, but "no rows without a thorn," and then it was, as the public will see in May—"We May be happy yet," he sang merrily. Then I looked in on Mr. BURGESS. After BURGESS could I do MOORE? No—so parting with Bukjömprhe to COLIN HUNTER, who will find him useful for the Colin Deep Harriers, I bade farewell to the Artists, and finished was the inspection of

THE GRAND ALL-ROUNDER.!

BENEVOLENCE AND BOOTS.—Success to Mr. CHANCE, the Police Magistrate, in the beneficent operation of raising a fund to provide boots for poor children. But unhappily the boots may be provided, and the children, as well as Mr. CHANCE's endeavour, yet remain bootless. For several years Mr. FRANCIS PEEK gave £1,000 yearly with the same intention, but to small purpose. Although the money was disbursed by means of the Charity Organisation Society, "it was found that in about half the cases the boots were speedily pawned." Pop went the boots, up the spout—difficulty of boot distribution two to one. Again, in the experience of a Board School, "a benevolent person provided boots for two poor children, with the result that, for weeks after, dozens of the other children came without boots in the expectation that they, too, would be provided with boots by the same benevolent agency." *Teste*, "W.," bearing witness in the *Post*. Sad, to see how the aims of charity are apt to be frustrated by recipients presumed to be honest who turn out no better than freebooters.

"SINK OR SWIM?"—Which will it be, with the Member for Cork to support him?

"QUIS SEPARABIT?"—W. E. G.



CRUSHING!

Smith (late). "BEEN ASSH'ISH'T'N BROWN, MY DEAR! BAL'N'SH'N 'SBOOKSH."
 Wife. "BETTER KEEP YOUR OWN BALANCE, SIR!"

THE MAN OF THE SIX CONDITIONS.

A Letter to the S.S.S.S. (Secretary Sicklycal Sensation Society), care of Medium Punch.

SIR,—I have been reading about you in the *Spectator*, and you alone can help me at my need. I've never suffered so much from night-Mayor, since dining at the Mansion House. Is that stately periodic making a joke, or does "Multiple Personality" (the title of the article) really mean anything? The arch-thinker, Mr. LESLIE STEPHEN, says that you can always think if you shut your eyes. There are men who seem to look on "thinking" as a kind of tangible profession, like brewing. If shutting your eyes does it, good. "The thinking man! the thinking man!"—remarkable person, and hints for parodies. There is a suggestion of Poet GOSSE about it. The main point about the thinking man is, that, like the wise cobbler, he sticks to his last, and never does anything. I often shut my eyes. So do many. But, as a rule, I think I think best, for practical purposes, when I keep them open. But I digress; it's a way I have as a non-thinker. About that article on "Multiple Personality," dear Mr. Secretary. "You do more good," it says, "by the facts to which you call the public attention, than by your own ideas about them." From one thinker to another, that seems a little rude. But I dare say it's true. Probably you might reply with equal force that the article does more good by calling attention to you, than by anything on earth it has to say about you. From thinker to thinker, rude again. But again, I dare say it's true. My own impression is—(in a drama this would be called an "aside")—that neither of you does any good at all to anybody, and that if either gets any attention at all, it will be my doing. At all events, I will do all for both of you that I can. For I am essentially a Philistine. I think but little; but I manage to do a good deal, and I imagine that that is what a Philistine means. Not a bad idea to have called this an Epistle to the Philistines, or an Epistle from a Philistine. I will remember it another time. But how I do digress. Why didn't I shut my eyes?

"Brief let me be"—as The Facts remarked to the Attorney-General. But those Facts were not in it with these. Mr. F. W. H. MYERS (the number of whose initials is not, under the circumstances, at all to be wondered at) has discovered a man called LOUIS THE FIFTH. Why, I don't know. He has six different conditions of being. In one, he remembers the whole of his life. In the other five, only five different parts of it. Beyond this, *Spectator* drops four conditions, and only treats, from your report, of two. But they are quite enough. LOUIS V.

is sometimes paralysed "on the right side, and only his left brain acts, whatever on earth that may mean. LOUIS V. is then "arrogant, violent, and profane." But tickle him with a soft iron (though I never saw one) on his right thigh, and the paralysis and the thinking-business change sides. The left side stiffens, and the right brain acts. LOUIS V. then becomes "instantaneously quiet, modest, and respectful, speaking easily and clearly, and able to write a fair hand." He ought to be kept tickled. But *Spectator* ought to have gone on to tell us about your four other conditions, whereas he only speculates upon the effect of one-quarter right brain and three-quarters left brain; five-sixths profanity, and one of a fair hand; and—but no, it is impossible to proceed. LOUIS V., I am not surprised to learn, is in an Asylum. The wonder is that everybody who sees him tickled isn't. I am, nearly, from reading about it. But if LOUIS V. would like to go round the country on a show tour, and requires a boss, let him remember me. I will give him a round per-centage, and provide the softest iron I can. Think of me, Mr. Secretary, from that point of view.

But there is a moral to all things, and I want you to think of me from another. Consider me as a case for the Sicklycal myself: for I can positively confirm LOUIS V.'s experience. I have long been engaged upon writing a history of the French Revolution, and as soon as I began to write it, I got a stiff neck. The experience regularly recurred, and the stiffness was always on the right side. I found too, in spite of myself, that my sympathies were always with the aristocrats, whereas I wished to be impartial. When I read of Mr. F. W. H. MYERS' friend, all became clear. The guillotineable muscles were sicklycally affected. It was my left brain which had this one-sided tendency. I saw the cure. I tickled the right side of my neck with my softest poker. At once the stiffness went out of it, and attacked the left. At the same moment all my sympathies were transferred to the mob; and ever since I have known where to tickle, in order to get my sympathies in the right place for the moment. I can be one-sided either way I want: and what more can historian desire? As *Spectator* remarks (wisely premising, if there be evidence for it) "the right hemisphere of my brain implies the activity of my lower nature." My right hemisphere sympathises at once with Communism. I can curse fearfully when my left neck is stiff. I place myself unreservedly in the hands of the man of the three initials. What a shilling dreadful's worth I should be! Or for the matter of that, LOUIS V. either.

Convincedly yours,
 STRATTON STRAWLESS.

The Grand Old Man and the Clock.

(A SONG OF THE GREAT SPEECH DAY.)

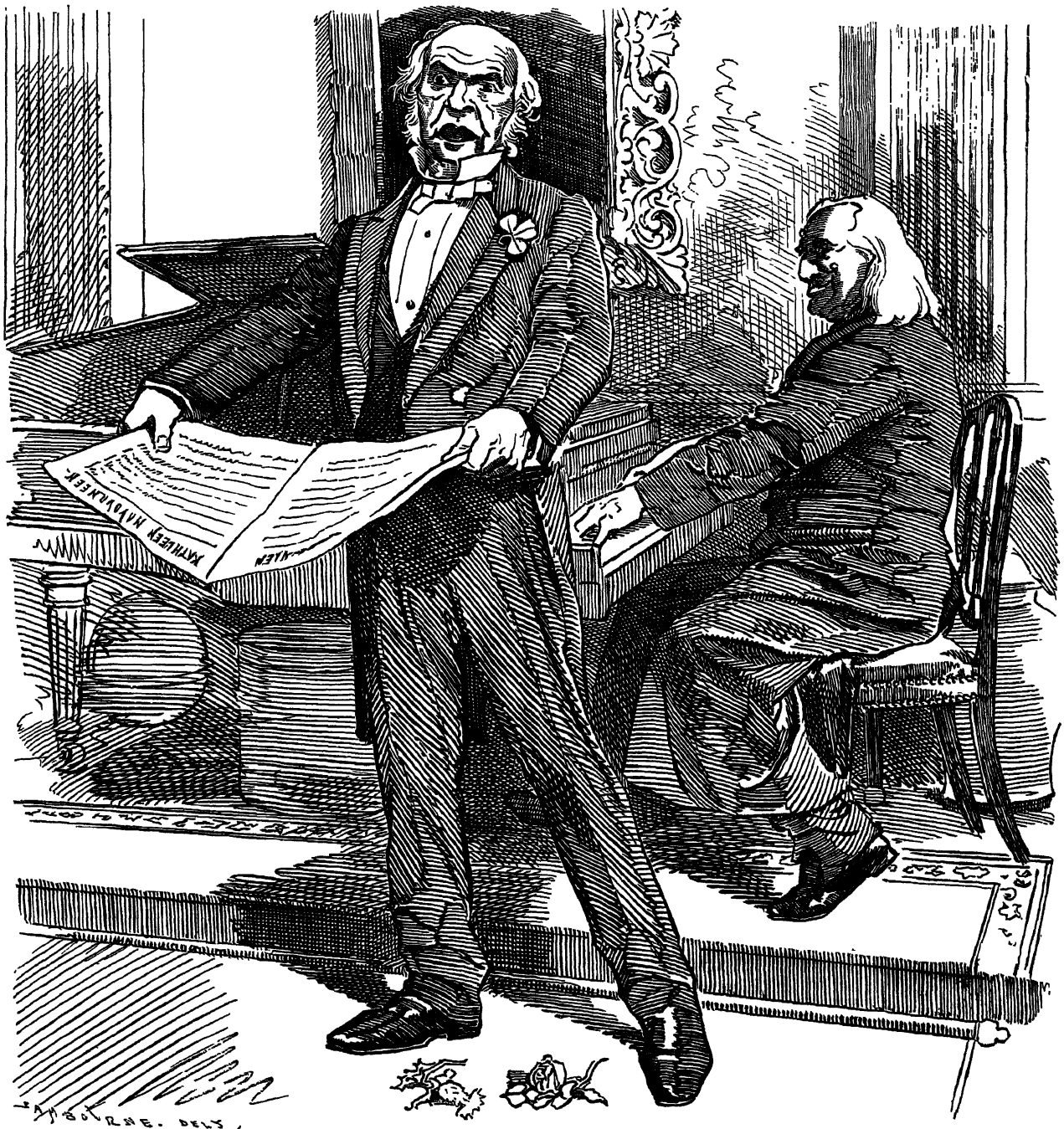
AIR—"Grandfather's Clock."

BIG Ben has been booming for many a year
 The heads of our Senators o'er,
 Unchecked by the loudest Conservative cheer,
 The noisiest Radical roar.
 But a crisis like this even clock-works puts out,
 Makes them "strike" against movement and stroke,
 So the Clock stopped—'twas to listen, no doubt—
 When the (Grand) Old Man spoke.

FOR USE OF CHAPPELL-GOERS.—Will shortly be published, *The History of the Pops and the Ante-Pops*. With a preface considering the necessity for keeping up the Concerts, for fear of exciting a series of No Monday Pop-ery Riots.

AN American paper said of a Gentleman who was cast in a breach of promise action brought against him by an Actress, that he had to give up "50,000 dols." Quite so; and to give up "one doll" besides.

QUESTION FOR "QUESTION TIME."—Considering that the House of Commons is too small for a sufficiency of seats, will any steps be taken to provide room for Standing Committees?



THE TWO GRAND OLD MEN, WHO DIVIDED THE HONOURS OF LAST WEEK BETWEEN THEM.

OUR VISITING LISZT.

WITHIN one fortnight to have seen Cardinal NEWMAN, aged eighty-six, officiating, to have shaken the wonderful hands, and talked with the Abbé LISZT, aged seventy-six, and to have heard Mr. GLADSTONE's great oratorical effort, at seventy-seven, is indeed something to be remembered in a lifetime. And I may note that those who heard Mr. GLADSTONE finish at eight o'clock, could have heard Mr. TREVELLIAN commence his manly explanation at ten, and could have also heard Canon LISZT play at Mr. WALTER BACHE's Reception, at the Grosvenor Gallery—another memorable event—at eleven o'clock the same night. If I contrived to be in two places at once, depend on it I shall keep the secret of my



Heading the Liszt.

mysterious power to myself; so let us return to St. James's Hall on Tuesday the 6th.

Now for the Santley—I should say the Saintly—*Elizabeth*, whose beautiful story Dr. FRANZ LISZT has set to music. I am not going to descant on *motif*, thematic materials, minor sixths, Major Sevenths, —this last is not a military title, and Major Sevenths is no relation to Major GRIFFITHS, Author of that most interesting History of the Garrick Pictures,—nor will I do more than merely touch lightly upon, or hint at, sequences, agitato, crescendos, innuendos, big-and-little-endos and neverendos, which go to make up the classic form of all Oratorios.

If I myself do not quite agree with the Composer on every score, yet, on the score of his venerable age and character, I would willingly yield to him in everything where first principles are not absolutely concerned; and if I personally admit, that, had I been writing *St. Elizabeth*, I should not have used certain passages,—specially

those in St. James's Hall,—if I own that I should not have brought in a violoncello (an unwieldy instrument, and a great deal of trouble to carry) when a flute (which is portable) would have done as well; if I allow that I should have written a hunting song in "G up," with an under-movement of "G G;" if after Chorus of girls and boys playing and romping I am sure I should have introduced several serious strains, followed by a *hump-motif* and a doctor's bill for the parents,—if, I say, I should have done all this and more, it is not that I set myself up against so great a Master as Canon LISZT,—for I should be as a pea-shooter against this big gun,—no,—it would be only to show that in this Musical World (the paper of



Elizabeth (Albani) and her little boy Ludwig (Master Frank Pasket), presenting her with a basket of flowers.

this name, by the way, is full of interesting matter) there are two ways of treating the same subject, and that one of them—no matter which—is not absolutely devoid of artistic merit. So much I would have said to MICHAEL ANGELO in painting, to PHIDIAS in sculpture, to SHAKESPEARE in drama; and so much, and no more, do I say to the Reverend Canon LISZT.

The story of Saint Elizabeth is most touching. The "Miracle of the Roses" was spoken of by some musical critic as "of doubtful morality." Well, perhaps he ought to know what "doubtful morality" is; though, charitably, I do hope that he was utterly ignorant of what he was talking about. "Doubtful morality" indeed! Was the "doubtful moralist" (bless me! another LISZT, the Moral LISZT!) anywhere near me that night? And if so, does his knowledge of "doubtful morality" account for the otherwise mysterious and unaccountable exchange of a very shabby, broken-knee'd opera-hat for my brand-new gibus? "Doubtful morality" of the beautiful story of the Roses! If this meets the eye in the head of any one who may be wearing my brand-new hat, let him send it back whilst it is still in its first and freshest spring-time. What had a musical critic to do with morality, specially if doubtful, when he ought to have been attending to his score,—his music score, I mean? But I curb my indignation, and, if my hat is returned, all shall be forgiven, as was timid *Elizabeth's* little fib about the Roses; and, all shall be blotted out, just as we hope the Recording Angel blotted out *Uncle Toby's* violation of a very clear and plain commandment. *Quo tendimus?* Where are we now? The Abbé is in St. James's Hall. He is received with acclamations!



Big Boy Ludwig (Santley): "Dash my Lud-wig! I'll wind my horn, and, when it's wound, on we'll go again!"

Such a reception! Royalty nowhere by the side of Genius,—yes, Royalty is somewhere, and shows up right royally when H.R.H. places himself by the side of Genius, and introduces Genius to Beauty in the person of H.R.H. the Princess, whose stay at Torquay seems to have done her Royal Highness an immense amount of good. Great cheering after every part of the Oratorio, Dr. LISZT being led on and off the platform by Madame ALBANI three or four times; and once by Dr. MACKENZIE, who appeared in his proper character, for that evening, as the Conductor of LISZT. Now for the story and its rendering. Little *Ludwig*, aged four, in the Oratorio represented by Master PASKET, welcomes his little bride-elect *Elizabeth*, Madame ALBANI, about the same age, and the two children sing of toffy, cakes, and buns. Then all go out to play. Suddenly Little *Ludwig* sprouts up and becomes a young man of twenty-one (Mr. SANTLEY), and sings a hunting song, in which he rejoices more in being able to perform a solo on his "bugle, in jubilant measure," than in any particular form of sport. He meets his wife *Elizabeth*! She is out for a stroll. All alone! Dash his Lud-wig! He will give her a wiggling, a Lud-wiggling. He is her husband—and he is angry! But all is soon explained; and here the duet and the chorus (where did they all come from?), which ends the scene, are among the most striking things in the Oratorio.

The feature of the Grand Chorus of Crusaders, which immediately catches the ear, and is the phrase that anyone hearing the Oratorio

only once is bound to carry away with him—not robbing the Oratorio by any means, which is rich enough to bear the loss—"is," says analytical Mr. JOSEPH BENNETT, "largely built upon the ecclesiastical progression," &c., "which so many classical masters—MOZART and MENDELSSOHN included—have employed"—and which was so familiar to a correctly trained ear, that I at once remembered, unless my memory has played me a treacherous trick, the comic-vocalist *motif* employed by Signor LACHIMO FORNINI at the Pavilion Hall of Music, and which is not very unlike this:—



"I did it! I did it!"

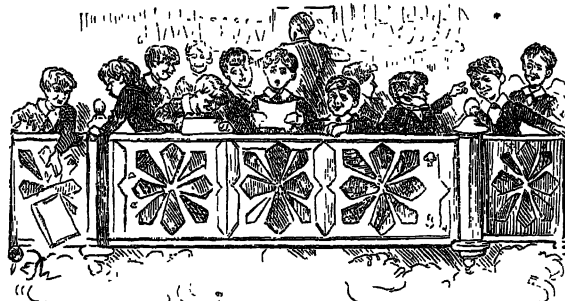
"To Pa-lestine!"

"*Les Grands Esprits*," &c.—and perhaps, after all, the composer of Signor FORNINI's melody, may not be above owing himself indebted to Canon LISZT, MOZART, and MENDELSSOHN.

Madame ALBANI and Mr. SANTLEY were superb, and the chorus and orchestra left nothing to be desired, except that Dr. LISZT should come on again, which he did, having risen from his seat, where he might have been labelled, "To be left till called for,"—and, when called for, he was, as I have said before, brought on by Madame ALBANI, everyone rising and cheering. "Brief let me be!" for time and space (in this musical number) are limited.

There is such an orchestral storm of wind instruments—a perfect gale—and a thunder of drums, and a flashing of lightning cymbals, as was never heard. Miss PAULINE CRAMER, as the wicked Landgrabber—a translation of Landgraving—had a cruel anathematising part demanding more than a cussory notice. She acquitted herself to perfection. So too did Mr. VAUGHAN EDWARDS as the Hungarian Magnate, who of course is, of all Magnates, the one for whom the Pole has most attraction. Then Mr. KING was promoted to the rank of Mr. Emperor, and appeared as the *Emperor Frederick the Second*, of Hohenstufien. What a long line of gourmands the Hohenstufiens must represent! "*Eljen!*" to the Hohenstufiens and the Guzzlestufiens! Some of this great family are still in the public service in Swizzleland.

Magnificent was Madame ALBANI in the death-scene of *Elizabeth*, dying swan-like with a song! Then the Cherubs up aloft—in the



Cherubs up aloft,—up an organ loft,—ready to join everybody in the air.

organ-loft—in turn-down collars and white ties, who up to this time had been telling one another funny stories and enjoying themselves innocently as cherubs (all standing up, of course) ought to do, joined in with the chorus below; and angels, bishops, magnates, church choristers, crusaders, peers and people, Hohenstufiens, and everybody generally, wound up with a grand finish, of which the grandest part fell undoubtedly to the lot of the orchestral.

More "*Eljens*," hoorahs, cheers, handkerchiefs, hats, bouquets, and roses, and then we emptied ourselves out of St. James's Hall as best we could, and Mr. LITTLETON NOVELLO must have retired to his several bars' rest that night highly gratified with the success of the entire series of the Novello Oratorio Concerts, of which this, for this Season, is the greatest and the last.

Vidi tantum et audi quantum, and am, the Public's humble servant,
NIBBS THE LISZT'NER.

P.S.—How tired LISZT must be of hearing his own Music! Fancy PEARS being treated for a whole week to nothing but his own Soap! On second thoughts, this is an inadequate illustration, as PEARS actually lives on his own soap all the year round.

IN MEMORIAM.—Mrs. M., on occasion, sent to be inserted in the *Obituary of a Newspaper*, an announcement, to which she added:—"Friends will please to receive this innuendo."

THE PRACTICAL JOKER'S PRIVATE WIRE GUIDE.—*Sell's Code.*

MINING ROYALTIES.—The King and Queen of the Gnomes.

MEM. TO MR. GLADSTONE.

THE Member for Cork may not be all you used to say he was, and may be all you say he is since you 've kissed the



Thursday, April 8. The Great Irish Butter Night.

Blarney Stone; but, remember, "Fine words butter no Parnells." And no one knows this better than the Member for Cork and his Irish Corkers.

ROOM FOR THEM.

WITH a view to providing still further accommodation for Members wishing to attend the next large Division, the SPEAKER has in contemplation the issuing of the following list of supplementary regulations:—

Members arriving in Palace Yard over-night, will be allowed by the local policemen on duty to have, if they have a fancy for it, a shake-down on the pavement outside.

At three o'clock, A.M., punctually, the doors of Westminster Hall will be opened, when those Members who have provided themselves with them, may, if they can manage it, sling hammocks to the roof, and finish their night's rest under shelter.

For the refreshment and recreation of those jaded by the fatigue of watching for the opening of the House and the excitement of securing a place for the coming Debate, a series of athletic sports will be held, during the course of the morning, on the river terrace. These will comprise, among other feats, jumping in the Woolsack, throwing the Mace, and a hurdle-race over Committee tables, and will be presided over by the Sergeant-at-Arms, and one of the House Cleaners, selected by lot, who will act as Umpire.

To ensure the accommodation of the whole 670 Members in the body of the House, the SPEAKER will provide an extra row of chairs fastened outside the Galleries, which will be approached, by a ladder from the front Benches. He will also furnish five places on the top of his own official seat, which will, however, to prevent confusion, have to be occupied at an early hour in the afternoon. Strangers and Peers will be suspended from the roof by ropes, and it is calculated that by a little additional cramming of two into one seat in the space thus left vacant, that very nearly the whole of the House will be accommodated by the commencement of the Debate.

SHORTLY TO BE ISSUED.—A new edition of *Burns' Justice*, by Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, the Champion Attorney-General, dedicated to Messrs. HYNDMAN & Co., with instructions as to how a Government Prosecution may best cave in.

MR. HAMO THORNEYCROFT sends a piece of Sculpture to the Academy. It is "*The Sower*," and it is a pendant to "*The Mower*,"—only Mower so.

'ARRY'S SPRING THOUGHTS.

DEAR CHARLIE,

How trots it, my topper? Spring's on us at last, dear old pal, The time when a smart young man's fancy will turn to his togs and his gal, As TENNYSON says, though from HALPERD the thing seems a bit of a joke; Jolly little "Spring Clean" about him, with that 'at and that charwoman's cloak.

But to hus as ain't poets nor Guy Foxes, CHARLIE, but chappies O.K., A bit of a brush-up comes proper when April is fair on the way. The buds is a bustin', my bloater, and 'ARRY is free to admit As he likes to come out with the laylocks, and put on the bloomy a bit.

"All-a-blowing!" you'd say, if you saw me. A suit of smart dittos, my lad, Sort o' snuff-colour picked out with spinnige, a mixture as isn't arf bad; Drab gaiters and purple felt rounder, big buttons in mother-o'-pearl! Sez Loo, when she met me last Sunday: "Wy, 'ARRY, you look like a hurl."

"Hurl be jiggered, my dear!" was my arnser. "Jest look at the Dook of ARGYLL!"

Lor bless yer I wouldn't give tuppence for many a Marquis's tile. Met one—at a Meetin'—last Monday, he leathered old GLADSTONE to rights, But the out of his bags!—well, there, CHARLIE, 'twas one o' the painfulest sights.

Wot I say is, a Toff should dress toffy, else 'ow will he pass for a Toff? It's a maxin a many forget, and your ikey top-sawyers may scoff; But if Swells mean to keep right end upwards, and out of this Socialist mess, They'll 'ave to brush up, my dear CHARLIE, and pay more attention to Dress.

We're a-droppin' on jolly 'ot times, CHARLIE, jolly 'ot times, my dear boy, With your poets turned Socialist spouters, and thousands all out of employ, It's a fair bloomin' Mix, and no error. Of course it's all thundering rot, But if them as should Boss us don't watch it, us snide uns 'ull all go to pot.

They 'ate us, these rorty Red Flaggers, they 'ate us like rhubub all round, Down with polish and perks is their motter,—I know 'em right down to the ground.

They asked me to jine 'em! Jest fancy me mixing with Radical seum, Or a-trottin' about through the mud at the tail of a flag and a drum!

"JERRY JAUNDERS," says I, "you're a juggins, to think you can have me on toast; I take sides with the Toffs—oh! don't goggle and snort—it's my pride and my boast.

Feller feelin' and that, doncher know, and yer don't ketch me lifting a 'and Agin them as 'ave nobbled the Ochre, or them as 'ave collared the Land.

"The Ochre and Acres means England; and someone must 'ave 'em, you know,

So wy not the Swells and the snide 'uns? Wot, lay all our Aristos low? No Millionaire Mashers, no Sportsmen, no moddles for chappies like me? I help yer? Not me, JERRY JAUNDERS; it's all bloomin' fiddlededee!"

Lor, CHARLIE, old chap, 'ow he looked at me! Taller-faced moulder, he is, And 'aving jest landed a race, I was lapping a bottle of fizz.

"Ah! 'ARRY," sez he, "if you ain't aored up to your chin, it's a fluke, And when Nature made you a monkey, she spiled the raw stuff for a Dook."

That shows 'ow they 'ate us, dear CHARLIE, that shows their low Radical spite Agin anything smart and rekerky. I 'ope it will come out all right, But I don't like the look of the times; they are 'aving a deal too much run, These Reds, and the Toffs will be finding, one day, as it isn't all fun.

They want squelching, old pal, they want squelching, from JERRY to Brummagem JOE.

I'd give 'em what for like JEMMER. They're low, the whole lot of 'em, low; And they'd bring us all down 'to their level, till smart 'uns like RANDOLPH and me

Wouldn't 'ave no more pull in creation than MUGGINS the Workman M.P.

I tell you the Toffs must brush up, 'ave a sort of a Spring Clean all round, 'Tisn't shokin' bad 'ats and soft sawder will muzzle the Radical 'ound. He kicks at Court dress, as you've 'eard, CHARLIE. Yah! musn't yield, not a hinch;

'Twill be short-sleeves and reach-me-downs soon, if the Aristos boggle or flinch.

Let 'em take Our Most Gracious's tip. She's the sort as a cove can respect. Though March winds blow death with bronchitis, yet Court-dresses must be low-necked.

That's grit, if you like, and no error. Let bosoms blush 'ot or go blue, Better fill Brompton Orsepal full of Court Beauties than yield to the screw.

Spring thoughts, my dear CHARLIE, suggested by togs and the signs of the times.

I got a bit bosky last night. Has the 'eadache got into my rhymes?

If so, chummy, pardon their dulness along o' the moral they carry,

A moral the Toffs will take on, if they trust theirs admiringly, 'ARRY.



THE NEW VERB.

BANJO, BANJAS, BANJAT—BANJAMUS, BANJATIS, BANJANT!

A STORY OF GIRTON.

(By Rbert Brownng.)

OH, the scholarly girls, too blue,
Who lived at Girton, down by the Cam,
Just where the Cam bids the town adieu!
And who would ever have thought them a
sham—
These girls, and the lots they knew?

Too blue, for the colour of health is red;
And their eyes had the dull, boiled-geese-
berry look
Of maids who are meant to go to bed
When down from their laps flops the out-
spread book,
But consume night's oil instead.

Yet I noticed, like a flowering shrub
Abloom in a desert, one striking grace:
They might "screw" like mad when afloat in
a "tub,"
And never get up the ghost of a pace,
But they had a "BROWNING Club"!

Club which tackled my hardest bits:
Guessed my conundrums—floods of them, too.
Had ever girls such glorious wits?
The splendid verse of—you know who—
All comprehended by chits!

So, when one waxed ill, it did not seem strange
That the Lady Principal sighed, and said,
"A stoppage of work I must arrange;
To studies recondite she's too much wed,
And from books she needs a change."

"Not my books," the patient cried;
"Take not the desk that my books contains!"

For o'er the 'BROWNING Club' I preside,
And the mystic masterly fruit of his
brains
Is my solace, glory, and pride!"

Her request being granted, asleep fell she;
The Lady Principal joyed at that;
But when the Doctor dropped in, said he,
"It's only a bilious attack, that's flat.
Brain trouble? Fiddle-de-dee!"

The desk, it chanced, was not quite closed:
"Why does she clutch it so?" asked the
leech;
The Lady Principal supposed
That to have her dear Bard within reach
Consoled her as she dozed.

"Let's look inside!" And at once—oh,
dreams
Of "Female Culture," and the rest!
They found—no masterly mystic themes,
No *Pippa*, no *Duchess*, but—who would have
guessed?—
A box of Chocolate Creams!

The candid incline to surmise of late
That woman is fit for the vote, I find;
For Parliamentary debate
Discloses the drift of the public mind,
And WOODALL's words have weight.

I, for my part, trust woman no more:
At Girton especially. "Why?" do you
ask?
The preposterous chits no longer adore
The Ring and the Book—think *Sordello* a
task,
And *Paracelsus* a bore!

NOTES OF MUSIC.

At the Crystal Palace Saturday Concert of
April 3, there was a very good programme.
Herr FRANZ ONDRICEK made his first appear-
ance at Sydenham. Good deal of "FRANZ"
about this week. He was brilliant. To Miss
ROBERTSON, the Soprano vocalist, who also
received enthusiastic applause, *Mr. Punch*
says, in the words of the song, slightly altered,
"Sing on, you little bird!" *Mr. A. C. MAC-
KENZIE's* first "*Scotch Rhapsody*" was splen-
didly played by the Band; the concluding
movement, founded on the air "*There was a
Lad was born in Kyle*," is so irresistibly rol-
licking that I fully expected Scotchmen among
the audience to execute an impromptu reel.
But only enthusiasts, who had come "reeling,"
would have ventured on such a step.

At the New Club, Herr SCHALKENBACH has
been performing upon his Electric Organ.
His playing is "fair to middling," but his
electrical manifestations are surprising. It is
all very well to cause an illuminated electric
star to revolve during "*God Bless the Prince
of Wales*," but even more solid joy might be
generated were Herr SCHALKENBACH on terms
of greater intimacy with the tune.

Madame SCHUMANN drew a crowded house
at the Monday Pop. on April 5. This charm-
ing lady is the same subtle-fingered, consci-
entious pianist as of yore. Before such a
wife of such a husband it is an honour to stand
hat in hand—on the chance of getting some-
thing dropped into it for the Unemployed.

The Chevalier LEONHARD EMIL BACH gave a
Concert devoted to LISZT's works, in St. James's
Hall, April 9; but you don't want to be Aliszt
in Wonderland by
NIBBELUNGLER.



NOT OUT OF THE WOOD.

WILLIAM THE WOODMAN (*with his Bill*). "AND I,—LIKE ONE LOST IN A THORNY WOOD,
SEEKING A WAY, AND STRAYING FROM THE WAY;
NOT KNOWING HOW TO FIND THE OPEN AIR,
BUT TOILING DESPERATELY TO FIND IT OUT,—
TORMENT MYSELF TO CATCH THE—IRISH VOTE."

Henry the Sixth, Part III., Act iii., Scene 2 (adapted).

ROBERT FORGETS HIMSELF.



I've often herd as how as it's ony the fust step as gives any trubbel wen one sets off for a run down the ill as leads to dishypation. Tho why it shoold allus be rong to have a run down ill, nice and cumfural, and never right excep to go up hill a puffin and a pantin, I never could make out, and I never found anybody as could excep a Bishop I wunce herd preach, and he said as how it was to prepare us for running the race, though as he must have wayed about hayteen stun, I don't think as he had much chance of winning. But of the truth as regards the fust step I stands convinced, and I stands convicted. It appened somehow this way.

About a fortnite arter my little adventur, and the werry nex nite arter my visit to a certain Theayter, witch shall be nameless, I was assisting at a werry swell house in Portland Plaice, where a old gennelman lives as was a Wine Merchant in the City, and, like a senserbel feller as he is, before he left off bizziness he crammed his seller jolly well full of the best of wines, not forgetting lots of my favrite brand of '47 Port; and I've often thort as it was his love for that King of all Wines as made him retire to Portland Place. Be that as it may, whenever he gives one of his trewly grate dinners he allus has me to help, for I nose as he likes my ways, and I bleeves as he likes my hair of respektability.

Well, everything went off all right, as usual, and I was down in the Kitching, having a frendly chat with the Cook, who is a old frend of mine, and had jest mixt me a nice tumbler-full of some-thing hot to drink afore I ventured to hencounter the frosty hair, when sumthink put it into my hed to tell her about my little adventur, and I did. Lor how she did larf! her not werry slim sides shook agen wen I told her about meetin the Missus. So I went on and told her all about the Theayter, and the young ladies of the Core de Bally, and how butiful they darnsed, till quite carried away by my egsitement, asisted probably by a few glasses of the '47 Port and the rather strong glass of sumthink nice as Cook had brood for me, I got up, and without thinkin for a moment of the hordacious libberty as I was a takin of, I sed, "It's summat in this style, Cook," and putting my arm round her hample waste, I begins a dansing! But that admirable woman was quite ekal to the ocaasion, and seizing hold of a Ladel as lay handy, she says, says she, "Remove your harm from my sacred pusson, or I'll strike you with this weppon and tell your Wife!" I recovered myself in a moment, that larst awful threat recalled me to myself, and hastily swallering wot remaned of the contents of the tumbeller, I sort relief to my feelins in the cool hair of Portland Plaice.

As I warked ome a thinking of my hordacious conduck, the prus-eration amost stood on my torred, leastways I dessay it wood ha' done if it hadn't been such a preshus cold nite, and I applied my latch key to my street dore keyhole like a gilty Burglarer insted of like a onest Waiter. My fust thort was, was she hup? and if so, wood my pallid cheek of shame betray me? She was hup, and my amount of pallid cheek did betray me! And with most unusual tendernes, she says, says she, "Wot's the matter, Deer?"

Oh consence, thou minnisterring hangel! why so arnd on a pore Ed Waiter, when I'm told as ewen Princes has bin known to do wuss things than I had dun and yet bin forgiven.

A crewel libel upon as fine a peace of Sammon as I hever tasted, sufficed to delude my ankshus spowse, and I retired to my nupshal couch reformed, and repentent, and thankfull. I had indeed had a narer escape. All the nobel karakter that I had bin a bildin hup so carefully for forty year, had bin a tremblin in the balance in that Portland Plaice kitching, and it was honely the wirtuous hindignation of a British female Cook armed with the ladel of power, that had saved me from, as the French says, putting my foot into a Fo Par!

ROBERT.

MR. PUNCH'S METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS.

Hansom Cabmen.—That no hansom cabmen be allowed to carry whips, in consequence of their vicious and unskilful use thereof, whereby many of Her Majesty's lieges have lost the use of one or both eyes, and been otherwise tortured and disfigured; and that the drivers of hansom cabs be instructed to encourage their steeds, when necessary, to further exertions, by gentle and persuasive language after the manner of *Sancho Panza* to his ass *Dapple*.

Four-Wheelers.—That every driver of a four-wheeled cab be permitted to leave his box and assist in carrying luggage into a house whenever he can conscientiously affirm that his horse, whether from advanced age, natural amiability of disposition, or the habits of a lifetime, can be trusted not to inaugurate expeditions on his own account.

Infectious Diseases.—That the disinfecting of cabs by means of tobacco-smoke shall be no part of the professional duties of cabmen; but that, when necessary, all such purification shall be effected by properly authorised disinfectants.

The Confidence Trick.—That every cabman, on arriving at the end of his journey, shall, if interrogated as to his fare, demand the full legal amount, and no more, and shall not return trustful and flattering answers, such as "Leave it to you, Captain!" whereby weak-minded civilians are wheeled into overmuch outlay.

Measures of Length.—That every cabman be compelled to go through a fortnight's judging-distance drill, and that he shall not receive his licence until he have thoroughly mastered the fact that five hundred yards do not make a statute mile.

Femmes Soles.—That all ladies travelling as *femmes soles*, who intend only to remunerate the cabman at the rate of 50 per cent. more than his legal fare, be recommended, when they have arrived at their destination, to seek the shelter of the inside of the house, and to send the money out by a servant, unless they are engaged in writing novels *à la Zola*, in which case the study of the vernacular may be useful.

Saving Life in the Streets.—That any old gentleman whom you have saved from a painful and violent death by calling to him from your hansom cab when in danger of being run over, shall, if he proceed to curse you, and use profane language from the kerbstone—as he probably will—be at once taken before a Magistrate, and, upon conviction, fined five shillings.

Wild Beasts.—That any horse which it shall be found necessary to drive with a muzzle, a Segundo bit, a Bucephalus nose-band, and a kicking-strap, and which shall require two men to hold him while the cabman mounts his box, shall be considered unfit for the streets; and any cabman driving a horse which combines all the above peculiarities shall be deprived of his licence for a period not exceeding six calendar months.

Philanthropists.—That every contributor to *Punch*, which is synonymous with being a benefactor to the human race, shall be entitled to be conveyed anywhere within the four-mile radius for a maximum charge of one shilling.

(By Order)

PUNCH.

A REVEREND Correspondent, signing himself "SPIKED CANON," writes to say that he can give the Bishop of LONDON a new title—should he want one. It seems that Dr. TEMPLE is somewhat dilatory in appointing to vacancies, and thus obstructing promotion. "He should be called," says our excellent Correspondent, "Temple-Bar."

THE Police Constables to be known henceforth as "Warren't Officers."



THE REWARD OF SYMPATHY.

Young Genius (who has had all the talk to himself, and, as usual, all about himself). "WELL, GOOD-BYE, DEAR MRS. MELTHAM. IT ALWAYS DOES ME GOOD TO COME AND SEE YOU! I HAD SUCH A HEADACHE WHEN I CAME, AND NOW I'VE QUITE LOST IT." *Mrs. Meltham. "Oh, it's NOT LOST. I'VE GOT IT!"*

IN MEMORIAM.

Right Hon. William Edward Forster, M. P.

BORN, JULY 11, 1818. DIED, APRIL 5, 1886.

A STURDY lover of a sturdy land,
He served it, zeal at heart, and life in hand,
With valiant loyalty. A keen strong mind
That fear shook not, and faction could not blind.
That life was sapped in facing England's foes,
By peril's strain and hate's embittered blows;
And at his country's crisis, he who watched
So jealously her interests, hence is snatched.
Yet not unmarked, unmourned. E'en in the tide
Of fullest conflict, men will turn aside
To lay a well-earned laurel on the grave
Of a stout patriot and a statesman brave.

"ODI PROFANUM."—In the *Times* for April 6, it was told how GEORGE BLISS, of Beckenham, was summoned for using "a profane word." What it was the report did not state. Perhaps it was such a very "big big D" that the printing and publishing of it would have amounted to a Capital offence. It seems that, except by bringing him up before a Magistrate, his neighbour has no other way of relieving himself of the annoyance caused him by the inability of Mr. GEORGE BLISS to find any other way of relieving *himself* of annoyances, except by using such awful language as turned the abode of BLISS into a Pandemonium, and so BLISS was fined two shillings and one shilling costs—"thirty-six d" altogether—which must have made him exclaim, "Well I'm Bliss'd!" Now if this Act, which is down upon all such deeds (or write it thus, d—ds) were only put into constant and active operation, why it would produce a sum sufficient to buy out the Irish Landlords, pay the National Debt, and leave a handsome surplus. Why not revive it?

PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

(By Our Special Book-Marker.)

"THE THIN RED LINE."

I COUNSEL you at once to try,
A Novel neither weak nor dry—
The Thin Red Line.
Much graphic writing here, I wot,
Is wedded to a cunning plot,
Of apt design.
You ne'er will find the interest fail
In ARTHUR GRIFFITHS' stirring tale—
The Thin Red Line!

"THE ROMANCE OF A GERMAN COURT."

THE Romance of a German Court,
No doubt, to most, 'twill prove entrancing;
A story of the thrilling sort,
With lots of courting and romancing!

"POPULAR GUIDE TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS."

THE new House, it is said, is in want of a Guide.
Well—here is a good one, it can't be denied!
It has Memos about Members, both Tories and Rads,
With their portraits, professions, their ages, and fads;
Also rules and statistics—in short, "all about it"—
So no Member or Stranger can do well without it!

"LITERARY TREASURES."

Who would not taste, to-day, of bookly pleasures?
When all can flock,
And buy for Threepence *Literary Treasures*
Of WARD AND LOCK!

"COMMON ACCIDENTS."

If broken legs and arms occur, be armed to meet them,
By reading *Common Accidents, and How to Treat them!*

"ARMA VIRUMQUE."—"Heavens! Why he's actually encouraging a revolutionary massacre. Putting weapons into the hands of the people! He's worse than the Sociables!" exclaimed Mrs. RAM, when she heard that the LORD MAYOR was "distributing alms to the Unemployed."

"HIC ET UBIQUE."—Sir CUNLIFFE OWEN's new motto:
"It's all Owen to me!"

TRUE PATRIOTISM.

THE Corporation, always to the fore when a great or good object is to be attained, having already resolved to use no iron for their new Bridge but what is of English origin and English manufacture, and that a Committee shall inquire whether City Streets cannot be paved with Asphalt without the services of Italian Workmen, have, it is said, determined to follow up their patriotic proceedings by issuing strict orders to their Hall-keeper and Proveditor that, from the First day of April, of the present year, not any of the following Foreign Manufactures shall be allowed, under any stress of circumstances, to enter within the sacred precincts of their Guildhall:—

"French Chalk, Spanish Liquorice, Italian Cream, Turkey Rhubarb, Prussian Blue, German Sausages, Chinese Lanterns, Brazil Nuts, Brussels Sprouts, Roman Candles, New York Hams, Venetian Mummies, Madeira Cakes."

This important matter, like the consideration of the proposed increase to the salary of the City Judge, was considered in secret conclave, so we have no report of the speeches made on that interesting occasion; but it is rumoured in the precincts of Guildhall that it was proposed by one learned Pundit to add to the list the following Foreign productions:—"Chicago Chickens, Civil Oranges, Egyptian Mummies, Turkish Sultanates, and Florence Nightingales." But the proposition was not agreed to.

Hit It at Last!

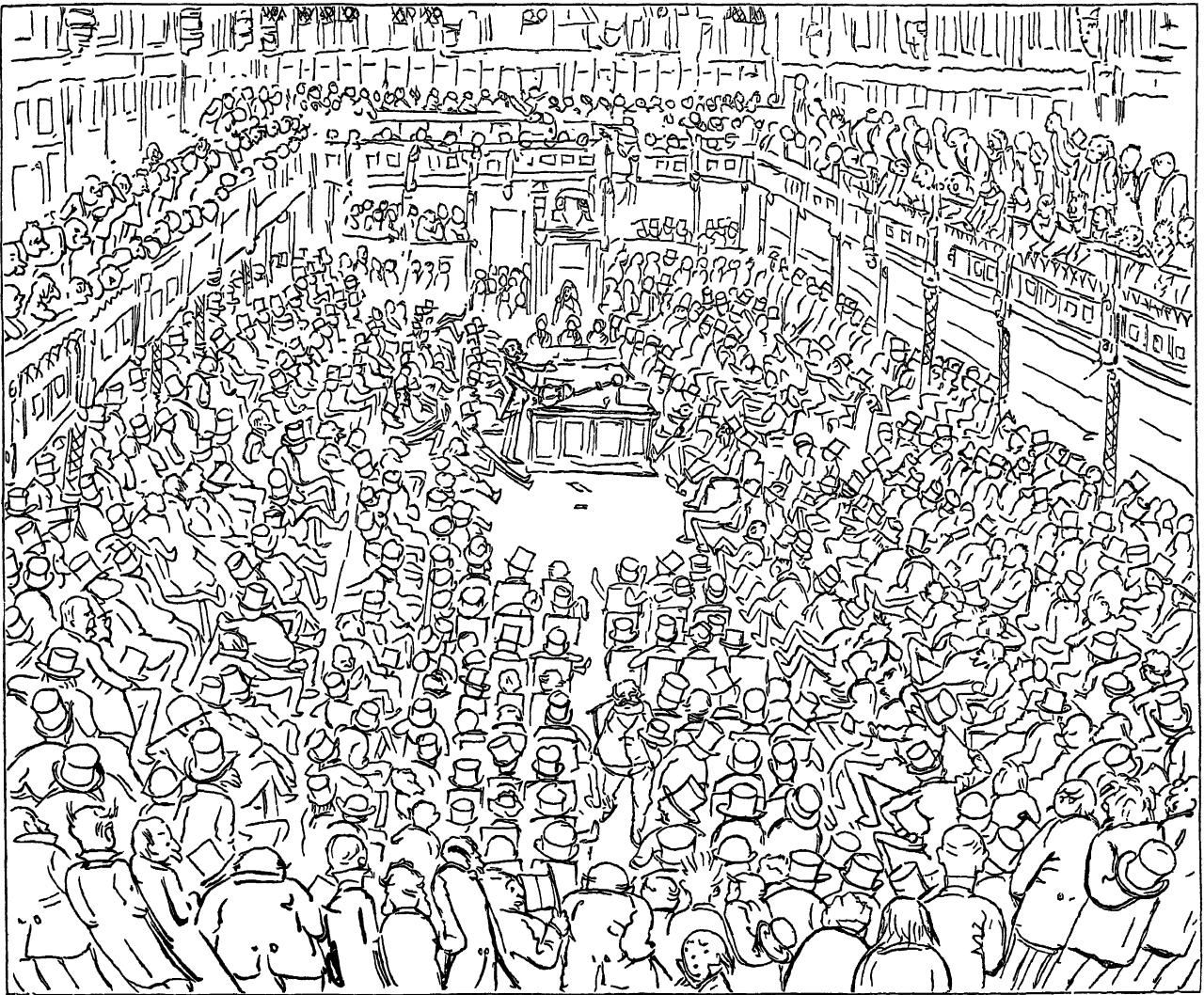
MR. PUNCH, SIR,

I HAVE seen with contemptuous derision the frantic and foolish attempts to suggest a proper designation for the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, to be opened by Her Most Gracious MAJESTY on the 4th of next month. England, Wales, and Ireland having miserably failed, Scotland comes to the rescue, as usual. There is but one designation that combines every requisite, and that is, "The Kith and Kinneries."

I am, &c.,

John o' Groats, April 1.

TRUNDLE PHILLIPS.

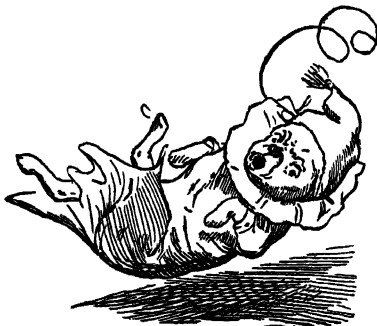


THURSDAY, APRIL 8th. Sketched by Our Artist without Elbow-room.

SENSE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE
DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, April 5.—House of Lords crowded. Counted twenty Peers to hear Lord RIBBLESDALE. RIBBLESDALE quite a political character. Not much heard of heretofore. Now suddenly blazed forth on the political horizon, threatening to smash up the Gladstone Government. RIBBLESDALE appointed Parliamentary-Groom-in-Wait-



Waking Toby.

ing. Was at Gibraltar when appointment conferred. Waited only till he got back to England and then shook the Ministry to its centre by flinging his commission in the teeth of the recreant Minister.

"I don't know what your Irish plan is," he said, in his interview with GLADSTONE, "but I won't have it."

So he left the hapless Ministry, and was immediately followed by CHAMBERLAIN and TREVELYAN.

To-night, wants ZEBEER PACHA to be set free. Formed a strong affection for him on the Rock. But there was a rival in person of HAMED the interpreter. "HAMED," said RIBBLESDALE, "is an old man now, but his beard grew in Zoological Gardens." House puzzled. Why, though an old man, his beard should not have been cultivated in the Zoological Gardens, supposing the ground there was suitable,

did not appear. Besides, why should this Arab have his beard grow in any garden? But RIBBLESDALE, having lived three months so far East as Gibraltar, had acquired habits of figurative speech. He went on to explain the meaning of his metaphor. "HAMED," he proceeded, with great solemnity of manner, "came to England as the personal escort and attendant of the first Hippopotamus that visited our shores. He learned English in a school in the Borough Road—"

"And of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," Lord ROSEBURY murmured, quoting from the familiar epitaph.

HAMED greatly enjoyed RIBBLESDALE's conversation with the old slave-trader. "So excited did he become one day," his biographer informed the listening Senate, "that he dashed his turban half off his head; and," RIBBLESDALE continued, with a knowing nod at the LORD CHANCELLOR, "an Oriental who takes liberties with his head-gear is really moved."

Lords as interested in RIBBLESDALE's narrative as the interpreter. Lord HALIFAX suddenly raised his right hand to his head. Thought he was going to dash off his hat. Contented himself with re-settling it on his head.

"It's certainly one of the advantages of civilisation," said DUNRAVEN, "that we have in 'toppers' exceptionally favourable means of expressing emotion. Unsatisfactory to dash your fist at a turban when you would say 'Dear me!' or 'God bless my soul!' But what emphasis could be added by banging in your own Sunday hat, or, better still, letting fly at the other fellow's who's been astonishing you."

As ROSEBURY said, no one who listened to this interesting speech would fail to hope that now RIBBLESDALE is released from the anxieties of office, he will often contribute to the Debates.

Thursday.—"Barks mustn't be out of this business." My last words as I fell asleep last night. Everybody going down to House to breakfast, so as to secure seat for the great speech. "TOBY shall

be there," I said. But how to get there? Very valorous at night about getting up in the morning. Quite another thing when morning comes. Know a fellow who can always get up early; name of PINCHER. Thing to do—get PINCHER to call me at Five. Had a row with him once; bit his ear; but daresay he's forgotten it. PINCHER agreed with curious alacrity. Tied string to toe, let end out of window, and went to sleep, certain to be called. So I was. Awakened before Five. Violent tugging at string. Thought at first was caught in trap; then remembered PINCHER.

"All right, old fellow!" I said. But it wasn't right. He hauled away till he pulled me clean out of bed, and jammed me against wall till, finally, I bit the string. PINCHER evidently hasn't forgotten that little affair of three years ago; and I won't forget PINCHER. Wanted him to stay this morning till I thanked him.



EARLY BIRDS. IRISH PARTY CAUGHT NAPPING.

Said he had to call another fellow, and trotted off. But we shall meet again.

This by the way. Only mentioned to show what a fellow determined to do duty to his Constituents has to go through. Limp down to House. Confounded string nearly taken toe off. Desperately cold; wind and rain. Found D. SULLIVAN at door, waiting to get in. Raced him across the Lobby, and, in spite of lameness, won by a neck. Not long in sole possession. Irish Members came trooping in. Hats of various sizes and qualities began rapidly to blossom all over the Benches. At Half-past Eight breakfast ready. Members walked off, leaving House empty. Took opportunity of playfully mixing up the hats. Retired to Gallery to see the fun. Great row when Parnellites came back. Decided that it must be the Ulster Members who had done it. Major SAUNDERSON entering,



"Gallery Boys,"—an Ugly Rush of Peers.

quarter of an hour later, received with yell of execration. Still later, Lord ERNEST HAMILTON came in, both hands full of red bills. Made tour of Benches, dropping a bill in each hat.

"What's he after?" JOSEPH GILLIS asked, with sharp distrust.

"It's PEARS's Soap," said TIM HEALY. "Capital idea. Remunerative occupation for reduced Landlords. Drop a bill in every hat. 'Use PEARS's Soap. Lights only on the box.'"

JOSEPH still doubtful. Went over to see what it was all about. Found that Lord ERNEST had been distributing bills setting forth reasons why an Englishman should oppose Home Rule. Evidently it was Lord ERNEST who had tampered with the hats in the morning. His Lordship promptly howled off the premises, carrying remaining stock of bills with him.

At Half-past Four House packed from end to end. Chairs placed on the floor. Ex-Lord Mayor FOWLER presiding. Looked very well sitting in a chair all by himself in the centre of the floor. Members who had not attended breakfast sat on steps of the Gangway, crowded the Bar, thronged the space behind the SPEAKER'S

chair, and filled side Galleries. The Princess of WALES peered through the fence before the ladies' cage; got a good view of Prince of WALES, who sat opposite in the Peers' Gallery. A faint echo of cheers outside; a brief pause; then GLADSTONE, with a rose in his coat, discovered making his way through the crowd by the SPEAKER'S chair. Radicals and Parnellites leapt to their feet, welcoming him with ringing cheers and waving of hats. HARTINGTON, CHAMBERLAIN, TREVELYAN, GOSCHEN, and DILKE looked on from back bench.

Tremendous oration; nearly three hours and a half long; listened to throughout with unflagging attention. Voice kept up wonderfully well, even to the end. More cheering when PREMIER sat down; rang through the House till it seemed it would never cease. But there was more to follow. TREVELYAN to speak, and lift the curtain from the Cabinet sittings. A pause; all eyes turned to where TREVELYAN sat, nervously turning over his notes.

"Colonel WARING!" the SPEAKER cried; at which anti-climax the crowded assembly uprose with one accord, and went out laughing and cheering, tumbling over the chairs in their haste to be first in the rush for the dining-room.

Business done.—Home Rule Bill introduced.

Friday.—"Well," said JOSEPH GILLIS, with a flash of keen disappointment piercing the mist that had gathered in his eyes, "I never saw the promise of a good fight spoiled in this way."

J. B., since he has taken to sitting above the Gangway, amid the flower of the Conservative gentry, has so far yielded to circumstances as to put on a pair of black dogskin gloves, which look as if they had been present at many funerals. It is idle to paint the lily, or adorn the rose; but undoubtedly the unwonted appearance of these gloves add distinctly to the respectability and responsibility of JOSEPH'S presence. Being seated above the Gangway, JOE B. had a full view of the remarkable scene going forward on the other side. At the corner seat below the Gangway, CHAMBERLAIN, relating history of his connection with the Cabinet. GLADSTONE, half reclined on Treasury Bench, listened intently, apparently watching for something he expected to come.

"Well, Sir," said CHAMBERLAIN, continuing his speech, "this scheme of Land Purchase was certainly to me a very startling proposal." (GLADSTONE raised himself on his elbow.) "It involved the issue of 120 Millions of Consols."

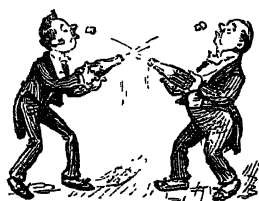
GLADSTONE bounded to his feet, standing erect, with hands crossed before him, shoulders squared, and head thrown back. "Exactly like the Millais portrait," said AGNEW. Speaking in severest tones, he protested against Land Purchase Bill being brought into discussion before it had been submitted to the House. This only the beginning of the squabble. CHAMBERLAIN wanting to read letters, GLADSTONE firmly objecting. But storm blew over, and CHAMBERLAIN safely reached the end.

Business done.—Home Rule Debate continued.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

DUMB-CRAMBO'S VOLUNTEERY CONTRIBUTIONS.



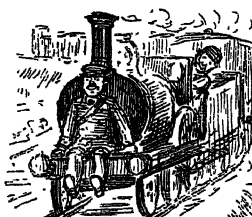
A "Cham" Fight.



Calling a Halt.



A Staff Officer.



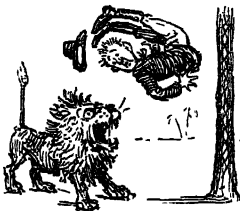
An Advanced Guard.



Scouting.



Opportunity for Drill.



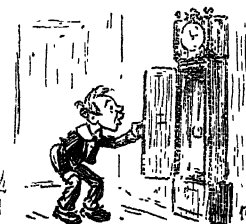
Detachment Falling Back on the Mane Body.



Operating with a Body of Wrigglers.



Bar-rack Experiences.



Tac-tic-al Observations!

THE LATEST LAY SERMON.

THE following letter is said to have been addressed to a friend by Professor CRUXLEY, a fortnight ago:—

Of course, like my friend TINDERBOX, I am profoundly disgusted with English politics. The PRIME MINISTER ought to be known to posterity as "Disruption BILL." It is a curious fact that our public men have been steadily growing worse and worse since the beginning of the century, which seems flatly to contradict the great doctrine of Evolution and Development, in which, however, I am a firm believer. The more eminent a Statesman is nowadays, the greater humbug and hypocrite he is, in my opinion, though the scientific fact of "the Survival of the Fittest," somewhat militates against my theory.

Where can you show me a PITT? Where a STRAFFORD? The latter's Irish policy is exactly what is wanted.

That's the true policy for you. My opinions are, I assure you, well worth studying, because an Expert in Science naturally knows everything about politics, also about Theology—and I may say that I have for ten years past religiously (ahem! to speak conventionally, or conventionally) tried (and failed), with a damp towel round my head, to understand every Bill that GLADSTONE has introduced in that time! It has rather interfered with the business of my life, which is Science; but what of that?

Have you read my *Evolution of Theology* yet? If not, why not? There's a crusher for that "copious fallacy-monger" and "poor right honourable rhetorician," if you like!

I view GLADSTONE, and, indeed, most persons and things, from which I may call the impartial and superior standpoint. I'm no end of a speaker myself, but from a Laboratory point of view, I affect to despise everybody endowed with the gift of eloquence. An eloquent man is nearly sure to be a scoundrel. That's why I prefer PARNELL to GLADSTONE, because the former is not eloquent, only superbly honest.

I myself have always been a Liberal. Yet how much jollier and more comfortable everything seemed when I was a boy! That was in the days of Tory ascendancy, which of course, as a good Liberal, I cordially detest. Both parties now are politically insane, and actuated only by the meanest motives. In fact, if you want real statesmanlike ability and absolute integrity, I don't know where you will find it—except, of course, in TINDERBOX and myself.

A MYSTERY.

WHAT is the meaning of this in the current number of the *Athenæum*?

FINE ARTS.—WANTED, a GENTLEMAN, to take charge and canvass a new and important Picture. Good references required.

We all remember the sensation that was caused when sundry unknown people charged pictures at the Royal Academy with sharp-pointed instruments, and caused alarming rents and scratches on valuable paintings. This Advertisement seems to point to a fresh assault. It is quite right that, if the assaulter took and charged the picture, that he should be required to canvass it; but would not it save everybody a great deal of trouble and expense if the thing were let alone altogether? Possibly there is a hidden meaning in the paragraph that we fail to comprehend.

CASUAL MUSIC.

A good hall for first-class Orchestral Concerts is sorely needed at the West End. There is the Albert Hall, which is too large for almost anything but Oratorio, or manifestations under exceptionally "drawing" patronage (there is plenty of drawing room), and there is the Prince's Hall, which is more adapted to the requirements of a Pianoforte, or other Recital. But if you want to make a splash, it appears a *sine quâ non* to rent St. James's Hall.

So the "Strolling Players"—who from being amateurly dramatic have "dropped into" music, as Mr. Wegg did into poetry, and I don't mean to "drop into" them on that account,—gave a very fair entertainment here, the amateur instrumentalists—more LISZTS!—being leavened with a judicious admixture of professional assistance in the "wood" and "brass." Mr. LIONEL HUMBLE, a baritone, who sang DE LARA's "*Mine To-day*" to the Composer's accompaniment, is, if not already a strolling player, rapidly qualifying for enrolment. The way in which he sauntered through his music, which is nothing unless impassioned, must have been a revelation of pathetic futility to ISIDORE. Of course the Band was what most people had come to hear, and under the youthful but energetic Conductor, Mr. NORFOLK MEGONE, it played BEETHOVEN's Second Symphony, and BIZET's *Suite "L'Arlesienne"* with a creditable amount of precision. The last-named work is indeed sweet. But the fiddlers want weeding as badly as any over-grown garden. Half of them don't play, and the volume of sound produced is poor and undecided. They bow too little and scrape too much. Otherwise the Concert was well worth hearing, and of course it would not have been complete without a work by the Composer of *St. Elizabeth*. A kind of mental aberration has set in amongst musical caterers, and so, of course, Mr. MEGONE (Ochone! Mr. MEGONE!) had "got him on the"—programme. NIBBELUNGELET.

WANTED.—A Batch of New Politicians, "toned up" to the requirements of the Superior Person. One of the tragic features of the present time is, that the Superior Person has to stand aside from any participation in Politics. They are not up to his mark. He has consequently to look helplessly on while, as Professor HUXLEY temperately and originally puts it, the country is "going to the devil." What we want are Statesmen whom such beings as TYNDALL, HUXLEY, and LECKY can work with. If there be any such hiding themselves anywhere, let them turn up, and save their country. They must be prepared to "stand up," say a number of rude and violent things about everybody else, and, if need should arise, "lose their heads." They must have none of the qualities of either Mr. GLADSTONE or Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, who, between the pair of them, only anger the Superior Person, and prevent his voting at all. And what's the use of the British Constitution and the Ballot Act if he doesn't vote? They must be prepared, above all things, to defy "average opinion," that is, to govern without a party, and legislate without a majority. Then the Superior Persons will support them. But they must not be eloquent. The Superior Person will supply all that is wanted in that line. The new Statesmen, "of the calibre of PITT and BURKE," must be slow of speech—like BURKE, and tongue-tied—like PITT. Surely here's a chance for a new Party Leader. He will have his party ready to hand in the Superior Persons.

PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

(By Our Special Book-Marker.)

"ALL BUT."

AND who is PEN OLIVER? Well, can't you guess?—
An author, a painter, an F.R.C.S.:
Who'll cure you, or dine you, or show with delight
A wondrous collection of rare Blue-and-White.
His pencil is skilful, you see by each cut
Throughout the good tale that is christened *All But*.
He cleverly tells of the humour, the strife,
And pleasures and people of Laxenford life:
The plot? Read the story—I think you'll say, then,
The pen of PEN OLIVER's "all of a pen"!

"POETS IN THE GARDEN"

MISS CROMMELIN here shows her pow'rs,
And culls with circumspection
Of flow'rs of speech, and speech of flow'rs—
A very choice selection!
A dainty volume is it not?
Delightful to o'er-ponder;
A pleasant poets' garden-plot,
Where all will gladly wander!

"THE CHANDOS CLASSICS."

OF good sterling reading, WARNE here gives you plenty!
Select what you please from one hundred and twenty
Stout volumes well-printed and carefully bound—
Within them the best British Authors are found—
If you've not seen these Classics, you speedily should,
They're as good as they're cheap, and as cheap as they're
good!

"Armed with Thunder, Clad with Wings."

FROM the reply of Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN to a question put by Sir R. FOWLER, it seems that an official inquiry is proceeding on a scheme of aërostation proposed by General HUTCHINSON, who is said to have designed long "cylindrical navigable balloons of a most formidable character when used as engines of war." This project is as yet *in nubibus*, but there, or thereunder, at a convenient altitude, will, if proved practicable, by-and-by be also those balloons. Patriotic Britons, accustomed to sing "*Rule Britannia*," may then, in addition to "*BRITANNIA rule the waves*," as well take to singing "*BRITANNIA rule the skies*," while JOHN BULL, brandishing shells for thunderbolts, will be in case to pose, at pleasure, as a truly jovial Jupiter Tonans in top-boots. Our appropriate chorus will be—

"JOHN BULL in the chair,
Of the skies Lord Mayor."

Well, by all means let the subject, like our things from the wash, be well aired.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

She. "AND SO YOU ARE GOING TO AMERICA! WHAT LINE ARE YOU GOING BY?"

He. "WELL, I CAN'T MAKE UP MY MIND. THE 'LONE STAR LINE' IS THE MOST COMFORTABLE, THEY SAY; BUT THEN THE 'WHITE STRIPE' IS THE SAFEST!"

She (kindly). "OH, TAKE THE MOST COMFORTABLE!"

PAGE FROM A BAD WOMAN'S DIARY.

Monday.—Am scribbling this before I go to the Old Bailey. Such a glorious chance! Young Mr. YAWBOROUGH told me last night, as we walked home from Church, that if I came early he could get me a place where I could see, what he called, "the whole bag of tricks." He said he thought it would be "great fun." And I think he is right. It appears that to-day will be the last of the Trial. He said that it would be "capital, as a real good hanging Judge was trying the Prisoner." This is most lucky, as I have never seen anyone sentenced to death. He told me to mind and bring a luncheon-basket, as when once I had got a place I should "have to stick to it, as there would be an awful squash." These young men are so fond of slang! Well, I think I look very nice. Half-mourning out of compliment to the poor creature in the dock. ESTELLE has made me look so nice. I shall take this diary with me in the carriage, as I daresay I shall have lots of time for writing when I get into Court.

10'30 o' Clock.—Young Mr. YAWBOROUGH has been so kind. Such a lovely place! Can see the face of the Prisoner quite distinctly without my opera-glass. The Judge such a nice old gentleman, and so full of jokes! And the Aldermen so funny. It's awfully nice. And as that dear ESTELLE put two or three of my favourite novels into the carriage for me, I have lots to read while they are going through the tedious medical evidence. Lots of people I know here, too. Fancy that demure little MARY FRECKLETON giving up her "Poor Visitation" to come and see the fun! The Jury seem rather pale—that's because they have been locked up together through the Sunday. Mr. YAWBOROUGH says that they are all in custody, and yesterday were taken out for a drive in an omnibus. So funny! The whole thing is very interesting. Another Medical Witness! So

tiresome! However, can read my novel and the *Queen*. CHARLEY—I mean Mr. YAWBOROUGH—has furnished me with a lot of literature, as he said that he "thought I might be bored by some of the Show."

1 o' Clock.—Just putting down a few notes after the summing-up for the Prisoner by her Counsel. She looked so anxious, poor wretch! while it was going on! I am not surprised, as Mr. BOOKER-VILLE is what CHARLEY—I should say, Mr. YAWBOROUGH—calls "a duffer." He says that she hadn't enough money to get anyone better. CHARLEY tells me he would have defended her for nothing, and then have got his name in the papers! We laughed so. He is very amusing. They are going to adjourn before the counsel for the Crown sums up against her. Now for the luncheon-basket! Not sorry as all this excitement has made me hungry!

3 o' Clock.—Really a most delightful little pic-nic. The *foies gras* sandwiches, CHARLEY said, were "first-rate." Greedy fellow! Feel all the better for the sherry and seltzer. The Counsel for the Crown was simply beautiful. He put the case so neatly and made the Prisoner, poor wretch, quite angry! From what he says I fancy she must have been fearfully heartless. I rather liked the shape of her bonnet—it suited her pale complexion.

5 o' Clock.—Never more excited in my life. The Judge (as CHARLEY said) "came out strong." He was so interesting when he explained the natures of gun-shot wounds, and his snubbing of the Counsel for the Prisoner was very amusing. Poor young man! he looked so confused when the Judge forgot his name. It was all so funny! And then when the Jury went out to consider their verdict, it was so exciting! Of course, every opera-glass in Court was directed at the Prisoner. Mine was a very good one, and I could distinctly see her tears! Poor wretch! I dare say it was very trying, but I could not help thinking why they did not put her in a prison dress—it would have been more



PECKING HOLES IN IT.

picturesque!—very much more picturesque! When the Jury came in, CHARLEY touched my arm (it made me thrill—he really is very sweet), and said, “I’m sure it’s all right.” And so it was. The Judge was most impressive in passing sentence, and nearly made me cry. But just as I was taking out my handkerchief, CHARLEY said such a funny thing about the black cap that I absolutely roared! And I told him not to be so silly. And while I was speaking they took away the Prisoner, and I didn’t see her again. So disappointing! But I think I shall remember her bonnet. It really was most becoming. I must get ESTELLE to copy it for me.

10 o’ Clock.—Home again. CHARLEY coming to lunch to-morrow. And now, before I go to bed, I must send a line to refuse Lady UPPERPIMLICO’s invitation to “the play, with supper to follow.” What a creature she is! Fancy suggesting such a thing! She ought to know that I have conscientious scruples! I may have faults, but I am not quite so wicked as to go to a theatre in Lent!

WILL “the Lovers’ Quarrel” between WILLIAM and JOSEPHINE be soon made up? Is WILLIAM serenading the obstinate fair one, with “Come back to Erin, Mavourneen”?

GEMS OF THE FIRST WATER.

THE Jolly Young Watermen of Piccadilly have opened the Picture Season. So up the stairs we go with an opening chorus—

Of course we've all heard of the Jolly Young Watermen,
Who brush and pencil so deftly do ply;
There are amongst Painters no trimmer or tauter men
Than at the Institute, Pic-ca-dil-ly.
Their list is brilliant, all painting cleverly,
Though, to complete it, they lack Mr. BEVERLEY.
Of praise it is hard to give each his fair share,
So, pray take advice,—cab or 'bus,—and go where
You will find "Entertainment" that's "Linton"—not spare.

Yes, decidedly a "Linton Entertainment," commencing in the last week of Lint, and just before Oily Week.

Whether they're all quite up to the High Water mark of former years, will be a matter of opinion. For ourselves, we don't think, take 'em for all in all, that they are. But no matter, it is a pleasant watery-sunshiney exhibition. It ought always to open in April, the most appropriate month for the Watercolourists; and, to save our readers intending to visit the Institute time and trouble, we select some Gems of the First Water:—

No. 19. 'Arry and 'Arriet at a Pic-nic. By G. G. KILBURNE, R.I.

No. 33. "Look at my New Dressing-gown! I must come out and show it!" E. H. CORBOULD, R.I.

No. 35. "I can't a tail unfold," ARTHUR WARDLE.

No. 43. Bunny'uns. J. SHERRIN, R.I.

No. 99. The Grand "Old Man." ARTHUR SEVERN, R.I.

No. 100. Scene from a new Ballet Extravaganza, entitled Boulogne



Sands, at the Alhambra Theatre of Varieties, Leicester Square. New properties, dresses, and appointments. Costumes by AUGUSTE & CIE. Music by M. JACOBI. Scenery and grouping invented by WILLIAM L. THOMAS, R.I.

No. 113. "Trying it on!" All the charm of Novelty! Portrait of an Anglican Clergyman in an ecclesiastical vestment which, not being accustomed to it, he has put on wrong side foremost. But they will do these things at Llanfynydd, where they think it's a case of "safe investment," says the Artist, MARY E. BUTLER.

Perhaps the real gem of the Collection is No. 216. (See our Illustration of it.) The visitor to the Gallery will be at once struck by a glimpse of the sportsman's familiar features, who, standing on one side of the lake, is taking a pot-shot at what seems to be a fine specimen of the *Asinus Scandinavicus*, or real Swedish Donkey, which is getting out of the water and attempting, donkey that he is, to climb the opposite bank. Inspecting the picture closely, the visitor will entertain no sort of doubt as to the noble sportsman in question being intended for a representation of H.R.H. the Prince of WALES,



No. 216. "An Anxious Moment; or, What will he do with it?"

who, it appears, when in Sweden, goes out shooting attired in a saffron-coloured suit, with pink boots, blue shirt, a bright green chamois-hunter's hat, and greenery-yallery gloves, which, strange to say, have had such a startling effect on the Royal British constitution that H.R.H.'s hair and whiskers have turned the same hue as the gloves. Or is it that the Artist ran short of colour, and having painted the gloves first, had no other pigment for the Prince's hair? Examine it closely, and if it isn't so, then are our eyes jaundiced and we don't know greenery-yallery when we see it.

In a punt just below are two Swedes, who, evidently not possessing

implicit confidence in the accuracy of the Prince's aim, are trying to hide themselves away in a place of safety. The agony expressed on the countenance of the first man in the boat, "Stroke," is powerfully depicted by the Artist. He has cleverly seized the moment when "Bow"—of course they are both Swedes—is thinking of his wife and family at home, and is turning as pale as one of his own native turnips. That they have some reason for their trepidation is plain if you examine the Royal Shooter, and you will see that his clear blue eye—the painter has given him such a blue eye! it would have been constructive disloyalty to have given the Prince a black one,—is fixed, not on the long-eared donkey in the distance, which should be the object of his aim, but on the two men in the punt,—distinctly, and severely, on those two men in the punt. Ah! well may they quake! For if H.R.H. misses, he will be angry with these two donkeys for distracting his attention from the other donkey; and if he doesn't hit the animal, there's no telling where the shot mayn't go. So these two men in a punt will catch it in any case. No wonder, then, that on the bank, in a safe position, and well out of all chance of danger, a stalwart figure is kneeling, and, it may be naturally supposed, devoutly praying for the successful issue of the shot. We have christened it "An Anxious Moment," and, evidently, so it was considered by the Artist, who—the sly dog!—is in hiding somewhere well out of gunshot.



No. 369. Mermaid ready dressed, and waiting for somebody to take her out—of the sea.

After this *chef d'œuvre*, others fall a trifle flat, but we give a sketch of No. 369, by Miss MAUDE GOODMAN, and we also draw—attention, to Nos. 460—472. "Gone"—Mad! A Scene at the Lunatic Dogs' Asylum. STANLEY BERKLEY.

No. 1004. Quite 'Armless! "Observe!—nothing up my sleeves!" Motto—"Keep up your Becker!"

Nos. 511 and 509. By Miss ELLEN G. HILL and Sir JAMES LINTON, P.R.I., respectively, which may be called "The Rival Pianos,"

No. 511 saying, "Wonder if she can hear me two doors off?" and No. 509 chuckling to herself, "I'll put my hand down on a lot of notes at once, and see how No. 511 will like that!"

No. 503, we imagine, must be called "Rags and Tatters." Oddly enough we find it is by Mr. HARRY BECKER. A Becker is associated with rags and tatters, and this picture at our elbow—"BECKER my neighbour"—is the "Poor Becker Girl." We've nothing left to give her, so—"Not to-day, Becker," and pass on to

No. 593. *The March Past the Almshouses*—a Call to Alms?—is one of E. A. ABBEY (R.I.)'s Abbey thoughts. Why soldier in white paper trousers? Raw Recruit well done.

No. 614. "Food for Powder," also "drink for powder." Notice Powder seated, glass in hand, and bottle near. FRANK DADD, R.I. Is "DADD" the father of the Institute?

No. 787. *Found at Last?* Here he is, the Man in the White Hat, who stole the donkey, hidden in this charming spot, but discovered by JOHN FULLEYLOVE, R.I. (What a sweet name!)

No. 997. Excellent specimens of "Old Chelsea!" *Virtuosi* will be delighted with this collection by W. H. WEATHERHEAD, R.I.

"HOW AND WHERE TO FISH IN IRELAND" is just about to be published by Messrs. SAMPSON, Low & Co. It may be a useful book, but surely the first question, as to "How to fish in Ireland," is soon answered with, "Same as in England, with rod, line, nets, bait, &c." Then for the second query, "Where to fish in Ireland," surely the answer is, "in the water—same as anywhere else." Of course there are queer fish on land in Ireland, as well as elsewhere; but this isn't what the writer means. And who is the writer? Anonymous; but we shrewdly suspect that this Guide is by a Pedestrian Angler, whose name is "HOOKY WALKER."



"ET NOSE MUTAMUR IN ILLIS."



"ALEX. ROSS'S Nose Machine, a contrivance which, applied to the Nose for an hour daily, so directs the soft cartilage of which the member consists, that an ill-formed nose is quickly shaped to perfection."—*Extract from Daily Paper.*

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I BEG to enclose
The account of a plan for improving the Nose,
Half a guinea the price, and very cheap too,
If it only does half it professes to do.
By this wonderfully simple machine the inventor
Declares he can alter the shape of your scenter.
Give the nose of a Roman,
Or fine British yeoman,
Or a Jew, or a Hottentot, or Esquimaux man;
Or if it's your fate
To have had, up to date,
A crooked one, quickly he'll make it quite straight;
I even would bet
You'd be able to get
What TENNYSON swears by, the *Nex à Lynette*.
And which, from the Laureate's tale, one supposes!
Is by a great deal the most charming of Noses.
There's only one thing that I cannot make out,
Among all these dodges for changing the snout,
I fear lest it's proved a task over the strength
Of the maker to compass curtailing the length;
Though sincerely I trust,
As you know that I must
For the sake of your slightly elaborate snorter,
That it teaches a system for making them shorter;
You cannot complain,
There's really no pain,
P'raps at first you won't like it, but try it again;
An hour a day,
It isn't much, eh!
For the sake of a beautiful *nex retroussé*;
From ten till eleven,
Six days in the seven,
Will give you the Nose of an angel of heaven.
That's to say, if it's true what authorities tell,
That those creatures require an organ of smell,
Though I shrewdly imagine, the bad ones who fell,
And were instantly turned out of heaven pell-mell,
And ever since then have resided in hell,
Would find on the whole they got on just as well
Without any feature which should them compel
To sniff up the savoury odour of—well,
A bouquet de rôti au feu éternel,
And not quite the thing you would get from RIMMEL.
But I fear this digression
About the possession
Of Noses by those who went in for secession,
Has nothing to do with the matter in hand;
However it's written, and so let it stand.
Now, all that I say,
Is, don't lose a day,
But at once buy a sample of this Mr. Ross's
Inexpensive machine to put on your proboscis;
And if by this plan
You find that you can

Turn your surplus of longitude into
some latitude,
I shall think myself amply repaid by
your gratitude;
And all that I pray,
In return for the way
I have shown you of easily changing
your *nex*,
Is that when to your fancy you've
moulded your cartilage,
You'll sometimes remember what I on
my part allege,
Which is this: there's no organ the
world can produce
Which combines the essentials of beauty
and use,
So well as that feature which grows on
your face,
And lends to your lineaments much of
their grace;

This organ, which doctors have christened
"olfactory,"
Is at once a delight and a trusty phy-
lactery;
It's sometimes a pleasure and sometimes
a pain,
A benefit now, and now almost a bane.
It enjoys the perfume of a rose after rain,
And it warns you against an unsavoury
drain;
And it follows, *de hinc*,
It can trace every link
Between the sweet delicate scent of a
pink
And a poisonous putrid monsoon of a
stink;
And so I propose
My epistle to close
With this piece of advice—"Always
follow your Nose!"

[We are quite sure our poetic contributor means his advice well and kindly, but Mr. Punch, being asked whether he will avail himself of it for his beautiful and unique nose,—"the noblest Roman of them all"—replies, with Quaker-like simplicity, "*Nex*."—Ed.]

THAMES BYE-LAWS.

THE Conservators, as they are called, of the River Thames, anxious apparently to prove their rightful claim to the title, have lately published a series of Bye-laws for the regulation of that River, which said Bye-laws, instead of being received with that respect and even gratitude that was probably expected, have been denounced at various meetings, of a more or less public character, as not only unnecessary but tyrannical, and even incomprehensible. Mr. Punch, therefore, being, as is well known, the recognised guardian of the rights of the Public to the free and uninterrupted use of their own beautiful River, has directed his Boating Young Man to peruse these same Bye-laws, which he has done with varied emotions; astonishment, perhaps, being the predominant one. But there is one complaint made by some unreasonable men in which he cannot participate. They are said to be difficult to understand. Let him, then, test the accuracy of their statement, and what does he find? Why the first sheet and a half are filled with explanations of the meaning of the most ordinary words they use, so that no one need refer to a Dictionary for a definition. For instance, a Person shall include any Body, whether with a Corporation or not. How kind, too, of them to inform an astonished world that a "Pleasure Vessel" means "a Vessel used for Pleasure!" and that Pleasure Navigation does not mean Navigation for the conveyance of merchandise.

Perhaps a carping Angler or Boatman might sneeringly suggest that he knew that before, but how many of either of those pleasure-seeking races could tell off-hand, without a pause for deep reflection, the various meanings that these despotic Conservators ordain that the word Vessel shall mean. Let them read and wonder. "Vessel shall mean any ship, lighter, barge, launch, house-boat, boat, sailing-boat, punt, wherry, randan, skiff, dingey, shallop, canoe, raft or craft." Sixteen definitions of one little word. What more could the most fastidious of Strokes or the thickest of Skullers require? These Bye-laws, we are asked to believe, are to facilitate the enjoyment of the Public on their own River, so let us see what Bye-law No 5 says, in this respect. "No person shall knowingly use, or assist, or be concerned in using, or cause or suffer to be used upon the River Thames any vessel for pleasure navigation, unless it be registered and marked as in these Bye-laws provided," under a penalty of 40s. for the first offence, or 5s for the second, and no person shall knowingly hire, or let for hire, or hold out for hiring, or offer for hiring, or suffer to be let for hire, or permit to be let for hire for pleasure navigation any vessel, unless as aforesaid, and under penalties as aforesaid. Can anything be conceived more exquisitely ludicrous?

Two or three young fellows from a City Office run down by train to Sunbury or Hampton for a few hours' row on the beautiful River. They jump into a boat, and away they go on their healthful and happy way, little knowing, poor fellows, what fearful risk they run of heavy penalties. For unless they have previously ascertained, in some way not explained, that the boat they are rowing in so joyously has been registered and marked, as in these Bye-laws provided, each of them will be liable to a penalty of forty shillings!

And what a wonderfully complex business this same registration is. The owner must give his *true* name and residence, the number of vessels belonging to him, the class to which each belongs, and each such vessel must have upon her bow the owner's number, and under that the vessel's number, and those numbers must be in black figures, two and a half inches in length, and proportionately thick, of a block (not blockhead) character, and shall be upon a white square, of such a size as shall leave a clear margin of at least one inch in width outside the numbers on every side thereof—and so on, with no less than eleven more lines of similar twaddle devoted to this infinitesimally small subject. And even this is not all, for the Conservators reserve to themselves the right to require the marking of any vessel to be altered in any way they think proper, and at any time. These regulations are but a sample of a series of Bye-laws for the Navigation of the River Thames, which are perhaps unequalled for their uselessness, their complexity, and the amount of annoyance they will cause to all who delight in gaining health, strength, and enjoyment on our beautiful River.

(Signed)
(Countersigned)

MR. PUNCH'S YOUNG MAN.
MR. PUNCH.



AN EYE FOR ESSENTIALS.

Mamma (*House-hunting for the Season*). "IT'S A GOOD HOUSE FOR A DANCE, EMILY!"

Emily. "THE ROOMS ARE RATHER SMALL, AREN'T THEY?"

Mamma (*who knows how Matches are made*). "YES; BUT WHAT A CAPITAL STAIRCASE!"

"I SEE BEFORE ME A DIVIDED-SKIRT!"

A WRITER in the *Figaro* thus describes the divided skirt.—

"Jupe partagée consiste en un pantalon, sur lequel tombe jusqu'à la cheville, une sorte de draperie dont les plis cachent en partie les deux côtés de la culotte. Ces plis ne sont qu'une concession, cela est clair, et ils sont appelés à disparaître."

Should BRITANNIA, the Elder sister, agree with the Grand Old Man-milliner, and think the divided skirt highly becoming, then, as surely as fashions change, the elegant and graceful folds in the dress, which are only a concession to BRITANNIA's and CALEDONIA's ideas of propriety, and of the fitness of things, will entirely disappear—and then? And then, Mr. JOHN BULL, who will wear *les pantalons*?

"REVENGE! TIMOTHEUS CRIES!"

MR. TIMOTHY HEALY—physically, Tiny TIM by the side of Mr. PARNELL, though, morally, rather the opposite of *Tiny Tim*, who was always for blessing everybody, and being uncommonly gushing and sentimental—in the course of the Home Rule (first reading) debate, said, "Whenever ROSSA wanted a quotation or a couplet (against Ireland) he could always find one to his purpose in the *Times* or *Punch*." We know of whom it is said he can always find, even in Scripture, a quotation to his purpose, so we thank TIM for the compliment, though O'DONOVAN ROSSA won't; and passing over the unwarrantable familiarity on the part of Tiny TIM in speaking of our worthy and revered Master as "*Punch*," without the prefix of "*Mr.*," we will say a word to TIM on the subject, and let us at once put it clearly that *Mr. Punch* is not arguing, but instructing. As Mr. McNEILL WHISTLER observes, "Look here—I'm not arguing, I'm telling you." *Mr. Punch* is the true friend of Ireland; not of Orangemen or Ribandmen, or of Invincibles, or Incorrigibles. He is the true and sincere friend of Distressful HIBERNIA, the Cinderella sister of BRITANNIA and CALEDONIA, and, as such, he has ere now pictorially, and with the deepest sympathy, represented her.

Mr. Punch (is not PUNCH an Irish name? And is there not Punch's Town? Go to!) has no steel pen hard enough, and no pencil black enough to represent the agrarian crimes, the Moon-lighters, and the assassins, who are at once the terror and disgrace of the country, nor can he, from time to time, exempt from his righteous indignation those in authority who palliate such crimes, or who, by their silence, appear to favour them, any more than he can too strongly reprobate those on the other side who are willing to accept, without careful examination, as true, and thereupon to promulgate, any story which may keep at fever-heat the bad blood between the two great factions into which the Irish people are divided.

And here *Mr. Punch* takes this opportunity of recording his admiration of the Very Reverend Canon RYAN, P.P., who, as reported in last week's *Tablet* (and, as far as we are aware, in no other English paper—Tiny TIM has reason to complain of the *Times* in such a matter, but the *Times* can take care of itself, for in partisan cases its charity begins at home, and stops there)—denounced, in the strongest terms, the perpetrators of an outrage committed on the property of Captain GEORGE DAWSON, of Ballinacourty, near Tipperary, "a kind and indulgent landlord," describing it as "wanton ruffianism," and telling the people that such deeds as these "impeded the progress of the country's independence," and were committed by "base tools in the hands of the party that desired to perpetuate her degradation and serfdom." Canon RYAN's speech, says the *Tablet*, "was throughout warmly applauded," and the people voted unanimously a resolution of sympathy with Captain Dawson, subscribing on the spot £40, the Canon leading off with £15 of it, towards "a reward for the speedy conviction of the perpetrators of this outrage." Bravo, Canon RYAN! *O si sic omnes!*

Now, Tiny TIM HEALY,
Whose mouth can be mealy
Anent the agrarian crimes,

Those words you must munch
Of "the couplet in *Punch*,"—
When you coupled him, TIM, with the *Times*.

So go on and prosper; get the best you can out of the two Bills; recollect "*Codlin's*" your friend, not *Short*," and to quote the real original *Tiny Tim*, "Bless us all!" says the true and just friend of everybody,

MR. PUNCH.



THE “DIVIDED SKIRT.”

GRAND OLD MAN-MILLINER (*persuasively*). “FITS BEAUTIFULLY, MADAM! A LITTLE ALTERATION HERE AND THERE—”

MRS. BRITANNIA. “IT’S VERY UNCOMFORTABLE,—AND I’M SURE IT ISN’T BECOMING. I SHALL NEVER GET ALONG WITH IT AS IT IS!!”

OTHER MEMBERS.



The Young Parliamentary Ayes.



The Old Parliamentary Noes.

(Companion to "The Old Parliamentary Hand.")

A GREEK FIRE-EATER.

(From the Journal of M. Deljannis.)

FURTHER hints from the Powers that I am to draw in my horns. Not if I know it. Private protest from ROSEBERY telling me that it is really too bad after all the consideration that has been shown the country, that I should go on blowing up the war-fever, and that if I don't take care they'll really be obliged to do something disagreeable in Suda Bay. Wire off to him to "come on," and that I'm not afraid. Further act up to this by calling out all able-bodied men not yet utilised between the ages of 16 and 67. Measure immensely popular. Am received in the Assembly with an ovation. TRICOUPI is hoisted by the Strangers' Gallery into the Lobby. Propose a loan of 100,000,000 francs for the purchase of ironclads and arms. Carried without a division. Explain our defiant position to Europe and announce my intention of stirring up a row at all hazards. Am cheered to the echo, and carried home in triumph on President's shoulders.

Still stronger protests from the Powers. Point out that the attitude I have taken up is suicidal. Send a stereotyped answer to all six of them, telling them to "mind their own business." Think that will wake them up. Hear from the Minister of Finance that there is some difficulty in placing the loan at anything under twenty-three per cent. Tell him he may go to thirty-three, or to any figure he likes, as long as he gets the money. Am informed by Minister of Agriculture that there are nothing but old women and children left to till the fields. Mention this in the Assembly, and it rouses them to enthusiasm. Point to the significant fact that the whole nation is in arms, and only waiting the signal to march on to Constantinople. Wonder to myself, seeing that we have only 75,000 troops, all told, while the Turks have 300,000, waiting to dispute the way with us on the frontiers, whether we shall ever get there. Still, no harm in bluster. Reads well in the papers, and hurts nobody. Talk of Thermopylae, and further rouse the frenzy of the Assembly to boiling point. A fresh credit of 200,000,000 francs voted without a division, and I am again borne home in triumph—this time on the shoulders of three ushers and M. TRICOUPI, who is forced by the majority to assist in carrying me, against his will.

Ultimatum from the Powers. Threaten that if I won't listen to reason they'll "let Turkey loose." Quite equal to them in my reply. Answer, "Do it. The sooner the better." Put on a Field-Marshal's uniform, and go round to the Departments. Hear at the Ministry of War that the Army are out of boots and gunpowder. Learn from the Admiralty that the Fleet has run short of engineers and coals. Look in at the Treasury—not a drachma in it. Am informed by the Minister of Commerce that, owing to the war-fever, trade is paralysed, and everything at a stand-still. Talk of the coming campaign, and keep up all their peckers. Dine well, and, after dinner, send off a fresh defiant despatch to the Powers, telling them "Greece does not intend to stand any more humbug from Europe." Post it in a pillar-box, and then to bed, and dream of the battle of Salamis.

THE CULTIVATION OF TOBACCO.—A Bird's-eye View: Small Profits and quick Returns. Mr. CAVENDISH BENTINCK to start a manufactory on the banks of Virginia Water, with short cut across the fields.

POETRY AND PROSE.—The address of Earl COWPER from the Chair at the Opera House Meeting: "Cowper's Task."

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED!

THE meeting at Her Majesty's Opera House having proved fairly successful, the opinions of some of the most prominent men of light and leading have been ascertained with a view to forming an Anti-Repeal of the Union Association. The following are a few of the replies—the names, for reasons that must be obvious, are purposely veiled in obscurity:—

From Lord D-rby.—Certainly. But would take no place in a Cabinet containing Sir HENRY JAMES.

From Sir H-nry J-m-s.—Certainly. But would take no place in a Cabinet containing the Earl of DERBY.

From the Duke of Argyle.—Delighted. But really must insist on the immediate abolition of the Primrose League.

From Lord R-nd-lph Ch-rch-ll.—Only too pleased. But really must insist upon the immediate extermination of the Duke of ARGYLE.

From the Duke of B-df-rd.—Quite so. But Covent Garden Market must be alluded to in terms of unqualified admiration in the speech from the Throne.

From Mr. T-by (M.P. for B-rksh-re).—Perhaps. But Mud-Salad Market must be denounced in the QUEEN'S Speech.

And Mr. P-nch.—Not impossible, on condition that he holds in his own person the offices of the entire Cabinet, and is authorised to publish, in a daily edition of the *London Gazette* (profusely illustrated and sold at a penny), a list of the few people he admires and the hundreds he justly holds in contempt.

SEASONABLE ARRIVALS.

(By a Chaffinch, a very old Bird.)

THE Nightingales have come

For their usual time to stay;

Got o'er an April glum,

Be their dole a merry May.

Spare them, you Eastwinds bitter,

So that music may ensue,

With a tootle twiddy twitter,

Jug, jug, jug, tootle too.

The weather will not suit

When the wind is blowing wrong.

Then the Nightingale is mute

Like a Queen of Opera song,

Having taken such a chill,

Thather eye bedimmed o'erflows,

And a shade of pink sits ill

On the summit of her nose.

Here comes the Cuckoo too,

Very oft a bird o'erbold,

Being apt, as well as you

And me, to catch a cold.

But he takes a wayward course,

For he will attempt to sing,

And you hear that he is hoarse

In the grove or on the wing.

The Swallow hither flies

A mate intent to take,

They pair, but two, the Wise

Say, don't a summer make.

So augury we defy,

Whatever may befall,

From swallows found my eye

And Betty Martin all.

EASTER TOY AND SWEET—"SHOP EGGS."—Mr. Punch begs to acknowledge a basket of Easter Eggs, laid at his door, the manufacture of which is to be laid at the door of Mr. CREMER Junior. Wonderful! Glass eggs holding ornaments for a Doll's House, eggs with political figures breaking out of the shell and delivering their plans *ab ovo*. Then a Hi-diddle-diddle egg, with a cat playing the fiddle, just what Alice would see on Hennybody's breakfast-table in Wonderland. Certainly for Toy-shop eggs the young ones may write in old French, to Mr. CREMER Junior (of course he's junior) and say "à Toy toujours!"

Then, for the Sweet-shop Eggs at Easter, commend us to the hens which Messrs. SPARAGNAPANE evidently feed on sweetmeats. The eggs are full of the most delicious nicies, and are as ingeniously contrived for holding "sweets" as are the small chicks in any family. When any one child has eaten an eggful, as is as full as an egg, the judicious mother will say, in the best modern Anglo-French, "Un œuf is as good as a feast."

Resignation of Sir Thomas Erskine May.

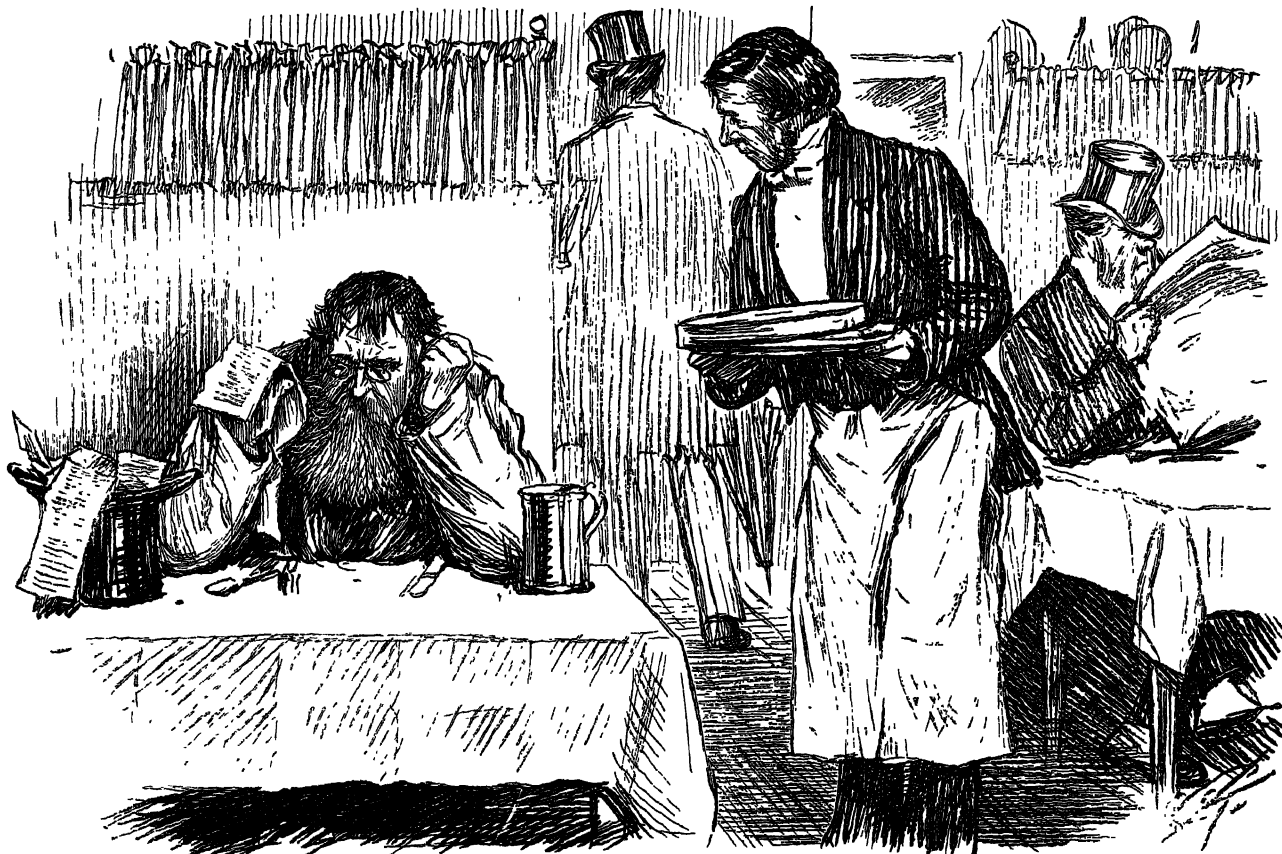
IN April of yore the Commons would say,

"All hail to your rain! surely coming is May!"

But now cry the Commons, in desolate tone,

"Here's April not over, and MAY, alas! gone!"

"IT COMES LIKE A BOON!"—Worth any hundred modern Novels, and most old ones. THACKERAY'S *Vanity Fair*. Immortal. Messrs. SMITH, ELDER & Co. are bringing out a pocket edition in two volumes. As the illustrations (except here and there a Dicky-Doyle-like vignette, were merely curiosities, the book will be all the better without them, as though no one could equal THACKERAY in his delineation of character with his pen, he was an utter failure when depicting them with his pencil.



REPLETION.

Robert. "PUDDING OR CHEESE, SIR?"

Abstracted Editor. "OWING TO PRESSURE OF OTHER MATTER, 'REGRET WE ARE UNABLE TO FIND ROOM FOR IT!'"

LYRICS IN A LIBRARY.

III.—TO "CHRISTOPHER NORTH."

O CHRISTOPHER, with eagle eye
Fixed on the water swirling,
You'd watch the predatory fly,
Before the troutlet curling.
In "sporting jacket," on the hill
You braved the winter weather:
You loved the ripples of the rill,
The purple of the heather.

With flashing glance, with "front of Jove,"
We saw you in your classes;
In "Maga's" Tory page you strove
'Gainst Cockneys, Whigs, and asses.
In sooth you made a pretty stir,
Though Southrons scarcely know it;
Professor and philosopher,
An athlete and a poet.

Nor can we praise them overmuch,
Those wit-illuminated pages,
Where *Tickler* speaks, *Kit* waves his crutch,
And *Hogg* lives for all ages.
How swift the flowing fancies come,
We count him but a zany,
Who loves not that Symposium,
"Noctes Ambrosianæ."

A critic, with the strength of ten,
None shows in fairer fashion,
How *HOMER* thrills the minds of men
With living fire and passion.
Now London bards are on your list,
HUNT's dubbed a scurvy fellow;
Anon smart *JEFFREY* feels the fist
That pounds "the Blue-and-Yellow."

The motto of our modern times
Is careless toleration;
We laugh at literary crimes,
And ban with moderation.
Great CHRISTOPHER, your greater heart
Beat fiercely, ours grow weaker;
Yet here's a bumper ere we part,
No heel-taps—brim the beaker!

MAKING IT UP.

THE proposal that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER should reduce the Income-tax to Threepence, has already produced the following suggestions for imposts to supply the calculated deficit:—

Lord Randolph Churchill.—Duty on Home-made Ulsters and Orange Marmalade.

Mr. Bradlaugh.—Ditto on owners of Uncultivated Land.

Lord Rayleigh.—Tax, in interest of Electric Lighting Companies, on Gas Consumers.

Mr. Chamberlain.—Ditto on Dames and Knights Harbinger of the Primrose League; especially on those Habitations that persist in perpetuating his association with the legend of "Three Acres and a Cow."

Mr. Labouchere.—Ditto on Hereditary Members of the House of Lords.

Mr. Gladstone.—Ditto on old Whigs, loiterers, and all half-hearted followers, who are not prepared, come what will, come what may, to back him up blindly on the 10th proximo.

AN OBJECTION TO ORANGEMEN.—They are not squeezable.

A BUCOLIC BALLADE.

"This, according to my recollection, in the old days was a general practice in the parish of Bolton Percy, and it has left upon my mind a pleasant memory of the comfort and independence of the peasantry in the village life of my youth."—*Sir W. Harcourt, in a Letter to "The Times."*

O VILLAGE days, O village days,
Ye come to me once more,
And once again my fancy strays
Among ye as of yore.
Again I see the plot of grass
Sufficient for a cow.
Fond dream! from which I wake, alas!
To ask, "Where is it now?"
Ah! times have changed, and so have men.
Things are not now as they were then!

Gone! gone the tale of home content
Told round the cottage fire!
Gone, too, the modest acre's rent,
And gone the good old Squire.
For gentle breeding years have killed,
And courtesy lies dead,
Sir WILLIAM's gracious place being filled
By somebody called "Fred."
Ah! times have changed, and so have men.
Things are not now as they were then!

CONSERVATIVE ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—As to maintaining the Union of Great Britain and Ireland—the wisdom in the Whig.

PARLIAMENTARY PROVERB.—A Four-lined Whip is preferable to a Cat-o'-nine-tails.

AT HER MAJESTY'S. (UNDER DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE.)



Scene from the First Performance of the Grand Opera, "William! Tell! or, the Revolt of the Can't-uns." By the Great Coalition Company, consisting of Signors SALISBURINI, COWPERO, GUSCHINI, ARTINTONIO, PIETRO RYLANDSO, and W. H. SMITTERINI. Première Danseuse, Mlle. FLUNKET. The Orchestra under the direction of IL CONTE DI FIFO. [The situation represented is where the Leaders of the revolt join in the Great Chorus, of which the translation has been made for us by Signor CAMBERLANO.]

Principals (ensemble).—

We take the consequences of what follers.

We will not bow to the Gladstone Collars!

Bassi (alone). We will not bow!

Tenori (alone). We will not bow!

Artintonio, Pietro, Cowpero (trio). We will not bow!

Tutti (fortissimo). We will not bow to the Gladstone Collars!

[Thunder. End of Act I.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, April 12.—House crowded again in every part. Royalty in the Galleries, and Members huddled together in the Gangways. Members generally breakfasted at home, but large numbers lunched in House. At Three o'Clock hats on every seat. Only man above suspicion is ECCLESTON GIBB. Generally admitted that there is only one hat of that kind made. If he's seen in Lobby wearing it pretty certain he can't have another one on the Bench. SPEAKER, further pressed, distinctly lays down law that Members possessing two hats securing seat with one, and leaving Palace Yard under other, lose all claim to seat. MITCHELL HENRY wants to settle matter by building new House.

"Better wait and see whether Irish Members stay with us," said Sir ROBERT FOWLER, shrewdly. "If they go to Dublin there'll be plenty of room."

Nothing so curious as sudden birth of regret at prospect of losing JOSEPH GILLIS, TIM HEALY and the rest. Was a time when it seemed that Home Rule scheme would be carried without debate, simply

because it would clear the House of Irish Members. Now, when boon offered, sternly declined. Success of Bill actually threatened on this particular ground. BURT would heartily support it, but could not stand this stipulation. BRADLAUGH took same line. Could scarcely control his voice when he referred to his hon. friends opposite. They had howled at him, voted against him, done their best and their worst to keep him out of the House. But the prospect of their being permanently banished was unbearable.

Speech of the evening from Major SAUNDERSON. Came down heavy on PARNELL in respect of his differing manner when addressing the House of Commons and when orating to mass meeting in Ireland. "If you want to see *Norval* at his best," said the Major, "you must go to the Grampian Hills; and if you want to see the modern Irish patriot at his best, you must see him when he stamps on his native bog." All very well to talk about Roumelia. "But she was man enough to take her stand," whereas Ireland was not strong enough to be free.

Business done.—Adjourned Debate on Home Rule Bill.

Tuesday.—GOSCHEN very angry with HARCOURT, who has been making jokes. Not a weakness GOSCHEN himself subject to, and will not have it in others. Only fair to HARCOURT to say that he was not jocular all through his speech. The first half-hour enlivened by

impromptus presenting themselves with great regularity upon his notes. After this, became serious, not to say funereal. "In my opinion," said BOLTON, "and I submit the opinion with deference—HARCOURT would have been twice as effective if his speech had been half as long."

GOSCHEN himself went for the Bill hammer and tongs; spoke amid continuous cheers from the Conservatives. DE COBAIN hasn't asked any questions since he put one down on the 1st April. But to-night made little speech, which testified to extreme depression of spirits. HICKS-BEACH equally heavy. On the whole, a dull night, till, just on stroke of Twelve, GLADSTONE rose. House, which had emptied under effects of HICKS-BEACH's oratory, rapidly filled up. GLADSTONE spoke for an hour, full of fire and vigour, voice apparently improved by great feat of Thursday night. Nothing more to be said when he sat down. So leave to bring in Bill granted, amid vociferous cheering.

Business done.—Home Rule Bill read First Time.

Wednesday.—Amid the clang of party combat, the creation of coalitions, and the murmur of much speech-making, JOSEPH GILLIS goes his way serene. Has taken charge of important practical reform. Let GLADSTONE try his hand again upon Ireland, let GRANVILLE look to the Colonies, and ROSEBERRY keep his eye upon foreign parts. JOSEPH has concentrated his attention upon the kitchen arrangements of the House, and means to see them improved.

"Some of them," he says, "may get the better of me in the classics. Geography, history, and the vocabulary, is perhaps none of them my forty. But I know a good cut of bacon when I see it, and the ham-cuts here are unconstitutional."

A dull day in the Commons, though BRADLAUGH contributed interesting speech in support of Bill dealing with uncultivated lands. Described how these things were arranged in China. Law there that everyone holding cultivatable lands in an uncultivated state shall be imprisoned, and the land taken from him. If land not cultivated up to its full value, the proprietor flogged.

"And that," said CAMPBELL, as he stood in the Lobby, whither he had fled after twenty minutes of this, "that is what we'll come to!"

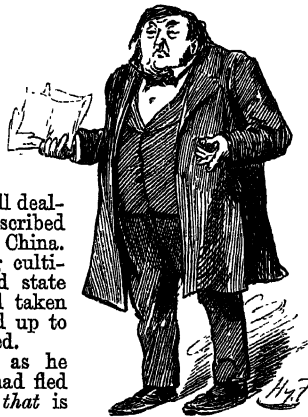
Business done.—None.

Thursday.—"My sixtieth Budget," said Lord COTTESLOE, settling himself comfortably in Peers' Gallery.



Adopting the original idea of Lord Very-Much-in-Ernest HAMILTON, so spiritedly carried out by him on the great Gladstonian Oration Day, his Lordship's services will be secured for Hatvertising in a new way.

sixty, you know! He'd come in with the first Reformed Parliament."



The Member for Extraordinary Ties—no—Tithes.

good for another dozen. Heard PEEL put on the Income-tax, and LOWE suggest Tax on Matches. Heard GLADSTONE's first Budget speech, and listened to his last. Now for HARCOURT."

But before HARCOURT came on, SPEAKER rose with letter in his hand. House instantly hushed. What's the matter? Matter enough. Sir THOMAS MAY is about to resign his place at the table, where he had sat for thirty years, —having been fifty-four years in the service of the House.

"Fifty-four Budgets," said Lord COTTESLOE, from the Gallery. "That's pretty well, but it's not

House listened with pained regret to the reading of the brief letter and to the SPEAKER's Commentary thereon. Sir THOMAS was leaving because he felt that his strength is no

longer equal to the continued strain of a laborious Session. But Members called to mind that there was another place which Sir THOMAS MAY might well have filled, and where the labour was not great nor the strain excessive.

"He could have been Clerk of Parliaments in the other House," said the Sage of Queen Anne's Gate. "CRANBROOK shall hear of this when the vote comes on for the House of Lords."

GLADSTONE so moved that he produced a bull that made Major SAUNDERS green with envy. "Without saying a word," he remarked, "I wish to give notice,"

Our Hardy Cousin.

Heavy Campbell with big stake in the country.

"Without saying a word," cried COZENS HARDY. "Why, I took his words down."

HARCOURT's Budget leaves us as we were, except that if we live in houses of less than £8 rental, we can brew beer without a licence, and that's something.

Business done.—Budget brought in.

Friday.—Once more a crowded House, and expectation centred on GLADSTONE. SPEAKER won't hear of chairs again; and Alderman FOWLER, who last week sat on a chair in the centre of the floor, adding grace and dignity to the proceedings, now startled the House by addressing the SPEAKER from back seat in the side Gallery. Old Ministers, new Ministers, and ex-Ministers, all in their places. TREVELYAN seated by himself in corner of fourth Bench below the Gangway. CHAMBERLAIN in BRIGHT's corner seat, with BRIGHT for companion. HARTINGTON and JAMES seated together immediately behind Treasury Bench; GOSCHEN in corner seat just behind.

GLADSTONE evidently conscious throughout speech of this interesting section of his audience. Turns round from time to time to address them personally. More especially turns to CHAMBERLAIN, who sits with ears pricked up, listening to PREMIER's description of a Bill greatly altered since he first made its acquaintance, and quitted the Cabinet. A dramatic scene, if we come to think of all it means beyond the somewhat prosaic exposition of a Land Bill.

CHAMBERLAIN followed in clever speech, and with plainly conciliatory manner. "Seems to me," said COURTNEY, "that they'll get CHAMBERLAIN back. Don't remember, when I left the Ministry, any special efforts to get me back."

Business done.—Irish Land Bill read First Time.

Too MILD BY HALF.—At the Pimlico Mystery Trial last week. What the Judge ought to have said was this: "I insist on this Court being cleared of all women before I commence my summing-up." No excuse admitted, no women admitted. Out you go, Ladies, Justice WILLES it so. That is, he ought to have willed it so.

NOVEL ANNOUNCEMENT.—A "Diamond in the Rough." Query: How to get it out of him?

HARCOURT's FINANCIAL ORDER OF THE DAY.—"As you were!"



COMPENSATION.

"ULLO, JONES! YOU IN PARIS!"

"YES; I'VE JUST RUN OVER FOR A HOLIDAY."

"WHERE'S YOUR WIFE?"

"COULDN'T COME, POOR DEAR. HAD TO STOP AT HOME ON ACCOUNT OF THE BABY!"

"WHY, YOUR HOLIDAY WILL BE HALF SPOILED!"

"YES. MEAN TO STAY TWICE AS LONG, TO MAKE UP!"

THE CINDERELLA OF THE ARTS.

(A Story told after Dinner.)

THERE were once three sisters, called respectively PAINTINGA, MUSICANA, and DRAMATICA, and they lived together on terms of not entire amity. PAINTINGA and MUSICANA were very proud—one had a fine House near the Burlington Arcade, where once a year she entertained the greatest of the land, and the other boasted the admiration of a Naval Royalty, who played the fiddle and once composed a Waltz. DRAMATICA had neither of these advantages, and had to satisfy herself with merely being infinitely richer than her sisters, and altogether better off. So, while PAINTINGA and MUSICANA were dining, and listening to the more or less sweet sounds of an illustrious violinist, poor DRAMATICA stayed at home amongst the wealthy and great.

One day, when the latter, as usual, was lamenting her fate—so different from her sisters—her Fairy Godfather suddenly appeared before her.

"I am not surprised that you should be sorrowful," he observed, passing his hand through his long iron-grey hair, and fixing his *pince-nez* on his nose, "for you are indeed unfortunate."

"Am I not?" said DRAMATICA, casting from her some ducal invitations that had been sent to amuse her—poor thing, she had few playthings. "Am I not, indeed?"

"It is a pity that you are not able to take a degree at Oxford and Cambridge," continued the Fairy, "or at any rate, write R.A. after your name."

"I should like to do that very much—I was always fond of the Royal Artillery," almost sobbed the poor child (she was much younger than her sisters, being scarcely three thousand years old), and thus showing her *naïveté*.

"I meant the Royal Academy," returned the Fairy Godfather,

with an amused smile; "not that the Royal Academy of Music goes for much."

"No, it does not," said DRAMATICA, decisively; "especially since the Royal College of Music took the wind out of its sails."

"Poor thing!" sighed the Fairy. "What shall I do for you?"

"I am sure I don't know. You are aware that I have a number of connections always out of an engagement. Couldn't you help them?"

The Fairy considered for a moment, and then replied,—

"Well, I would if I could. But you see, my dear, that the company at my Theatre is complete. I am afraid I couldn't promise them an engagement."

"That is very sad, for I am sure they are full of talent. Couldn't you get other Fairies with theatres like yourself to assist them?"

"That I would, indeed," replied the Godfather, earnestly; "and if anything I could say would influence them, I would utter it. But you see the other Fairies with Theatres, like myself, seem to be in a similar predicament."

Poor DRAMATICA burst into tears, and her Godfather was grieved to the heart.

"What is to become of them all?" she moaned—"the Leading Man, the First Old Woman, the Singing Chambermaid, and the Walking Gentleman? Can't you help them?"

"I have it!" cried the Fairy at last, triumphantly. "Although I and my brother Fairies like to keep our stages to our own tried companies, there is no reason why the State should not help the others. Had I my way, there should be a Grand National Theatre—say sixty miles from London, because the Government would have no right to interfere with vested interests by organising a public-purse-paid opposition—and in this Grand National Theatre all the unacting should have their chance."

"But who would go to see them?" asked DRAMATICA, smiling through her tears.

"I have nothing to do with that," replied the Fairy; "but, considering that lunatics and paupers are under Government control, there should be no serious difficulty in arranging for an audience."

"That would be very nice, indeed," said DRAMATICA. "And now, my dear friend, why did you call me the 'Cinderella of the Arts'?"

The Fairy smiled, and wiped his *pince-nez*. "Well," he began, smilingly, "I am not quite sure when I used the expression that I quite understood my own meaning. You see it was a charity dinner."

"That is scarcely an answer," replied DRAMATICA. "Can't you (as the lawyers say) contrive to mend it? I repeat, why did you call me *Cinderella*?"

"That is decidedly a conundrum," replied the Fairy Godfather, after careful consideration.

And when that conundrum is solved, this story shall be continued.

THE MEGÆRAS OF TO-DAY.

[Mr. Justice WILLS commented very severely on the presence and behaviour of the women in Court during the trial of Mrs. BARTLETT.]

NOT women surely these who go to gloat

Upon a woman in her agony;

To watch the ebb and flow of hope, to note

Whether the law shall doom her or set free.

We know a page that stains French histories;

How women knitted while the guillotine

Did its fell work before their cruel eyes;

And sighed to think such things could e'er have been.

But now in England of to-day, the Court

That tries a hapless woman for her life,

Is crammed with sister-women, and their sport

Is watching twists and turns of legal strife,

As the net closes round her. How they smile,

Those fashionable dames; men hold their breath

In silence, while girls chatter; for the while

A woman hovers between life and death.

Look at her well, and poise the smart lorgnette,

The theatre can show no braver sight;

And murmur in light-hearted phrases, yet

Methinks her face is growing ghastly white.

Women, they tell us, in Imperial Rome,

Were fiercest for the gladiator's blood;

And lo! we have their congeners at home—

A foul disgrace to English womanhood!

THE Great Soapists have bought Sir JOHN MILLAIS' picture of a child blowing bubbles for £2,200. Big price. Sir JOHN will henceforth be known as Sir "BUBBLEY-JOCK" MILLAIS.



"SUPPLY AND DEMAND."

Antiquarian Gent. "GOT ANY OLD—AH—ROMAN WEAPONS OR POTTERY LATELY?"

Dealer. "'XPECT 'EM IN NEX' WEEK, SIR,—AIN'T QUITE FINISHED RUSTIN' YET, SIR,—ABOUT TOOSDAY, SIR!"

IMPERIAL ORATORY.

I MAY claim to be a patriot, for 'tis my fondest dream
To promote the quick fruition of the Federative scheme
Which shall give to Greater Britain the cohesion that she lacks,
And unite in one vast League her whites, her tawnies, and her blacks.
With respect to British subjects, I desire to efface
All existing disabilities of colour, creed, and race,
And, throughout the greatest Empire that this earth has ever seen,
To give parity of rights to every liegeman of the QUEEN.

I opine that ev'ry folk which owns Old England's kindly sway
Is entitled in her Parliament to say its utmost say;
That its delegates, no matter what their hue, should one and all
Be convoked unto St. Stephen's, to make laws for great and small;
Regulations should not force them in our mother-tongue to speak—
The Hindoo should spout in Tamil, and the Cypriote in Greek;
For I deem it an injustice that might break a heart of stone
To compel a man to prate in any idiom but his own.

I should dearly like to listen to Sir JINJIR JELLIJEE
Pitching into Mr. GLADSTONE in the choicest Bengalee,
And to see Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, grim and desperate, at bay,
Undergoing confutation in colloquial Malay.
What could be more interesting than a Maiden Speech in Zulu,
Or a Motion in the dialect of Wooloo-wooloo-mooloo,
Or a spirited discussion on the Order of the Day
'Twixt a Mic-Mac legislator and the Member for Bombay?

It would entertain me very much to hear a Vote of Thanks
Moved in fine old crusted Cornish—aye, and seconded in Manx;
And I feel convinced that in the House there must be many a MAC
Who can make a speech in Gaelic quite as well as WILLIAM BLACK.
Why, I ask, should not the Member for Ben Cruachan or Lewis,
When he wants to move the House, give notice thus:—"Riabh na
cuis?"

And, supposing that adjournment be his object, is it fair
To cry "Question!" when he murmurs, "A fhir guth dh' na cagair?"

'Twould be little less than touching were the Member for Tralee
To refer to GEORGE TREVELYAN as "*Acushla Gramachree*!"
Or to mention JOHNNY MORLEY—never thus described before—
As "*Nabocklish och! Mavourneen*," or, maybe, as "*Shaun asthore*.
Very likely, Irish arguments would pithy be and terse,
And more luminous than heretofore, if urged in classic Erse,
Which has recently been proved, beyond a doubt, to be the tongue
That was spoken by the patriarch METHUSALEM, when young.

There's a Member of our Parliament who yearns to speak his mind
In an unfamiliar language of a very ancient kind.
He believes, as I am told, that he is called upon to teach
All his colleagues to appreciate the fervid Cymric speech;
Yet I fear he scarce will dare to "move the House," as matters stand,
In the liquid, throaty accents of his dear old native land;
Though I really fail to see what right the Commons have to squelch
The elect of Rhondda Valley, just because he speaks in Welsh!

That this gushing minstrel-poet—MABON is his Bardic name—
Should be doomed to chronic silence in the Commons is a shame,
For at banquets he is often heard his manly voice to raise
In extempore penillions and stirring Druid lays. [House,
Yet when he—"Y Gwir Anrhyddedus"—would fain address the
Not a single shout of "*Clywch!*" renders tribute to his *nous*;
And he somehow always fails to catch the SPEAKER'S roving eye,
When the spirit moves him to exclaim, "*Gohiriad y Ty!*"

If my plan should be adopted, 'twould our Ministers compel
To learn five-and-forty languages, or more—and learn them well;
And the number of aspirants to the Cabinet, maybe,
Would be sensibly diminished by that stern necessity;
Though their burden of vernaculars they haply might decrease
By dividing it among them, at the rate of five apiece.
But I fear some would-be Speakers it may possibly appal
To reflect that they, at least, will be obliged to know them all!

"THE HAMLET OF MILE-END OLD TOWN."—"Good gracious me!"
exclaimed MRS. RAM, on reading this heading to a paragraph in the
Times. "Another of 'em! What will Mr. IRVING say to this?"



LITTLE AJAX DEFYING THE LIGHTNING.

THEATRE ROYAL, OLD BAILEY.

THE next Sitting of the Central Criminal Court will commence with the laughable farce of,

JUSTICE A JOKE; OR, THE DOOMED AND THE DOWAGERS.

In which will appear, a trembling Felon, surrounded by the *élite* of Female London Society. After which will be performed, for the 1000th time, the comical interlude of,

THE GHASTLY PIC-NIC.

In which real food and drink will be demolished in the presence of the Prisoner. To be followed by the popular Extravaganza of

SUPPRESSED EVIDENCE; OR, THE BOX, THE JUDGE, AND THE NASTY SCHOOLGIRLS.

In which a number of young Ladies will support, without a blush, a mass of detail, disgusting to the oldest and most experienced Lawyers. The whole to conclude with,

HIS LORDSHIP'S REPROOF; OR, GOLD AND BRASS.

which will be repeated, with various alterations, daily, until further notice.

Vice triumphant—no Modesty returned!

NOTABLE NEW BOOK.—*Notes from Another World.* Will they pass in this?

JIM THE PEN-VIPER.

In marrying *Jim the Penman*, *Nina*, who proved herself a Ninny, took a viper, a pen-viper, to her bosom. *Jim the Penman*, the play at the Haymarket, is written by Sir CHARLES YOUNG, to whom, adapting *Old Wardle's* address to *Tupman*, I would say,—"The best shot in existence could not have done it more beautifully.



Act I.—"Let me sign the cheque for you, my dear. You are close at hand, and could do it yourself, but then what would become of the situation in the Third Act?"

to her audience, and, so far, her performance of *Mrs. Ralston*, from first to last, is the perfection of the actor's art. How such an artist could fall into the one error in the acting of this play,—vide the illustration, Act IV.—I do not understand: and how it happened that the author, after seeing its first performance at a *matinée*, missed the great opportunity afforded him of a grand situation, in the same Act, which Lady MONCKTON could have carried through triumphantly,—where one line would have had a hundred times the effect of the present more or less theatrical scene, is a puzzle to me. That Lady MONCKTON can, in a critical but most dramatic situation, hold her audience—a crowded mixed audience—spell-bound, for what seems minutes, without uttering a single word, is a great tribute to her power, and to the constructive ability of the author. If Lady MONCKTON cannot always play up to her present high level, I hope that she will not allow herself to be persuaded into attempting anything that she does not thoroughly feel. Being above the necessities of the profession, she has only to consider the requirements of the histrionic art.

Mr. DACRE may be a universal genius, but he has invariably been a one-sided, or rather, a lop-sided actor. He is always aslant, like a tree on the coast that has been forced out of the perpendicular by continual violent gales. Perhaps, however, it coincides with the fitness of things that *Jim the Penman*, who is morally out of the perpendicular, should be represented by Mr. DACRE, who can't go straight; but, on the other hand, he plays thoroughly, and is heart and soul in the part, though he mars some of his best effects through a habit of starting off for a short sharp walk on every possible occasion, when he is brought up sharply by the prosenium. But again, for a forger to be represented by a champion pedestrian, who is always "forging ahead," may be taken as symbolism in action.



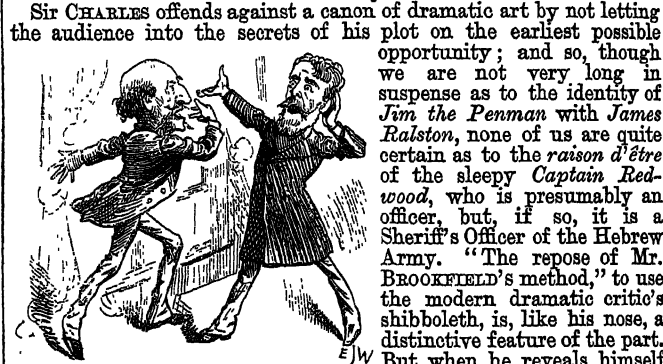
Act I.—*The Two Villains* (to each other).—"Now we are alone, and as there couldn't possibly be any one in that conservatory, let us shout out our secrets, which, if overheard, would condemn us to penal servitude." Seriously, Mr. DACRE's *James Ralston*, except for such mannerisms, is really very good. His make-up is too youthful; as also is that of Mr. BARRYMORE, who is the only actor whose performance is stagey. He says "butter" for "better" and "dhont" for "don't," attitudinises, works his eyes and eyebrows, and seems desirous of conveying to the audience generally, that he is condescending to a part which is not up to his own idea of his own capabilities, and that a "time will come," when they will see him with his mouth full of old-fashioned blank verse, possibly as the husband of *Mrs. Haller* (I think Mr. *Haller* talked blank verse; at all events, it always sounded like it) in that

eminently lively play, *The Stranger*, which ought to be played every Fifth of November, with a chorus of "Haller, boys, Haller! Here's another Guy!"

Young *George* (Mr. FRANK RODNEY) is excellent: a very good boy, and deserves to be at the top of the class. *Agnes* (Miss HELEN LEYTON), good girl, but, for an *ingénue*, she seems to know just a little too much. *Lord Drelin-court* behaves in a most high-minded and gentlemanly manner as a character, and is ably represented by Mr. EDMUND MAURICE, who looks a gentleman, and "acts as such." The men's parts are all well played: though perhaps Mr. BEN GRETT is occasionally a little out of the picture. Miss LINDLEY's *Lady Dunscombe* is a careful study of a very unpleasant, but not unfamiliar, type of fashionable lady. She has two or three good things to say. Only by a close analysis of the plot can her exact value as an artistic accessory be estimated.



Act II.—*Capt. Redwood* (to Mr. BARRYMORE).—"I am a Detective accustomed to spying, &c. Is there an open window anywhere, so that we can be seen and overheard?—Yes.—Very well then. Now—I'll tell you, in a loud tone, all the secrets I've found out. Let's both shout."



Act III.—*Baron and Ralston*.—"We've just overheard them through that window. 'I'm a Detective! Ha! ha! ha!' We know the Detective is about some (at least, that is the idea, where—so let us shout out to one another all the secrets which will make our penal servitude a certainty." author has given us the best surprise I have experienced since the first night that HORACE WIGAN started up from a table, where he had feigned sleep, and throwing off his navy's comforter and cap, in answer to "Who the deuce are you?" exclaimed, "HAWK-SHAW! the Detective!"—chord, and "scene closed in."

As for Mr. BEER-BOHM TREE, I have never seen him better than as *Baron Hartfeldt*. His make-up is perfect, and the manner is equal to the make-up. Hitherto, it has always seemed to me, that his fault has been over-elaboration, which passing the boundary of comedy, trespasses on the domain of burlesque. In his delineation of the *Baron Hartfeldt* there is no tendency of this kind, except where it has been consistently introduced by the author. His "Ain't it?" whether due to himself or to the author, is, as given, a touch of natural mannerism most thoroughly characteristic. But for the error of shouting his secrets, into which all the principals without exception fall (though once I noticed Mr. TREE's

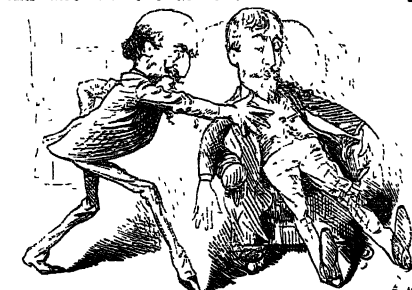


Act IV.—*Mrs. Ralston to James Ralston*.—"There is an open window leading on to the garden—it is the wedding-day of our children—and lots of people about, so that we may be easily overheard, or interrupted at any moment. Such being the case, and as this is something which no one ought to hear, I will tell you at the top of my voice. You are the Forger, Jim the—"*James* (shouting).—"O Jiminy!"

sense of dramatic fitness was considerably exercised by an open window, where anybody might have been listening, but which he did not dare to shut), his performance would be simply faultless.

So much for the actors, and one word more for the author. The ending of Act I. is notably excellent for its unconventionality. The expedient of everybody perpetually overhearing everybody else is stale, and it may occur to some of us that the devices for eaves-dropping might have been better contrived; yet I am bound to say that the means employed, hackneyed though they be, did not in the least interfere with my unabated interest in the progress of the story.

The writing, if rarely witty, is never dull, and is always carrying the plot a step forward; and, with the exception of that awkward device of signing the cheque in the First Act, there is not a weak situation in the piece. In these days of long runs, a year will not exhaust the public who would



Act IV.—The Baron Von Heart-felt. N.B.—The be attracted by such Heartist evidently thinks the heart on the right side. a thrilling and thoroughly well-acted play as this,—a play which is entirely free from all risky situations and unwholesome suggestiveness; a play remarkable for the entire absence of sentimental gush and clap-trap platitudes, which enlists our sympathies for nobility of motive, for suffering and self-sacrifice, and powerfully exhibits the meanness of crime, the misery of its perpetrators, and the severity of its just punishment. It is the best drama of its kind since TOM TAYLOR'S *Ticket of Leave Man*, says, with congratulations to the Managers, Messrs. BASHFORD and RUSSELL, on their luck at last,

STEEL NIBBS THE "J PEN"—MAN.

P.S.—Where ought the scene, when transferred from London to the country, to have been laid? Why, of course, in Wales. For where would *Jim the Penman* have resided but at "Pen-men-mawr"? His daughter would have depended for her dowry on her pen-money.

THAMES BYE-LAWS.

(An Explanation.)

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

I AM informed on such authority as I cannot for a moment doubt, that the Conservators of the River Thames are not themselves responsible for the extraordinary code of Bye-Laws they have just issued, but that the whole and sole authority for them is the combined wisdom of the two Houses of Parliament, whose haughty mandate they are compelled to obey, and whose scarcely intelligible gibberish they are ordered to endeavour to translate into comprehensible language. Under these circumstances kindly allow me to put the saddle on the right horse; or rather, perhaps, I ought to say, the skulls in the right boat, as no one, Sir, educated in your noble school can ever be ashamed to confess an unintentional error.

YOUR BOATING YOUNG MAN.

QUEER Stories, from *Truth*, by the late Mr. GRENVILLE MURRAY, is a shillingsworth to be dipped into when you've a spare quarter of an hour and a good cigar. You see I put it down for men's reading, who have some leisure, but not for women, whose time is fully occupied. But I have a queerer story than many of these queer ones in this first series, amusingly enough told by the gentleman whose acquaintance with Queer Street afforded him, probably, exceptional advantages; for, arrayed in *Mr. Chucker's Pantaloons* I—*moi qui parle*—have come upon a



So Queer!

long lost child of my own that saw the light in one thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine. I knew it again directly, after these many years. It was worth more then, than now, when it is one of thirteen sold for a shilling the lot, or ninepence at a cheap bookstall. I was so glad to see it again.

YOUR EASTER REVIEWER.

WHEN all the Landlords are gone, and all the Tenants are become Landlords, who'll be the only remaining Tenant in Ireland? Sure, the Lord Left-tenant, bedad!



VOLUNTEER MANŒUVRES.

Sergeant. "CAN I DO ANYTHING FOR YOU, CAPTAIN?"

Captain. "WHY, THANKY, SERGEANT. IF YOU WOULDN'T MIND GIVING MY OTHER LEG A HITCH OVER!"

AN EASTER SONG

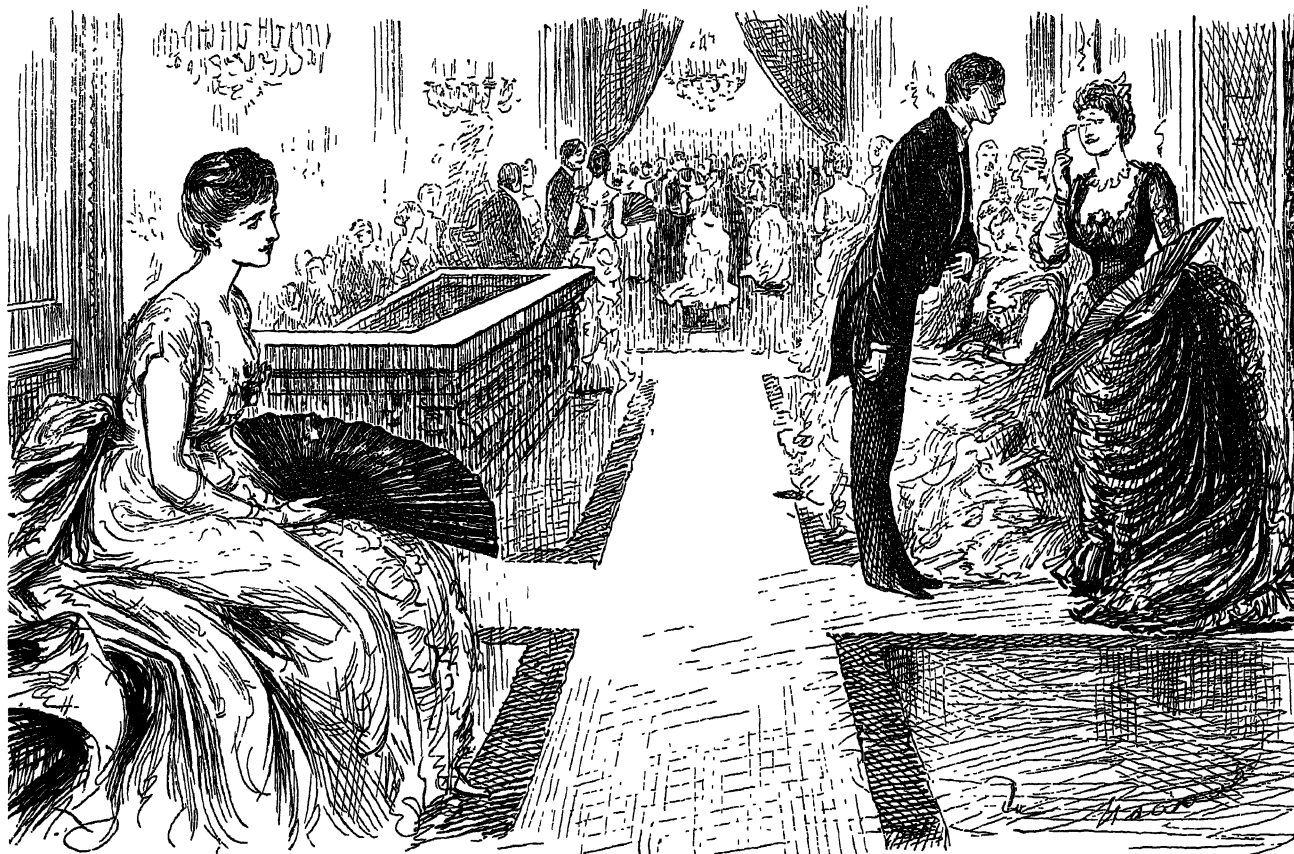
HEARD IN THE HAWARDEN WOODS.

AWAY from the wrack and the riot and flare,
And away from the peril and pother,
I've come; yet my mind is a prey to black care,
And I'm harassed by bother on bother.
Each hour brings some phantom to break my repose,
P'raps it's RYLANDS to-day, BRIGHT to-morrow,
Or CHAMBERLAIN, HARTINGTON!—who would suppose
Their names would in me stir such sorrow!
But, let come will what may, I must trick and contrive it,
That, by hook or by crook, I may somehow survive it.

I've modified this, and I've cut away that,
In the hope I should suit their good pleasure,
Till PARNELL looks glum and inquires what I'm at—
Almost asks what I've left of the measure.
I'll let them at Westminster still keep their seats,
And I'll cut off their right of excise too;
It's just by attempting such possible feats
That one—well, keeps one's hand in, or tries to.
So, let come will what may, I can trick and contrive it,
That, by hook or by crook, I shall somehow survive it.

Those millions? To buy out the landlords, I vowed
That they wanted a hundred and twenty.
When they howled at the sum, quite promptly I bowed,
And discovered that fifty was plenty.
There's nothing that I will not alter or shape,
Or regard as important or weighty.
To get myself out of this horrible scrape,
And diminish that fast growing Eighty.
So, let come will what may, I must trick and contrive it;
For, by hook or by crook,—yes, I mean to survive it!

WHERE does Mr. ROBERTS, the Champion Billiard Player, spend his Easter Holiday? Why in Kew Gardens, of course: that's where he takes his rest. Here, by recent permission of "Dr. HOOKAH," smoking is permitted.



MODERN SOCIAL PROBLEMS.

Susceptible Youth. "WOULD YOU PRESENT ME TO THAT YOUNG LADY WITH THE BLACK FAN?"

Hostess. "WITH PLEASURE, IF YOU WILL TELL ME HER NAME—AND YOURS!"

THE GRAND OLD FALCONER.

AIR—"Philip the Falconer."

OLD WILLIAM the Falconer's up with the day,
With his falcons on his frame;
And o'er Erin's meadows is wending his way,
To hawk at the old, old game.

WILLIAM is clever, if not very young,
And WILLIAM, they say, has a wonderful tongue;
But WILLIAM's pet peregrine, feeling some scare,
Has slipped off its hood and is off through the air.
WILL vows and declares, believe it or not,
He would rather have lost any bird of the lot.

But falcons, they say,
To fly true to their prey,
Require the most skilful of training.

The Falconer feels he that hawk must secure,
'Tis so potent in pinion and bill;
So the Falconer pauses to pull out his lure,
And waves it about with a will.
But the falcon seems tired of a hooded hawk's life,
And he's off down the wind with a wing like a knife.
And vain seems the whistle and vain seems the wile;
He is hardly a bird to be lured in that style.
Oh, when he returns from hawking, I guess,
Old WILLIAM may find he's a falcon the less.

But falcons who stray,
And fly wide of the prey,
Are scarce worth the trouble of training.

THE "GENERAL IDEA" OF THE EASTER REVIEW.—Turning an honest penny out of the Volunteers.

"PENNY DREADFULS."—The series imposed by the Income-tax.

THE LAST OF THE BARON'S.

THE Baron's last, as uttered on Tuesday, April 20th, was the best thing he has said for a long time. Wise, conciliatory, judicious were Baron HUDDLESTON's observations in the case of *Woodgate v. Edlin*.

The Baron heard
The case preferred
By WOODGATE against EDLIN,
And said, "This quite
Serves EDLIN right,
For muddlin' and for meddlin'.

"Apologise
And fraternise,
Both gentlemen I bid to."
Apologee,
Swore WOODGATE, he
Would get it,—and he did too.

IN THEIR EASTER EGGS.

For Prince Alexander of Bulgaria.—A five years' agreement, beautifully embossed, and a pair of second-hand Russian epanlets.

For Sir William Harcourt.—A bunch of New Forest primroses, and five Three-Volume Novels for holiday recreation.

For the Emperor of Russia.—Temporary Settlement of the Bulgarian question neatly arranged in a Livadian nutshell.

For Mr. Chamberlain.—A bottle of Liberal Soothing Syrup with the PREMIER's kindest regards.

For Lord Hartington.—A full-length portrait of himself in the character of a Knight Harbinger of the Primrose League, taken on the sly at the recent meeting at Her Majesty's Theatre.

For M. Delyannis.—A European Ultimatum and a pail of cold water with the Czar's compliments.

For Mr. Morley.—A pot of Holdfast Glue and a wreath of sham-rock labelled "No compromise."

For Mr. Goschen.—An essay on "Party Dissolution," and a free pass to the Cave of Adullam, the latter transferable.

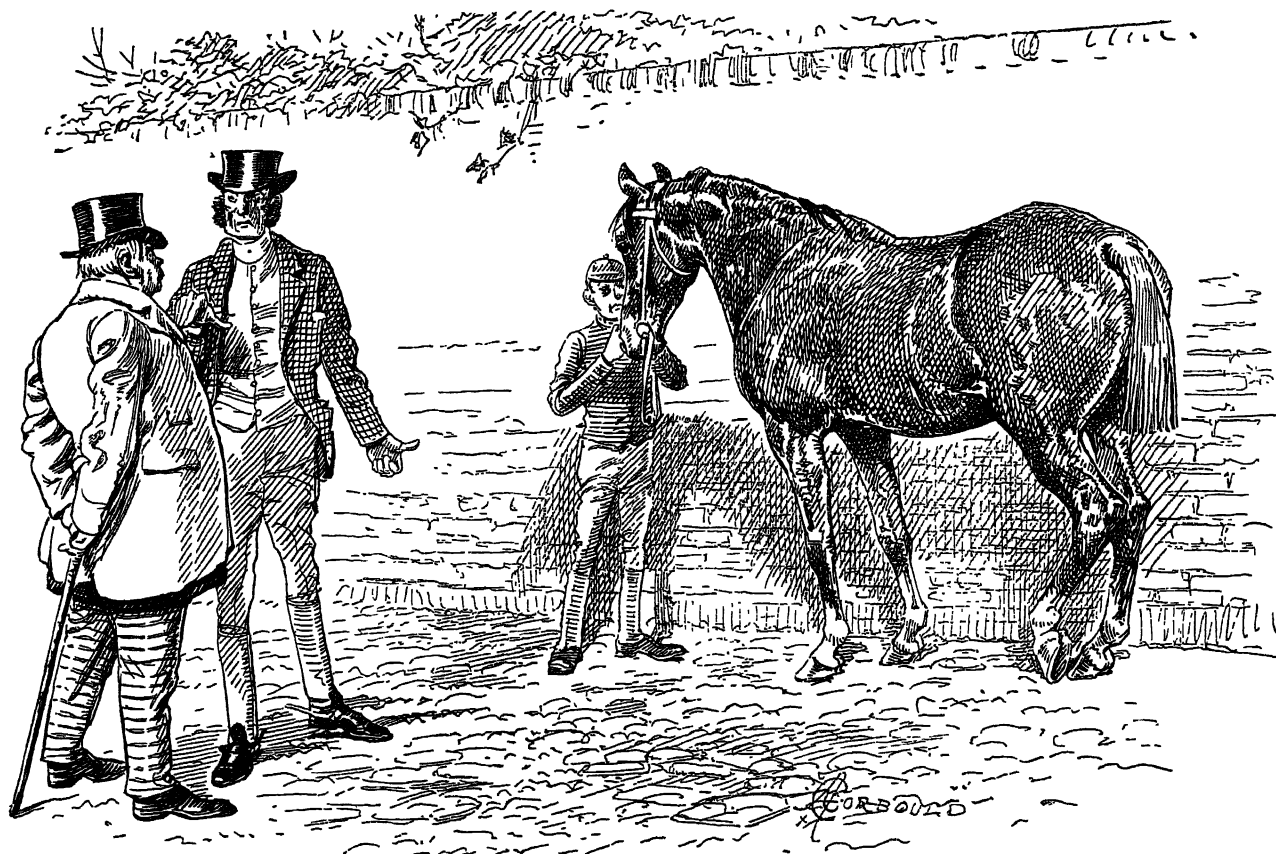
For Mr. Gladstone.—Illustrated copy of a *Short Way with Deserters and Renegades*, with Appendix, dealing with the possible contingency of having to pass a weighty but elastic measure with a majority of under twenty.



THE GRAND OLD FALCONER.

WILLIAM (*a trifle husky*). "OH, FOR MY FALCONER'S VOICE,
TO LURE THIS TASSEL-GENTLE BACK AGAIN!"

(*From the other WILLIAM,—adapted.*)



DESIRABLE.

Dealer (to Mr. Twittledow). "I KNOW TH' SORT O' 'OSS YOU WANT, SIR—A 'IGH-SPIRITED FLYER, AS FEELS LIKE A 'OUSE IN A HEARTHQUAKE UNDER YER! AND AS 'LL BUCK YER HOVER A SIX-FOOT STONE WALL OR A BULLFINCH, IF YER JUST TOUCHES 'IM WITH YER 'EEL. NOW THIS 'OSS AIN'T EQ'AL T' THAT, SIR. OR AS 'LL FLY WITH YER 'CROSS COUNTRY LIKE A THUNDERBOLT, WHEN 'E 'EARS TH' SOUND O' TH' 'ORN. NOW 'E WON'T DO THAT, SIR, AND—"

[In spite of these drawbacks, Twittledow says he likes his appearance, and buys.]

"THE HAUNTED MAN."

A Legend of the Day.

He was sick to death of it. His poor brain was weary with the weight of it, and he felt that if he could not escape from it he must surely pass away. And it was sad, for he was young and brave, and (as the world goes) in easy circumstances.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" he murmured to himself. "Ah! a visit to my Club! There I shall escape it."

So he hurried to the smoking-room of the Kemble, that most celebrated chamber of wits and aristocrats, and seated himself in an arm-chair.

"The Boat-Race was well contested," he began, rather nervously. "At Barnes Bridge there seemed to be no doubt about Oxford pulling it off."

"Quite so," assented the member to whom he had addressed himself. "It was a complete surprise to thousands that Cambridge should have got home first. And talking of home reminds me—"

But before the sentence could be finished he had hurriedly risen and fled. The smoking-room of the Kemble was not sacred. It had got in there as it had got in elsewhere. But he would give the Clubs one more chance—he would call at the Junior United Sword and Bayonet. This time he seated himself in the coffee-room, and partook of lunch. An old field-officer was seated next him.

"Delighted to meet you again," he observed, cheerily. "Thought you were in Egypt."

"So I was," replied the warrior, cordially. "We got rather tired of the work at Suakin, and were precious glad, I can tell you, to get home. And, speaking of home—"

He heard no more. Leaving his scarcely tasted luncheon on the table, he withdrew. Not even the Junior United Sword and Bayonet Club was safe from it! It had got in there!

What should he do? Why not try Society? Dinner-parties and dances were open to him. So he got himself invited to the house of

a very wealthy man. And he was asked to "take down" a gushing young person in pink. For the first three or four courses he experienced a sense of relief. The gushing young person in pink was entirely educated—she had passed through Girton.

"And I suppose you study the classics?" he queried, smiling, for the dinner was particularly good, and he was well contented.

"To be sure," replied the gushing young person in pink. "I think Homer too lovely. And, talking of Homer, reminds me—what do you think of —"

But he did not wait to hear the rest of the story. Under the pretext of sudden and severe indisposition, he rushed away.

The next evening he was enjoying a "square" at a Ball. He had chosen "the Lancers," as that dance afforded less opportunity for conversation than any other. But, between the figures, he was forced to speak.

"Are you not glad that hydrophobia seems to be dying out?" he asked, in one of the customary pauses.

"Oh, so glad!" replied his partner. "What with the Muzzles, and the Home for Lost Dogs, it soon should disappear altogether. And, talking of the Home for lost Dogs, what do you think—"

He knew what was coming, and, in spite of etiquette, fled as if an avalanche were after him.

And then he tried Low Society. He visited the Bar of the Public-House, the Pit of the City Theatre, the Stalls of the East-End Music Halls. But it was all the same. He was haunted!

"And there are thousands like me in this miserable city!" he exclaimed, as, tired out, he seated himself in the Regent's Park.

He was too fatigued to move. Presently two beggars seated themselves apologetically beside him. At first their conversation was held in whispers, but later on they became more animated, and, as they warmed to their subject—oh, horror! But he could not protest—he could not move. He was at their mercy. The shadow, from which that Haunted Man had been trying so strenuously to escape, was again upon him!

Even the beggars were discussing Home Rule!



SNOB-SNUBBING.

"A—I THINK YOU KNOW THE TETTERBYS. ARE THEY—A—QUITE THE SORT OF PEOPLE ONE CAN ASK TO ONE'S HOUSE, DON'TCHERKNOW?"

"OH, CERTAINLY, IF YOU WISH TO. WHETHER THEY'LL COME OR NOT, IS ANOTHER QUESTION!"

LAW AND LUNACY.

Sensibility. You see our excellent LORD CHANCELLOR himself amended the new Lunacy Bill on the lines you yourself suggested.

Sense. Certainly; and so far as vested interests are concerned, they seem now to be very well guarded. But, my dear British Public, as you have taken the Lunacy Laws in hand, do you not think you could go a little further? Do you know how a man gets into a Public Asylum as a patient?

Sensibility. Well, not exactly. I suppose for good and sufficient reasons.

Sense. A pauper who is once declared to be mad is not a person whose position seems exactly calculated to attract much subsequent attention. But, first, did it not appear to you strange that (according to the debate in the House of Lords) the cures are known to be far greater at Private Asylums than at Public Institutions?

Sensibility. Oh, yes; but that is accounted for by patients being transferred from one Asylum to another.

Sense. Not entirely; for if it is thought desirable to remove a patient from a Private Asylum at all, it appears probable that the move would be completely carried out, and those Institutions would lose him altogether. And does it not seem reasonable to imagine that the cures at a Public Asylum, where the inmates are placed without half the safeguards adopted to prevent improper detention at a Private Asylum, and where, consequently, mistakes may occasionally be made (especially when the "lunatic" is a chronic inebriate) of incarcerating sane people amongst the insane, should at least be equal to those of a "Licensed House," particularly if everybody is so anxious to keep the patient in the latter Institution for the sake of gain?

Sensibility. Well, certainly, it does seem a plausible suggestion.

Sense. And if I tell you that there are actually thousands (mind you, thousands in the plural) of patients incarcerated in a single Public Asylum, under the medical charge of a Superintendent, with either one assistant, or at most a couple, to help him in his duties, do you think that all these thousands of poor "lunatics" (excluding "malingerers" who may use the place for their own convenience, living at the ratepayers' expense) have a fair chance of proving their initial sanity; or even, with so little medical supervision, of getting anyone to recognise their change for the better on becoming cured?

Sensibility. Well, at the first blush it does seem a little difficult; but they can always appeal to the Justices?

Sense. Who pay visits of two hours' duration a few times a year, the greater part of which is most probably employed in their Committee-Room. Do you think it is likely that

the Superintendent can be "up" in every individual case of those thousands, or the Visitors, if he is "up" in it, have time to inquire into the merits of every particular incarceration?

Sensibility. Well, really—but you see, Public Asylums are conducted without a view to gain, and consequently—

Sense. Maybe carried on in a happy-go-lucky manner which would not be tolerated for a moment if their existence depended entirely upon their good name.

Sensibility. But what shall I do?

Sense. Before you rush into legislation, make further inquiries, my good British Public; make further inquiries!

PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

(By Our Special Book-Marker.)

"SPUNYARN AND SPINDRIFT."

Boys, old and young, will find it hard this volume to put down,
This graphic sailor-story so well told by
ROBERT BROWN!
It is full of wild adventure, of peril, sport,
and fun,
And PRITCHETT'S illustrations all are cap-
tally done!

"MORTIMER COLLINS'S POEMS."

THIS is indeed most choice of books,
A true *édition de luxe*;
'Tis bound—you'll quite agree with me—
As such a book is bound to be,
And admirably printed!
The charms that typographic art,
Large paper, and the rest, impart,
Are here, you'll own, unstinted!

Within the volume you will find
True poetry and verse combined—
The rarest combination:
The sweetest Singer of his time—
How rare the rhythm and the rhyme!—
Whose wit and quaint philosophy
Come sparkling through the melody
Of exquisite cantation!

"SCENES FROM ENGLISH HISTORY."

If you're not categorical
Concerning fact historical,
Or if you've animosity
To burning midnight oil—
To read, this is the very book,
A laughing, clever, merry book,
And brimming with jocosity,
By dear old DICKY DOYLE!

You'll find there's no historian—
A youthful or a hoary 'un—
Can king-and-queently mystery
So cleverly uncoil:
You're sure to have a jolly day—
Quite equal to a holiday,
Whene'er you study history
Along with DICKY DOYLE!

There are illustrations numerous,
Most exquisitely humorous;
Of pageant sensational,
Of battle and of broil:
I do not think MACAULAY could—
Though doubtless he did *all* he could—
Be half so educational
As dear old DICKY DOYLE!

"THE FALL OF ASGARD."

'TIS JULIAN CORBETT here essays
A story of St. Olaf's days;
And introduces thus to you
EARL SWEND and BIORN, THORKELL too;
ELNAR and DALLA and GUDRUN,
ONUND and ERLING SKIALGSSON;
With those who might have lived, you know
In Norway many years ago.
If such inspire your interest,
You'll read this stirring tale with zest!



SENCE, THIS WEEK, NONE.—TOBY.

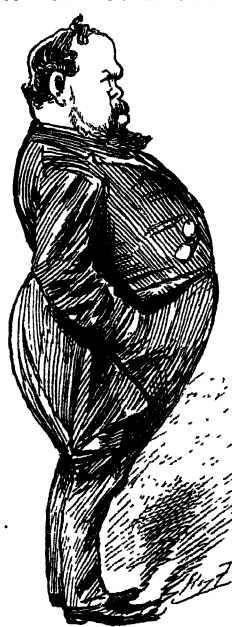
NOOKS AND CORNERS OF THE HOUSE.



H. L-b-ch-re
Turns his back on Chamberlain.



J. H. A. M-ed-n-ld.
"Ain't I like Harcourt?"



M-teh-ll-H-nry.
"Where is my Working Hat?"



C-l-n-l T-tt-nh-m.
Irish Members, this style, 8s. 6d. extra.

ROBERT'S NORTH-EASTER SONG.

The little Birds are shivering on the trees,
The little Fishes shivering in the river,
The gentle zeffer makes us corf and sneeze,
The rattlin hale-storms makes us shake and shiver.

Ah! how I pitys them unappy fellers
As has to leave their omes in early morn,
Who, weather they bees buyers or bees sellers
Must allmost cuss the hour as they was born.

How happy is the jowial Waiter's lot!
Who's never wanted till the arternoon.
And all the mornin nought to do has got
But read the Paper wile he hums a toon.
He nothink has to raise his hangry hire,
But, waiting for his little chop or stake,
He carmly sets beside his Kitching fire,
And smiles serenely at his useful Mate.

THE PLOT FOR PEASANTRY.—A Grass Plot.

FROM "PATIENT PENELOPE."—"SIR,—In 'The Chandos Classics' has lately been published a Volume entitled *Pilpay's Fables*. Who was PILPAY? A Medical Man? Of course it was only a *nom de pillule*. But how good! What were his *Fables*? Stories of wonderful cures! My friend Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM says she only knows of one set of *Fables*—'Allsop's *Fables*'—and she doesn't believe in any others. Can you give me any information?" [Yes: the book is to be obtained at WARNE & Co.'s.—ED.]



A PRIMROSE DAME.

Sketched by Our Artist in Covent Garden, April 19.

AMATEUR WORK.

By a New Hand.

I HAVE already described with what success I essayed the part of acting as my own Paper-hanger and my own Chimney-sweep; and now, owing to an attempt to serve as my own Plumber, I have found myself called upon, by a natural sequence of events, to discharge the duties of my own Dentist. The details are very simple.

Wishing to arrange some irregularities of an upper cistern, I somehow contrived, by injudiciously removing a foot of the supply-pipe at, I fancy, the wrong place, to divert the continuous service inside the house for thirteen hours and a half, flooding the stairs and landings with a complete cataract, and turning the whole of the premises from top to bottom, for the time being, into a vigorous and unceasing shower-bath. Happening to have an invalid Uncle staying on a visit with me, who would come out to see what was the matter, the damp flew to his face, with the result of giving him a violent toothache. He talked of "having it out," upon which I at once volunteered my services, assuring him that I felt quite equal to acting, on an emergency, as "my own family Dentist"; and, after a little pressure, he cheerfully consented to place himself in my hands.

Thus came about my experience, which, as it is instructive, and may serve as a useful guide to others who wish to conduct the operation of tooth-extraction at home, without the intervention of the professional Middleman, I will furnish from my rough notes, jotted down off-hand during the progress of the proceedings.

Having agreed to take out my invalid Uncle's tooth, prepare to arrange room suitably, and look out fitting instruments. After hunting well all over the house for the latter, manage to secure a fair collection, consisting of a stout pair of carpenter's pincers, a pair of nutcrackers, curling-tongs, lever-corkscrew, carving-fork, and piece of bell-wire, which I fancy will be sufficient. Fasten the foot-stool to the back of the study arm-chair to make a head-rest, and place it opposite the window, and, all being ready, ask my Uncle to take his seat. He does so, and opens his mouth. I ask him which is the tooth. He says he doesn't know, but thinks it is the third from the back at the bottom. I take up the carpenter's pincers, but tell him it is better to make sure, and, as the boy from the Chemist's happens to be calling with some medicine at that moment, I propose to call him in, and have his opinion. My Uncle nods. Boy comes in. Questioned, he says he can't tell which tooth it is, but that if I take three out I'm pretty sure to have the right one. He adds that he has always seen that done at the surgery. Put this to my Uncle. He says I had better, at any rate, begin at something. Determine that I will, and endeavour to fasten on the third tooth at the bottom with the carpenter's pincers. Fancy I have got it all right. Give a wrench, and my Uncle comes out of the chair. I let go. He says he doesn't think I had got hold of the right one, and, at any rate, he can't keep his head steady when I pull. Suggest that I shall send up and ask the man who is tuning the piano in the drawing-room, if "he'll mind just stepping down for a moment and holding it."

Pianoforte Tuner appears, and we try again. Result no better. This time I pull my Uncle with the chair, and the Pianoforte Tuner holding on to the back all together right up to the window. We pause to take breath, and I again let

go. The Pianoforte Tuner suggests that it isn't strength that is wanted but "knack." He says it's all done by the wrist, and that he has heard that savages can take out their own teeth with the greatest ease. Remember that a Retired Central African Missionary lives round the corner, and send a line begging him "just to step in for a moment." He comes. Explain the situation. He says that the natives with whom he had to deal used to whip their teeth out with a scalping-knife, but that this was a sort of religious rite that he does not think I could safely practise on my Uncle, and that he should advise a piece of string and pulley, which, when nine thousand miles away from a Dentist, he used to have recourse to himself. Thank him for his advice. Send for ball of twine, fasten it with bell-wire to my Uncle's tooth, and pass it over the curtain-pole. Pull hard. My Uncle raised some way out of his chair, but no use. String breaks. Chemist's Boy asks why I don't "try the nutcrackers." I do, but can't get a good purchase with them. Offer them to the Pianoforte Tuner, who also tries and fails. Retired South-African Missionary and Chemist's Boy both have a turn, but with no better result. My Uncle says I had better fall back upon the pincers, and that he thinks I did "loosen something" with them. Take them up again, and determine to see if I cannot manage a little "knack" with the wrist this time. Fix firmly, I think, on the right tooth, the Pianoforte Tuner and Chemist's Boy holding my Uncle tightly back, while the Retired South-African Missionary throws his weight on to my side. The Pianoforte Tuner says that when we pull a chorus would help us. He leads us with:—"Yeo ho! boys. Yeo oh!" We all join in this, and at each line give a prolonged tug at my Uncle. Certainly the tooth moves. I warm to my work. Yes, I feel it giving! "Now then, once more, all together—Yeo ho! boys!" I fall backwards on to the floor with the Retired South-African Missionary, and my Uncle and the chair go over in the opposite direction in a heap with the Pianoforte Tuner and Chemist's Boy. But the tooth is out!

I must, however, add, in justice to those who are disposed to follow in my footsteps, that though the tooth was extracted, it was, unfortunately, not the right one. That was eventually removed at the Dental Hospital. But I would not discourage the Amateur Dentist. He only requires decision in handling, and knack in execution. The last he could attain, I should say, by practising pulling out carpet-nails.



SPECIMENS OF INDIGENOUS "FLOORER."

IN PREPARATION FOR THE COLONIAL EXHIBITION.



"ET TU, BRIGHTÉ!"

REMEDIES À LA ROOSE FOR THE WEAR AND TEAR OF LONDON LIFE.

"Life is not a bed of Roose's."

Motto adapted by Fortnightly Reviewist.

RULE 1.—If, after some experience, you find that pork chops and stout, taken the last thing before going to bed, disagree with you, do not continue the custom. Do not leave it off all at once, but say a chop at a time, and a proportionate amount less of stout.

RULE 2.—When you feel you must sleep, do not resist the impulse, which is the prompting of Nature. Nature is a tender mother; and sleep is her own old nurse. Sleep, therefore, whenever you "feel like it." This compliance with Nature's demand may occasionally interfere with business. No matter—

Dors, mon enfant, dors!

Et snore, mon enfant, snore!

Nature shows you the "dors." Out you go—from active life for a time—then up you wake again fresh as a herring.

RULE 3.—The best time for the best work is the early morning. Rise at 4:30 and feel that you are indeed "before the public"—for you are awake before the public think of getting up. It is easy to dust your own study, clean your own boots, brush your own clothes, and make your own tea, coffee, or cocoa, and boil your own eggs. This will save a servant: and you can pocket the wages and put them in a savings-bank. Early rising necessitates early bedding: so to rise at 4:30, means 8:30 P.M. for bed-time, sharp. In adopting this rule you will have to consider the present customs of London Society, and sacrifice them to yourself or yourself to them. Personally speaking, as a Doctor, I can only say *la santé avant tout*. Let your rule be 4:30 to rise. Bed at 8:30 sharp. If you do this, you will soon discover that 8 or 8:30 is not the most convenient dinner hour. And the only exceptions may be once in six weeks, when you invite professional men to dine with you (Doctors for example), for which you can specially prepare by taking two hours' repose before eight o'clock dinner, and deferring bed-time till half-past eleven.

RULE 4.—Take plenty of exercise. If you like walking, walk. If you dine in the middle of the day, you can start early and walk into dinner. If riding suits you, ride. If you can't take plenty of exercise, go without it,—but *go*. It comes to pretty much the same—in the end.

RULE 5.—As to drinking and eating: if you find red wines disagree with you, don't take 'em: the same rule applies to white and sparkling. Try everything in the way of food. When the right thing is found, make a note of it, like *Captain Cuttle*. Such dishes, so noted, you can call a series of "Cuttle-its." If you find sixteen courses at dinner not enough, increase them by any number you fancy; or if too much, lessen them.

RULE 6.—Coffee, brandy-and-soda, and *liqueurs* at all hours of the day are only absolutely necessary in certain cases. If your own is one of those cases, take them all: if not, don't. I do not recommend alcoholic drinks to anyone to whom they are inexpressibly repugnant

PUNCH TO THE NEW AUSTRALIAN ELEVEN.

NINE good bowlers and ten good bats,
Eleven fielders all active as cats,
Game everyone to catch anything catchable,
Two wicket-keepers both simply unmatchable!—
That is a team that should give us some trouble,
And keep all our cricketing cracks at the double.
Our home willow-wielders must play up like bricks
To collar that bowling, to tumble those sticks.
Well, welcome, boys, anyhow! *You'll pull together.*
Here's wishing you fortune, fair field, and fine weather.
We're looking for many a score-piling day,
And win, lose, or tie, not one wrangle! Hooray!

WRIT IN ERROR.—The Parisian Art-Reviewist of the *Times*, in his notice of the *Salon* last Friday, described as "telling and lifelike," a picture called "*Pain Bénit*," representing, he wrote, "a chorister-boy in a red surplice, distributing the consecrated water, &c." So lifelike! Firstly, no such vestment as "a red surplice" was ever seen. Secondly, because the *pain bénit*, which is being distributed, even when translated by a *Times* Art-Critic, does not mean "consecrated water," but "blessed bread." If "water" was a misprint for "wafer," his error is still worse, and exhibits the scribe's ignorance of the subject, the illustration of which he so jauntily describes as "lifelike." For two good mistakes, in two lines, on matters of fact, a Champion Blunderer would have some difficulty in beating him, whoever he is. There are other queer things in the same article. Is he a Wag?

or distasteful: in these instances the less alcoholic stimulant they take the better for other people who like such drinks.

RULE 7.—Meat five times a day does not suit most persons. If it does not suit *you* in particular, leave it off. Same rule applies to fish.

RULE 8.—When you get wet through, it is not advisable to sit in your things before the kitchen fire till you are dry. More indigestion is caused by this thoughtless process than most people are aware of.

RULE 9.—Smoke moderately. If this doesn't agree with you, smoke immoderately. The first thing in the morning is the best time for a strong cigar or pipe, in bed or immediately on rising from it: smoke while dressing, and in your bath, as this latter habit prevents a chill. If this system doesn't suit you, after giving it a fair trial, don't persevere in it. There are more cases of nervous fibre exhaustion arising from perseverance in what we don't like than most people are inclined to suspect.

RULE 10.—Unwashed salads, uncooked vegetables, and unripe fruit can be taken with impunity. Nature herself will tell you when to leave off. In mixing salads, use plenty of strong vinegar made of old beer. If oil is used, let it be *L'huile du Cabillaud*, or, in default of this, *L'huile de la Roulette*. Perhaps the last is the best of all for salad-making. Walnuts, or if you can't get these a pound or two of the best Kent cob-nuts, are the best things for breakfast. You can vary them with barcelonas occasionally. Always drink pure cocoa-nut milk; but dilute it with a little hot-water, say about a tablespoonful to half a tumbler. The cocoa-nut is a far better friend to human nature than the cow.

RULE 11.—Avoid all draughts, hot rooms, crowded *salons*, theatres, concert-halls, picture-galleries, ball-rooms, and all out-of-door entertainments such as firework *fêtes* at Crystal Palace, lawn-tennis parties, garden-parties, walking or riding or driving in the Park, and debates in the House of Commons, &c. *All these are fatal.*

RULE 12.—Be careful to change your clothing with the variations of temperature. Send out some one, whom you can trust, to see and feel what sort of a day it is, and dress accordingly.

RULE THE LAST.—Carefully shun doing anything you don't like, and avoid bothering yourself about anything or anybody. Thus you will escape the effects of the wear and tear of London Life.

(Signed) ROOSE IN URBE.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY BANQUET.

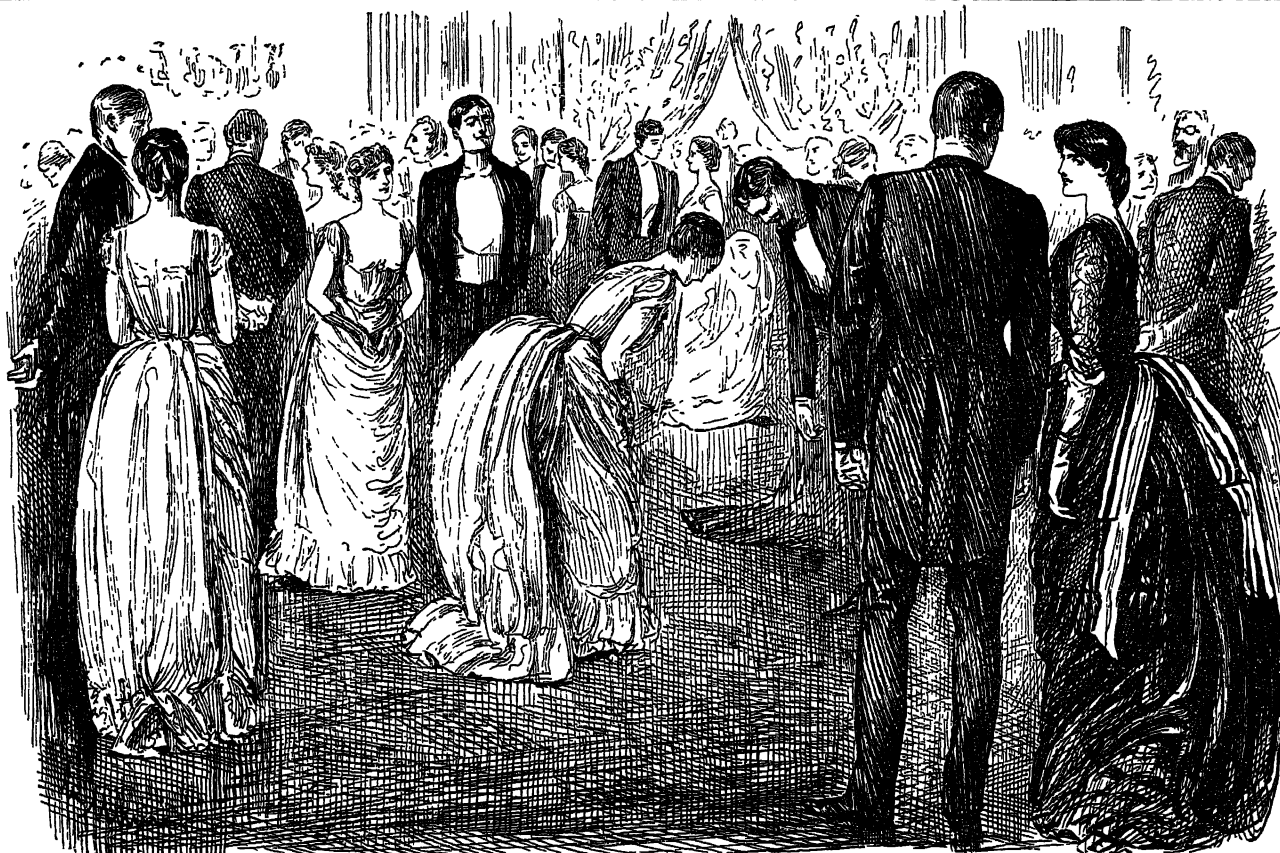
A DISTINGUISHED success. Speeches shorter, and necessarily better. The President peculiarly happy in his allusions to RUSSELL LOWELL and ROBERT BROWNING, and in his touching reference to poor RAN-DOLPH CALDECOTT. Among the guests, Lord ROSEBERRY's speech "took the cake," with which, a Scotch one "short" and sweet, *Mr. Punch* will present his lordship on the first opportunity. The dinner for the Linners came from LIMMER's; good; but when the little birds were in due course set before a certain Illustrious Personage—

Exclaimed Prince ALBERT VICTOR of Wales,
"*Tales Quales!*" *id est* "Such Quails!"

Which wasn't bad for the one among the party who had most recently left school,—to come to the Academy.



ART IN OLYMPUS; OR, THE ACADEMIA OF THE GODS.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

She (to her Partner). "DO YOU LIKE THE LANCERS?"

He. "YAAS. IT'S SO JOLLY TO BE ABLE TO DANCE WITH ANOTHER FELLOW'S PARTNER, YOU KNOW!"

HAIL, BRITANNIA!

OR, "WELCOME AS FLOWERS IN MAY."

O GLAD, green English May,
So jubilant a day
Sawest thou ever, or so brave a sight,
Since first fair Flora trod
Our island's verdant sod, [might,
Since first our sons banded in brotherly
As on this morn of sweet, late-coming Spring
Make London's ways with happy plaudits ring?

The Maypole towers no more
'Midst the huge City's roar,
But here is pageantry more glad and gay,
Of more significance
Than maddest song and dance
Of Merry England in her merriest May.
Who says we shake or shrink, whilst such a
Show

Makes our hearts flutter and our faces glow?

Out on the craven crew!
Here, now, our hearts renew [prime.
At fathomless founts the fulness of our
SPENSER this sight might sing.
Great SHAKESPEARE'S silver ring
Circles us still as in his Tudor time,
But limits our Imperial sway no more,
Free of all seas, and fixed on every shore.

No Roman Triumph here!
Mute hatred, sullen fear,
Swool not ensnackled round this conquering
Peace's free offerings these, [car.
Not foemen's grudging fees,
Tributes of slaves, trophies of savage war.
These march with freemen's feet, and in their
ranks
No red lash lacerates, no fetter clanks.

BRITANNIA and her brood,
Meet here in May-Day mood,
From every belt of the earth's climes they
come.

Like scattered children, they
Turn on this festal day
Back to the Mother Isle as to a home,
Unforced save by affection's flowery chain,
Bearing their sheaves, laden with gold and
grain.

From far Canadian snows,
From where the Orient glows
With tints more radiant, and with ruddier
heat,
From sheep-thronged Austral plains,
And Afric's parched champaigns,
They march. Is there not music in their feet
To move to pride the pulses of the free,
More than in all the blasts of Victory?

O welcome, welcome! Throng,
Comely, and brave, and strong,
The paths of the old homestead sea-isled
here,
Not alien, scarcely strange.
In all its verdurous range
There live no lips to which the ringing cheer
Rises not proudly at the kindling thought
Of all with which this pageantry is fraught.

The dust of our great dead
Might stir at your free tread.
Their heirs are ye, as we are, and the bond
Links us across the deep,
Sea surge, and desert sweep,
Mountains above, and trackless wastes
beyond.
A spirit-federation wherein lies
A subtler tie than statecraft can devise.

Bring, bring your labour's fruits;
The lays of Lydian lutes
Were not so pleasant to our elder ear
As psalms in your praise,
Whose youth is strong to raise
Shoutings of hope that drown the dirge of
fear.
Your emulation is our sharpest spur.
Your victory all our thews to strain can stir.

Free tributes from your soil,
And trophies of your toil,
Are triumphs grateful to us as our own.
An opulent parade!
By ministry of trade,
And alchemy of labour ye have grown,
After our own old fashion, with a stride
And to a stature which awakes our pride.

Our sons, in arts, in arms.
Fie upon poor alarms!
BRITANNIA, with her brood around her,
knows
How, were her foes in ring,
Steel to her aid would spring
From Eastern jungles as from Northern
snows,
As in her children's peril, undismayed,
She, too, in their defence, would bare her
blade.

Think you that she'll forget
Egyptian sands, yet wet
With unbought blood which dyed them for
her sake?
Then welcome! Let the shout
Unitedly ring out,
A true fraternal phalanx who shall break?
None save ourselves may mar this fair array,
This peaceful pageantry of English May!

THE PICK OF THE PICTURES.

No. 164. DECORATION FOR A DENTIST'S HOUSE.



No. I.—Sweets.

No. II.—La Suite. The Sufferer. Visions of Torture.

No. III.—“How’s that, Dentist?” “Out!”

A COMPARISON.



No. 314. English Bathing at Margate. His first dip. “Come to your Martha!”



No. 734. French Bathing. A Dip at Dieppe. Her first experience. The Bathing-man.



No. 195. Neck or Nothing. “To be continued in our Necks!”

A QUEER UPPER STOREY.



Nos. 136 and 137 should be considered as one picture. 137 above and 136 below. Puzzled Lodger (on ground floor). “I can’t make out what can be going on upstairs.”



No. 118. “Had my portrait taken, and can’t pay for it! Come out without my purse.”



No. 121. (See page 225.) Also inquire at Toole’s for the Acting Manager.



No. 274. (See page 225.) “Attitude of Mr. Chamberlain on the Irish Question.”

IS THE SHOW AS GOOD AS USUAL?

Is there much difference between this Academy Show in '86 and any of the preceding shows that we remember, or ought to remember, within the last quarter of a century? Are there fewer Cavaliers and Round-heads? fewer illustrations of WALTER SCOTT? Is there a Dean SWIFT and a Dr. JOHNSON? Are there illustrations from SHAKESPEARE? Are there smug portraits of “a gentleman,” and smiling portraits of “a lady?” Are there plenty of portraits which, interesting only to the sitter and the painter, serve as matter for the small jests of the sitters’ most intimate friends, and as laughing stocks for the general public? Are scriptural subjects unscripturally treated? Are there a lot of spruce theatrical monks, a few red cardinals, historic scenes, and a fair set of skippers and boys, wild waves, rocks, and sea-birds? Is there a lack of imagination and originality in every department, except in the treatment of the portraits, where these qualities are liberally displayed to the detriment of their identification with the



HAIL, BRITANNIA!

(OPENING OF THE COLONIAL EXHIBITION, MAY 4.)



SNOB-SNUBBING.

He (after surveying the Company). "MIXED LOT! HARDLY A GENTLEMAN IN THE ROOM!"

She (innocently). "NOT ONE—THAT I CAN SEE!"

originals? Well—one show at Burlington House is uncommonly like another, only more so.

Some of our big artists are this year conspicuous by their fewness. We are ready to admit that in English Art there is only one MILLAIS, and this year there is absolutely "only one MILLAIS" in the Academy. In the majority of cases we do not give the name of the artist, which can be obtained by reference to the Official Catalogue, but prefer to let the pictures speak for themselves, recording our first impressions of what they ought to have meant. Now dip in the lucky-bag, and out come the numbers, all prizes and no blanks.

No. 1 will, of course, take care of itself.

No. 2. CHARLES THE FIRST saying to somebody who had evidently no idea of decent behaviour, "Get out! don't undress here!"

No. 8. Mr. Bo-Peep finding his Sheep.

No. 20. The Wooden Sportsman. "I'm dressed like this in sporting costume, but, as I've only got wooden legs and no joints, I can't get up out of this chair."

No. 47. Using up Old Materials. We've seen them all before. All BURGESS's old familiar friends, bless 'em! Glad to see you all again. *Au revoir*—next year, eh?

No. 121. Portrait of Mr. J. L. TOOLE's Acting Manager, Mr. GEORGE LOVEDAY, down on his luck. He has let all the private boxes, and has just received a wire at 7.30 to say that H.R.H. is coming. [Excellent likeness, but why does he call himself "General WILLIAMSON?" Is the latter his professional name and title in Her Majesty's Service?]

No. 135. Lamb and Gravey. The Artist, Mr. J. C. HORSLEY, R.A., has chosen a delightful subject,—lambs and kids in a churchyard. With that sly and subtle humour which distinguishes this master, he has depicted the youthful nurse carrying the smallest kid of the lot, while she, having left the others in the foreground, is flirting under the trees with a youthful swain. On the opposite side, also in the background, the well-trained swain's dog is keeping at bay the parson, who otherwise might interfere and spoil sport. Mothers and daughters may perhaps turn aside from this picture, but there is no doubt of its truth to nature, nor of the moral—the excellent moral—which it really is intended to teach, if the spectator will only take the trouble to extract it for himself.

No. 147. "Take away that Bubble!" Another bid for the Soap Advertiser's second prize of £2000. [Will Sir JOHN E. MILLAIS, Bart., R.A., who won the first prize, be raised to the House of Peers?]

No. 190. This is by the Only MILLAIS. It is an admirable portrait of the immortal Mr. Barlow, rendered more immortal than ever at the moment when he has put on his spectacles, and is looking about everywhere to ascertain why on earth those two young rascals, Sandford and Merton, are not in the picture.

No. 203. Somebody told us that this is intended to be a portrait of Lord CARINGTON. He looks very angry: he is evidently out of sorts, and saying, "I'm not myself at all." Perhaps it was at some critical moment when he was "quite another man." Who did it? *Voilà tout*, "that's HOLL!" So like him. But not much like Lord CARINGTON.

No. 215. "Casting a Glance"—or, at all events, just about to throw her *pince-nez* at somebody.

No. 226. No doubt about this likeness. A picture of Still Life: "Soft and Low."

No. 259. Who is this? Somebody sitting as model for a new figure of GOG or MAGOG in Guildhall? On consulting the Catalogue, I find it is "The Marquis of Ripon," by himself—quite by himself—and painted by Mr. E. J. POYNTER. Poor Markiss!

No. 274. Portrait of the Right Hon. Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN as he appeared when disturbed by the announcement of a visitor in the middle of one of his letters to the G. O. M. It is taken at the moment when he is saying, "Dear me! most provoking! Didn't mean to be 'At Home' to-day. Afraid I've got a button off my waistcoat—and I'm wearing out one of my old shirts."

No. 285. Marbleous! No doubt whose hand executed this. Evidently Alma Mater—no, we mean ALMA TADEMA, who, if ever he is titled, should be made a K.C.M.B., or Knight of the Cool Marble Bath.

No. 497. A fine example of ARMITAGE after HERBERT.

No. 521. No mistaking this for anybody but the person for whom the artist, Mr. ROBERT GIBBS, intended it, yclept, H. M. STANLEY, the Explorer and great Traveller. He is represented, as he always is, on his legs, for he hadn't even time to sit for his portrait, nor, we should have thought, to stand for it. As a life-like portrait, without question of artistic merit, it is one of the best in the show.

No. 632. The Punter Gambolling; or, Leader and the Swans.

No. 688. (GOODALL, R.A.) and No. 244 (HERBERT, R.A.), both treat the history of Susannah. That the Elders should each give a different colouring to the story was to be expected as a matter of course. The first Elder, however, is far nearer the naked truth than the second. Out of deference to Mr. H-RSL-Y our artist cannot illustrate the subject.

No. 737. Sporting Picture. Quite a real July day for Hunting. Lady out walking with light summer dress and parasol. Evidently First Meet of the Can't-be-much-Hotter Hounds. The Huntsmen and whips are in the Vale, waiting for servants to bring out strawberry ices and cool drinks. Every sportsman will rejoice in this picture.

No. 732. The Backward Girls' School. Pupils learning their Letters by heart,—at post-time.



DIRECTORS OF PUBLIC OPINION IN ART.

Some Art-Critics on "Press" Day at the Royal Academy.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM's Niece has taken lessons in singing. Her vocalisation is perfect. Her Aunt says, "She has a voice like a Syphon!"



"THE EXHIBITION."

Infuriated Outsider. "R-R-R-REJECTED, SIR!—FWANOSPACE, SIR!" (*With withering emphasis.*) "'WANT-OF-SPACE-SIR!'"

GOOD-BYE AT THE RAILWAY STATION.

Valedictory Ballad. Music by the Abbé Liszt.

DROOPING eyes and wrinkles deep,
All from want of sufficient sleep;
Drowsiness *will* begin to creep.
My boxes are ready, and, piled up high,
All wheeled out on the platform, lie.
Good-bye, WALTER. Good-bye, good-bye!

Hush! the train is not far away.

"Cross *viâ* Antwerp," it seems to say;
"Sleep all to-morrow, not wake, as to-day."

Ah, there it comes! I wonder why

My head should ache and my throat be dry?
Good-bye, BACHE. Good-bye, good-bye!

What are we waiting for? Can't you see
I'm tired as ever I can be?
Shake hands? Again? Oh, deary me!
I cannot wait any longer, I.
Return some day? Perhaps. I'll try.
Good-bye, NOVELLO. Good-bye, good-bye!

[*Falls asleep as train moves off.*]

A MAY MEETING.

"MAY at last, by all that's beautiful!" cried *Mr. Punch*, bowing gracefully to the flower-crowned Nymph. "Welcome! but—what's the matter?"

"Look at these," said May, showing a lapful of withered primroses, dog-roses, violets, and mayblossom. "I gleaned these during five minutes' walk in the wake of some holiday-making Cockney cads, and some hedge-breaking, bank-tramplng London oosters. They had been 'a-Maying'—after their fashion. That is to say that, some for sordid gain, others in wanton sport, they had been making wild havoc among my hedge-rows, coppices, and hollows, stripping ruthlessly, crushing recklessly, wasting wildly. In fact, just as Fashion, in its mad fancy for bird-trimmings, is fast making the woods songless, so louts and hucksters and badge-flaunting politicians are doing their best to make the fields and forests flowerless, and rob the ripening year of my lavish largesse of wild flowers, which CHAUCER sang in tones as fresh as my dew-drops, and which has been the delight and consolation of myriads of tired eyes and gentle hearts since first an English foot trod an English meadow."

"I see," said *Mr. Punch*, significantly; "and I will see to it, be sure."

Whereupon May, with a sunny smile of gratitude, sped away over the meadows on her old benignant mission, and *Mr. PUNCH*, with knitted brow, returned to his urban sanctum to put a rod in pickle for the callous deflowerers of his well-loved floral month. Let the louts and loobies look to it!

THE HAWARDEN MERLIN AND THE IRISH VIVIAN.

A STORM was coming, but the winds were still.
And in the wild woods of Hawarden, there,
Before a British oak so huge and old,
It looked a tower of solid mason-work.
At MERLIN's feet the scheming VIVIAN lay.
And MERLIN locked his hand in hers, and said,
"Oh, did ye never lie upon the shore,
And watch the coming opposition wave,
Glass'd in the slippery sand before it breaks?
Ev'n such a wave, by no means pleasurable,
Dark in the glass of some presageful mood,
Had I for three months seen ready to fall.
And then I rose and fled the Treasury Bench,
To break the mood. You followed me unask'd;
And when I looked and saw you following still,
You seemed that wave about to break upon me,
And sweep me from my hold upon the world,
My use and name and fame. But that is past:
For deftly have I turned, and now 'tis I
That follow thee, and whither thou dost lead
There trip I daintily, nor reck the cost
Of granting to thee, this, thy little boon."
And VIVIAN answer'd, smiling pleasantly,
"I own that ye have trod right daintily
Whither I led you, yet must I confess
I ever fear'd ye were not wholly mine.
For even now, a prey to party wiles,
I fancy I may lose thee—see thee soared
From off thy nobler purpose. So then haste
To prove to me that thou in truth art mine,
And teach me so that I may know the charm
Of woven phrases and of waving words
As proof of trust. O MERLIN, teach it me!
The charm so taught will charm us both to rest."
Then answered MERLIN, "Some would bid me fear,
Giving you power upon me through this charm,
Lest you might play me falsely, having power,
However well ye think ye love me now
(As sons of kings loving in pupillage
Have turn'd to tyrants when they came to power).
Thus HARTINGTON and BRIGHT and CHAMBERLAIN
Have one and all thrown out their dark'ning hints
And bade me pause, and daily read the *Times*
Before I pass the brink, and shatter all."
To which the wily VIVIAN quick replied,
"O MERLIN, think you not I love you well,—
That I will keep my plighted faith with thee!
That tribute shall be paid, that liberty
Shall be the equal lot of all in all
This dost thou doubt! Ah no, thou canst not doubt,
Thou know'st that in the golden years to come,
No vantage taking from its vantage ground,
The Parliament, once met on College Green,
Will hold to Empire, and so loyally
Do righteous service, and keep honest faith
That all the world shall mark thy work, and cry
'Amen,' and say 'twas wisely, bravely done."
So she. And then she called him lord and liege,
Her seer, her bard, her silver star of eve,
Her god, her MERLIN, the one passionate love
Of her whole life, till he both overtalked
And overworn by her too cloying speech,
Had yielded, told her all the charm, and slept.

Then in one moment she put forth the charm
Of woven phrases and of waving words,
And in the hollow oak he lay as dead,
And lost to life and use and name and fame;
Then crying "I have made his glory mine,"
And shrieking out, "He's done!" the harpy leapt
Adown the forest, and the thicket closed
Behind her, and the forest echo'd "Done!"

THE HOME QUESTION AND TRUE ANSWER.—The extracts from the speeches of FOX, and the writings of SYDNEY SMITH on the Irish Home Rule Question, as given by Correspondents in the *Daily News*, have been admirably appropriate. But *Mr. Punch* would sum up all that can be said on the subject in one question, which is, "Has the English Nation, invariably, and as a rule, done to the Irish as they would wish the Irish should do to them?" There can be but one plain answer, "Most decidedly not." Therefore, when the opportunity arrives—*Fiat justitia, ruat cælum!*

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 30.



WESTMINSTER HALL. AFTER THE RECESS. "PARLIAMENTARY RETURNS."

THE VICTORIAN ERA OF NEW VEHICLES.

THE New Hansom will be fitted with—Whistle to attract Driver's attention; speaking tube; semaphore, to direct him; electric bell, in case any of the above get out of order; machinery to open and shut doors; machinery to open and shut windows; small box to receive coin. Machinery for giving change, measuring distance, detecting false notes or false money, and a clock.

Also, a Library, to consist of a "Hansom-ly bound Series," which will include—Maps of London, Amusing Stories, Court Guides, Trade Directories, &c.

There will be machinery for electric lighting the interior of cab by night, for lighting cigars, and for working musical-box, to amuse the "Fare" in course of long drive. The Driver will be bound to provide cards, cribbage and backgammon boards: Telegram forms, pencils in a case; lights, cigars if required; also brandies-and-sodas, lemonade, and cold tea.

The Driver of the new Victoria will carry with him a box containing various coloured liveries, and hats, with or without cockades, to match. Extra charge at so much per quarter of an hour: two-pence more for cockaded hat. At all the stands there will be stationed boys in livery who, at so much an hour, will accompany the vehicle, sit on the box, descend, assist the ladies out, carry parcels, be responsible for purchases, and will leave cards at private houses, with all the genuine air and manner of a first-class London footman.

N.B.—Suitable liveries and powdered wigs will be kept ready at all the cab-shelters, and a staff of young men, with guaranteed calves, always available to act as footmen to accompany the Victorias and Landauettes.

THE WHISTLER EXHIBITION.

THERE's a funny Exhibition, a sensation for the Maytime,
The Whistlerian "arrangement," so he says, "in brown and gold;"
If you're passing up New Bond Street, ask at DOWDESWELL'S, in the daytime.

Where the little panorama of queer pictures is unrolled.

JIMMY WHISTLER can do nothing just like any other fellow,
Here are very tiny pictures with a precious lot of frame;
While above you hangs an awning diabolically yellow,
And the footman in attendance is a mass of gamboge flame.

Here are "Harmonies" and "Notes" too, and here hangs each
mystic "Nocturne."

Just a sort of painted chaos of a melancholy green;
There is one that's pen-and-inky, if it gives you quite a shock, turn
To the dabs of paint—the people on the sands at Trouville seen.

Let us gaze upon this spectre with the legs a trifle shaky,
That's the "green and brown" *Orlando*, as folks saw it down at
Coombe;

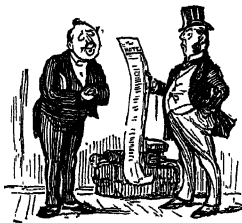
But that black and gold "arrangement"—a mad girl—quite "takes
the cake," I

Can imagine that she's saying, "What a show and what a room!"

MR. JUSTICE MATHEW and Mr. Justice A. L. SMITH were the
"Vacation Judges." No better Judges of a Vacation than these
two. We hope they enjoyed themselves.

ONE COL. ON'Y OF COLONIES.

By D. Crambo, Jun.



Inn dear,



The Pun-job.



"Can add, da!"



"Orse trail yer!"



News-eel-land.



Jam acher.



Van-demon's Land.



"T has mania!"



Sing a pour.



Seal "on."



Cape of Good Hope.



Fee Gee.

THERE have been a few duels between the Author of *La France Juive* and severe critics of his book. Its Publisher might advertise it as illustrated with Cuts. Madame ADAM wrote to deny that she was *Juive*. The wife of ADAM might also have added that there are few prettier Christian names than EVE.

THE REEL OPENING OF THE GREAT EXHIBISHUN.

IN course I was present perfeshnally at the fust opening of the grand Colonial and Ingian Exhibition, for whenever certain important Gents is gathered together, and you want to make 'em comferal and good natured, of course you must give 'em summat nice to eat and summat nice to drink, and so in course you can't do without Waiters. Of course I am not eluding to yesterday's opening, wen heverybody and ennybody could go in for a ginny, but the reel fust opening, about a fortnite ago, as was reserved for the Gentlemen of the Press, or as one of 'em rudely called themselves, the Press Gang. I was standing quietly watching their arrival, and thinking wot a jolly nice perfession theirs must be, always in the best places and always well looked arter, and nothink to pay, when there occurd another of them wunderfool things as so often appens to me. For seeing me a standing there, looking with a degree of respec almost amounting to haw at them as has it in their power to make anything, however splendid, a failure, and anythink else, however silly, a sucksess, who should take a site at me but Sir CUNLIFFE OWING, the Commander-in-Chief of the whole blooming lot, and he says to me, says he, "Come along, Mr. ROBERT, you are one of us, you know." I was so estonished that I reelly thinks as I amost blushed, tho' not quite used to the blushing mood, as the Marshness said wen she seed the new Bally. However I jined 'em in their Journey; but of course, as good taste dictates, keeping at such a respeekfool distance as might lend enchantment to the view.

The fust thing as we seed was summat as made me turn pail with estonishment. It is called "Jungle Life." Ah, it must be sumthink like life to live in a Jungle like that. It shows you a reglar thick wood in India, with such trees and bushes as I never seed afore, full of a reglar crowd of Elephants and Tigers and Snakes and Bears and Lepperds and things.

One of the Press Gentlemen kindly told me the names of sum of the werry strangest Beastes there. Such as the Great Bore, that everybody awoids, the Cheat'em from Monaco, the Covey's Gammon, the Bare Singer, quite nude, the Samburn, which wasn't a bit like him, the Porkypie, with his hookey nose, the Bufferlow, or low buffer, the Allygaiters, but not wearing 'em, and the Hoggish Dear, or large female feeder. My kind informant wanted to perswade me that a slippery, black-looking, slimy serpent, was a Dyson, but I wasn't quite such a fool as to believe that, for I had jest before heard him called a Piethon.

Well, after this we set out on our Travels, with our Commander-in-Chief a leading the way, and me a bringing up the rear like a Mager-General of the Commysseriet, as they calls the wittels and drink Department in the Army. Ah, what a Traveller Sir PHILIP must ha bin! Why he guided us all through Ingia, then through Africay, and then through all the Horsetrailian Colonys, as if he had spent all his life in each one of 'em sepperately and knowed em all by Art. And in each differing Country he gave us little 5 minute lecturs that told us all about 'em, and I lernt more Jografiy, I think it's called, in that two hours voyage than I hever lernt in all my long life afore. Ah, wot he carrys in his not werry big head must be about enuff for a Commander-in-Chief, and a Prime Minister and a Chance-seller of the Xchecker all in won. I wasn't at all aware 'till then that Canada was quite so close to Queensland, but then we all lives and learns, Hed Waiters and all. When we was in Africa, which wasn't near so hot as I expected, my kind frend pointed out to me the Dimond Washings, and showed me the black holes as they took the werry biggest dimonds out of. I had jest a shadder of dowt as to the strict werrassity of this statement, but he looked so serious, and withstood my stern gaze so carmly that I was forced to yield.

What struck me most when we got to New South Whales was the pride as they takes in their galliant Wollunteers. There is a splendid large Photygraft, about six or seven feet high, with butiful likenesses of ewery one of the brave fellers as wollunteered to fite with us in the Soodang last year; and this I will say, that a finer lookin set of smart fellers I never seed, not even at Holdyer-shot; and what I shoud like to see dun wood be for the old Copperashun to give a grand Bankwet of thanks to as many of 'em as has come over, in their old Gildhall, and I prommisses, in the name of my Order, that we will all wollunteer to wait on 'em for nothink, no, not ewen for taking care of their Ats!

I leaves to my Bretheren of the Press the task of describing the menny butiful things as we seed, they're more used to that sort of thing than me; but I quite agreed with the gushing Heditor of one of the Sporting Papers who I wentered to speak to on the subjec, and who said he was quite reddy to offer five ponys to two that for wunderfool works of Natur, and butiful works of Hart, stich a collection had never bin seen since Hexebishuns was first inwented, for he knew as he shoud win in a canter with both hands down. I didn't like to ask him why he kept so many ponys, he might have thought it rude, or why he should put both his hands down when he won, he might have thought me hignorant; but jest to give a slite idear of the way as they does things in Ingry, I may menshun, as there is jest a mere Pidgin House, sent over as a sample, that is, all smothered over with butiful carving, and cost about \$5,000!

When the Gentlemen of the Press retired to Lunch, I acumpained them to the dore, but I knowed my place better than to enter that abode of bliss, though by that time I was that jolly hungry that I could ewen have eaten sum cold mutton, not that there was anythink of that sort there; so I retired to my propper place, gratefool tho' hungry.

ROBERT.

VERB. SAP.—Beware of any set of people calling themselves "Knights of Labour." The Order has existed in France for a very long time, where they are known as "*Chevaliers d'industrie*."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

THROUGH THE TELEPHONE.

A SCIENTIFIC FARCE.

SCENE—*The Hall of the Senior Parthenon Club.**Enter Mr. WALFORD SNOOKS, hurriedly.**Mr. Walford Snooks, (to Hall Porter).* Any letters?*Hall Porter (after leisurely looking through papers taken from a pigeon-hole).* No, Sir.*Mr. Walford Snooks (in dismay).* Not a letter nor a telegram!*Hall Porter (again searching packet).* No, Sir; no letter and no telegram.*Mr. Walford Snooks (emphatically).* Dear me! *(Suddenly.)* Are we on the Telephone?*Hall Porter.* Yes, Sir; only it isn't used very often. There's the book of numbers, and you go in there. *(He points to a semi-glazed cupboard.)**Mr. Walford Snooks (after hurriedly consulting list).* Ah! here we are. Two million seven hundred and four! *(Rings excitedly by touching the knob, then shouts through the receiver.)* Are you there?*Indistinct Female Voice (after a long pause).* Did you ring?*Mr. Walford Snooks (indignantly).* Did I ring! Why I have been—*(suddenly finding he is no longer heard, he holds a receiver to his ear.)* By Jove, she has cut me off! *(Violently rings again.)**Indistinct Female Voice (after a longer pause).* Did you ring?*Mr. Walford Snooks (wary of losing another chance).* Two million seven hundred and four!*Indistinct Female Voice.* Two million seventy-four?*Mr. Walford Snooks (angrily).* No; Two million seven hundred and four!*Indistinct Female Voice.* What?*Mr. Walford Snooks (shouting).* Two million seven hundred and four!*Indistinct Female Voice.* I can't hear you.*Mr. Walford Snooks.* I said—By Jove, I am cut off again! *(Pushes the button-bell viciously.)* Oh, I can't stand this!*Indistinct Female Voice (after a pause).* Did you ring?*Mr. Walford Snooks (imploringly).* I said Two million seven hundred and four. Please, Two million seven hundred and four.*Indistinct Female Voice.* Well, I will see if I can get you put on.*Mr. Walford Snooks (moved almost to tears).* Thank you.*(He waits for ten minutes, and then rings, but in a broken-spirited fashion.)**Indistinct Female Voice (after a pause).* Did you ring?*Mr. Walford Snooks (roused once more to fury).* Did I ring! Why, hang it!—There!—she has cut me off again!*(Listens with the receiver.)**Harsh Male Voice (suddenly through telephone).* Are you there?*Mr. Walford Snooks (gratefully).* Yes! Are you CHARLEY TREMLET?*Harsh Male Voice (as before).* What? I can't hear what you are saying.*Mr. Walford Snooks (slowly).* Are you Mis—ter CHARLES TREM—LET?*Harsh Male Voice.* Eh? Are you there?*Mr. Walford Snooks.* Who are you?*Harsh Male Voice.* Patent Cucumber Company. Two million and seventy-four. Patent Cucumber Company? Is it about the spoiled cocoa-nut consignment?*Mr. Walford Snooks (furious).* She has put me on the wrong number, after all! *(Shouting through the Telephone.)* I don't want you! It's a mistake. I don't want you!*Harsh Male Voice (mildly).* Eh? Are you there?*Mr. Walford Snooks (indignantly rings bell).* Two million seven hundred and four! Two million seven hundred and four!*Indistinct Female Voice.* Did you ring?*Mr. Walford Snooks (boiling over with rage, but keeping his temper).* Two million seven hundred and four! Please—Two million seven hundred and four! *(He listens intently.)**Mild Male Voice (after a long pause).* Are you there?*Mr. Walford Snooks.* Yes. Will you please tell Mr. TREMLET that I can't get the Stalls for Saturday at the Palais Royal. So we must go to Paris to-night, and had better dine together at the Club. Tell him, please, that he had better bring his portmanteau with him, to save time, and—*Mild Male Voice.* Are you there? I can't hear a word you are saying, if you are talking.*Mr. Walford Snooks (angrily).* It's too bad! Are you there?*Cherry Voice (suddenly).* Yes, I am here—CHARLEY TREMLET.*Mr. Walford Snooks (overjoyed).* Can you hear me?*Cherry Voice.* Quite distinctly. Well, what is it?*Mr. Walford Snooks.* Well, CHARLEY, I was saying that, I can't get tickets for the Palais Royal for Saturday.*Cherry Voice.* Yes. Keep on talking, or they will cut us off.*Mr. Walford Snooks.* Well, I was saying—*Imperious Female Voice.* Now then, have you done?*Mr. Walford Snooks (imploringly).* Don't cut us off. Well, I was saying that, as I can't get the tickets for the Palais Royal, we had better—*Imperious Female Voice.* Now then—have you done talking?*Mr. Walford Snooks.* No. Please don't cut us off. Well, as I was saying—*(Suddenly becoming conscious that the connection has been severed.)* Hang it all! This is too bad!*(Attacks the bell viciously for five minutes.)**Indistinct Female Voice.* Did you ring?*Mr. Walford Snooks (indignantly).* Did I ring? I had better write what I want to say! *(Leaves Box, and motions Messenger to follow him.)* And this is progress!*(Retires angrily into the Smoking-Room to compose his letter.)*

LAST WORDS.

The Representatives of the Five Powers to M. Delyannis.

We are in receipt of your reply in answer to our last friendly communication, telling us "to mind our own business," asking us a Thessalian conundrum, and enclosing us a ribald caricature sketch of our individual selves begging at the door of the Piræus, and we herewith acknowledge the same. We must, however, protest that after our concessions about the first ultimatum, it is not the sort of tone, at least in a public diplomatic document, we should have thought it reasonable in you to have adopted. However, we have no wish to threaten, but we must really beg of you to be reasonable. Can you not at least let it be given out that you consent to disarm, and so save us from the very disagreeable duty of taking ulterior measures. Believe us, it goes very much against our grain to say so much as this, but as we have got the ships here, you see we *must* do something. So, be generous—and meet us half-way. Let us have a pacific reply. Pray do, for we shall be really greatly obliged to you.

M. Delyannis to the Representatives of the Five Powers.

Yah! You are a set of nincompoops. Think I am going to disarm! Not a bit of it. Have just ordered the reserves up to the front. How do you like *that*? As to your "ulterior measures"—take them when you like. Who cares! Neither *Ego* nor *Rea Meus*. So fire away!

The Representatives of the Five Powers to M. Delyannis.

We are in receipt of your last despatch, but have agreed, out of consideration for you, to regard it as unread. So we most willingly give you an additional twenty-four hours in which you can think the matter over, and endeavour to frame something a little more friendly in spirit. We must, out of mere respect for the Governments we represent, point out to you the impropriety of calling us names. However, we do not wish to press this point, but hope to hear from you in a conciliatory vein, so that we may not be under the very painful necessity of having recourse to those ulterior measures which, believe us, we refer to even now with the greatest reluctance.

M. Delyannis to the Representatives of the Five Powers.

Call yourselves "Gentlemen," do you? Why, I wouldn't give half a drachma for a dozen of you. Who are you to teach me manners, I should like to know? As to your threats, take care that I don't send you all packing on my own account. That's what you ought to get, and *will*, if you don't look out.

The Representatives of the Five Powers to M. Delyannis.

The Representatives of the Five Powers present their compliments to M. DELYANNIS, and beg to inform him that, under all the circumstances of the case, they have come to the conclusion that they had better anticipate the undesirable necessity of his having recourse to extreme measures to which he refers, and that they will therefore temporarily withdraw themselves from the Piræus. They trust that, in doing so, they will not be misunderstood, and that their action will not be taken as any indication of a hostile attitude to the Greek Government, whose curious antics they will still continue to watch from a distance both with solicitude and interest.

LILLY-BULERO!—Of Mr. W. S. LILLY's two volumes of *Chapters in European History* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), and of his careful and opportune article on Liberty and Liberalism, in the *Fortnightly*, we shall have something to say later on. For the moment we will observe to any one inclined to dispute Mr. LILLY's premises or conclusions, that he is evidently "a nasty one to tackle"—not a water-Lilly, but a tiger-Lilly. Beware! We have heard that an eminent Academician would not undertake his portrait, for this year's show, on the plea that he could not paint the Lilly. Was it Sir J. E. M. who said this? And was it through the influence of the other Lilly (of Jersey), whose portrait by Sir EVERETT will be in everybody's recollection, that the public have been deprived of another great work of Art? If so, such jealousy is Lilly-putian.



MEMORIES!

Friend (taking leave, after spending the evening). "ADMIRABLE TALKER YOUR WIFE IS, BROWN. I COULD LISTEN TO HER A WHOLE NIGHT."

Brown (with a sigh). "AH! I OFTEN DO!"

A BIRMINGHAM BALLADE.

ARRANGED FOR THE PRIME MINISTER.

GENTLE Caucus, tell me true,
Am I then thine only love;
Dost thou, spite my latest hue,
Hold me still all else above!
Can no boasting rival claim
He hath made thee all his own!
Tell me is thy party flame
Kindled but for me alone;
Prithee, say that CHAMBERLAIN
Pleads to thee—but pleads in vain!

"Gentle Caucus, do not heed
What the lesser throng would urge;
Follow blindly where I lead,
And in this all duty merge."
So I pray'd thee. Thy reply
Falleth sweetly on my ear,
And I know full well that I
Now can murmur without fear,
"Gentle Caucus, CHAMBERLAIN
Hath appeal'd to thee in vain!"

ONE "Note" not in The Whistler Collection. Bank Note in Tite Street. "Reserved."

SUNDAYS AT SYDENHAM.

THE Palace of Crystal in June, tra la!
A beautiful place when fine,
Will open on Sundays—a boon—tra la!
And offer a knife, fork, and spoon, tra la!
To those who will go there to dine,
To those who will go there to dine.
And that's why to GILBERT and SULLIVAN's
tune
I sing how the Palace on Sundays in June
Will, tra la la la la!
Give, tra la la la la!
Us dinners on Sundays in June!

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.

(Items à la Mode.)

HER Majesty's ship *Timorous* that started yesterday from Portland for the trial practice of her new 83-ton guns, returned this morning for repairs, owing to the unexpected blowing up of three of them. The hull is naturally much damaged by the explosion, for which, however, no reasonable cause has been assigned. The officers in charge, do not on this occasion, refer the accident to faulty loading, and it is imagined that inquiry will establish the fact that there must have been some slight defect, probably in the outer metal case. A full investigation of the matter will take place on the return of what is left of the vessel to port, but it is not supposed that her necessary repairs can be completed under three years.

The *Majestic*, composite screw sloop, went over the measured mile yesterday, but somewhat disappointed the Authorities in her going powers, which, owing to the rapid priming of her boilers, did not show a higher record than three knots and a half under all the steam that could be got on to her. There being also a slight sea on, her rolling was considerable, and in turning she heeled over to such an extent, showing an angle of seventy-two degrees on the record, that for some moments there was visible alarm manifested by all on board as to whether she would right herself again. She, however, got safely back, and it is estimated that after she has been dry-docked and undergone certain radical alterations in her construction, these defects may be partially remedied.

From Malta it is reported that the *Armourer*, that had run out of coals 300 miles from land, and got something the matter with her screw, had been towed into harbour by a passing tug. It is understood that her main-shaft, supplied in her refit at Portsmouth, has again broken, and it is now announced that she will have to be brought home for the necessary repairs.

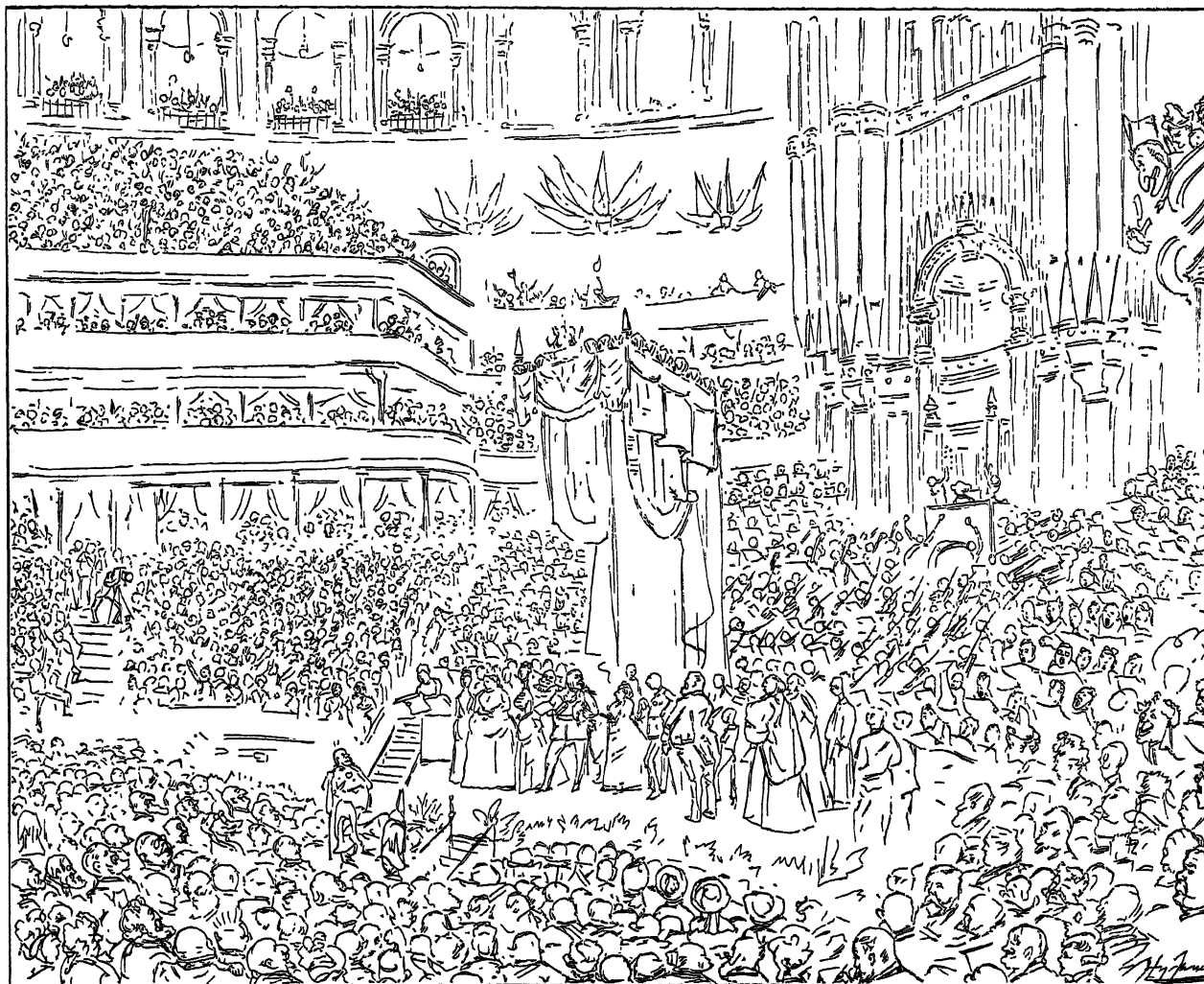
A WELCOME TO OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE Poet-Doctor, OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, Across the Atlantic—welcome tidings!—comes.

Dear Autocrat, "our little Mother Isle" Will break into an universal smile,
Like its May-buds and cherry-bloom, to greet you,
Luck speed your keel, for we all long to meet you.
BIGELOW is here, to help us shout "Hooray!"
For him who sang "The Wonderful One-Hoss Shay."
Slips of our mutual stock from every clime
Through London; you have picked a happy time,
And trust us there'll be no one England through
More welcome to our hearts—and theirs—than you!

THE RIGHT ROYAL OPENING OF "THE COLINDERIES."

(By Our Special Exhibition Commissioner.)



INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 31. ALBERT HALL, MAY 4.

Conscious of being favourably "known to the Police," as the possessor of a magic talisman-ticket, before which the dark blue genii respectfully retire, I walk through barred passages, and, avoiding the crush at the entrance, march majestically and calmly along the Royal route, submitting with a captivating grace peculiarly our own—"I" am "We" now)—to be twice warned off the red carpet which is being kept clean for Royal feet, and on which even the fact of our being the bearer of a charmed life does not permit us to tread. At a point which the tide of red baize, slowly rolling in, has not yet reached, We take the middle of the floor, and having a little private Royal Progress of our own, We bow right and left to persons We know, and to many more whom We don't, but whose acquaintance Our Affability indicates that We should be delighted to make on the spot, were there time to stop for it, or, on our return, if they are still there. It occurs to me that "Our Affability" is a suitable title on such an occasion. So Our Affability walks on, thinking how mighty easy it is, on a beautiful fine day, to bow pleasantly to everybody where everybody is happily smiling, and not to care one single twopenny dash for anybody or anything, as long as not even the pertinacious house-fly is present to disturb and upset Our Affability.

We take our seats in the Albert Hall, which is filling rapidly. Undistinguished people, in distinguished uniforms, arriving fast, and filling the arena. A solitary individual, in a velvet Court suit, near us, is evidently wishing he could run home and change it, while others, who have left their uniform or Court dress at home, on beholding him, are regretting their decision, as a uniform on such an occasion would have given them an air of distinction. Regrets are too late now.

Arrival of celebrities, chiefly Sir RICHARD CROSS. From the moment he appears he occupies the Hall, becoming, as it were, "the man in possession."

Sir RICHARD is not in uniform, but he is glad to see that other people are, and he smiles, smirks, and beams on all his friends in and out of uniform, political and social, with whom he shakes hands, and continues shaking hands for the next half-hour, welcoming every one of them as they come in, or

delighted to see them if they are already seated, so that, to any outsider, who might have casually just dropped in without the faintest idea of what was going on, it would appear that the little dapper, smirking, restless gentleman in the centre of the Hall is giving an "At Home," and has, in the prodigality of his hospitality, issued so many invitations that he has been compelled, at the last moment, to engage the Albert Hall, where he is now receiving his many friends, from all parts of the world, in the most genial manner possible. Sir RICHARD's chief guests—for whom the lively and amiable host has provided a splendid chair under a magnificent canopy, and several golden-back chairs arranged in a semicircle, as if for the occupation of a band of superfine, extra-quality Christy Minstrels, when they will sing "O those Golden Chairs!"—have not yet arrived.

A couple of Heralds appear on the dais, in a compromising costume of tabards and trousers, but not finding anything particular to do, they become uncomfortable, and, after a feeble attempt at appearing entirely at their ease, they, somewhat ignominiously, retire. Siamese and Japanese Ambassadors enter. With these Sir RICHARD CROSS has nothing to do: he is glad to see them, nothing more, he is not effusive, and as they pass on, the shadow, that had momentarily clouded their radiantly billous countenances, caused by Sir RICHARD's apparent indifference, is dispelled by the warm greeting given them by the gorgeous Foreign Ambassadors and their ladies, who are all in one corner together, chatting and laughing, and who all bob up and down, one after the other, like the hammers of a pianoforte during the performance of an *andante* passage, as various Excellencies arrive, rising in chords of three or four notes at a time to greet the American Minister, who, in his ordinary evening dress, looks as if he had been out very late the night before, somewhere in a Hammersmith direction, and after a wash and brush-up, had just taken Sir RICHARD CROSS's little party, at the Albert Hall, on his road home.

More Ambassadors,—more Ministers: all more and more decorated—then magnificent Indian Princes, who pass Sir RICHARD without a word, and

stalk, with majestic bearing, towards a corner, where they remain, glittering. Sir RICHARD, recovering from his astonishment at their unexpected appearance, addresses himself anxiously to someone in a diplomatic uniform, and is evidently inquiring "How those fellows got in?" The answer is satisfactory, as, in a few seconds, Sir RICHARD beams again, till the sight of Sir W. VERNON HARCOURT and Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN, in Ministerial dress, gives him such a shock that he collapses, and sinks on to a seat where, for a while, among a lot of tall men in uniforms, he is lost to the public gaze.

More Colonials and Indian Princes until the gold and diamonds begin to pall upon us. Somebody just behind us, who is familiar with everybody's name, and who, as the proverbial "Well-informed Person," has been pointing out all the celebrities to his wife—and all wrong, of course—now exclaims, "There's JOE HOARE!" whom we in the vicinity suppose to be some banking celebrity famous in the City, but who, it turns out, is the Sultan of Johore, with diamonds in his cap worth a monarch's ransom,—that is, always depending upon the value of the monarch to be bought out.

For a few seconds Mr. COMYNS CARR becomes the centre of attraction. He looks all around pleasantly, as if he were there, as everybody's friend, to see if everybody is comfortably seated, and everybody appearing to be all right, he nods a smiling benison on the arrangements generally, and disappears.

Lord WOLSELEY, in *muffi*, slides into a seat. Suddenly, as if jerked up in the air by a spring, rises Mr. DOVLY CARTE, from among the crowd in the stalls, and shows as much of himself as is generally seen of one of the apparitions out of the cauldron in *Macbeth*. He is evidently considering whether it wouldn't pay to run the Indian Princes, in their present costumes, for a tour, with an Entertainment—which could easily be knocked together by GILBERT and SULLIVAN—round the country, as "The Theatrical Carte Company, No. 3," and then take them to the States "for the fall." Either the word "fall" has shaken his faith in the idea, or his meditations have been distracted by the appearance of the Bishop of London on the dais, looking, in his lawn sleeves and Doctor of Divinity's robe, as if he had been woke up suddenly out of bed, and had had only time to slip a red dressing-gown, without sleeves, over his *robe de nuit*, and had "come as he was" to the Albert Hall, for Mr. D'OVLY CARTE strokes his beard with a calculating, thoughtful air, and goes down into his seat slowly, like the setting sun, or as if he were being lowered, in a dignified manner, by machinery. His descent is the signal for Sir RICHARD to jump up suddenly, and have a chat with the nearest man in uniform, whom he quite takes by surprise.

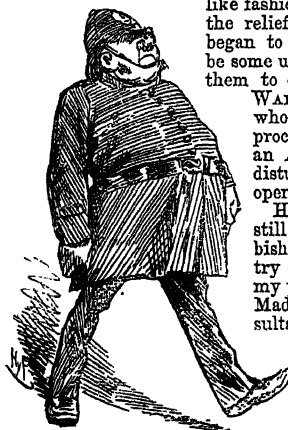
At this instant, considerable cheering. Sir RICHARD, astonished at the moment chosen, but evidently prepared to consider the occasion as justifying this testimony to his popularity, is about to acknowledge the ovation with grateful alacrity, when his friend points out to him that the greeting had been given to Madame ALBANI; whereat, and on the immediate disappearance of his friend in diplomatic uniform, Sir RICHARD once more subsides, crushed, and, before he can recover himself, he is overwhelmed by a deluge of magnificently accoutred Gentlemen-at-Arms, with swords, helmets, and halberds, whose gorgeousness, as it were, flows over the arena, and so utterly swamps Sir RICHARD, that for the next half-hour he is unable even to come up to the surface, like an oppressed fish, and gasp for air. So until Royalty arrives, Sir RICHARD has no other occupation than to study the back buttons and the belt and upper portion of the trousers of the particular Gentleman-at-Arms who has temporarily shut out Sir RICHARD CROSS from all communication with the outer world.

More applause, of which Sir RICHARD can take no notice, and the appearance of Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN in Court suit brings Mr. D'OVLY CARTE up again, all smiles. "Ah," he is evidently murmuring to himself, "why isn't GILBERT knighted and here in a Court dress too? I know he's got one, because I've seen him in it. What an advertisement for the Savoy!" Then once more the brilliancy of the Indian Princes fascinates him, and slowly muttering to himself, "If you like the pickle, try the sauce," he once more imitates the setting sun, and, stroking his beard in true Oriental fashion, subsides not ungracefully. Suddenly Mr. TRENDLELL, arrayed like Sir ARTHUR in the alternative Court suit, which is more showy than the velvet at the price, and bearing a marked resemblance to Lord ALCESTER—more widely known as Admiral Sir Beach'em-and-don't-go-to-Sea-more—hurries up to the dais, and beckons authoritatively to somebody or something—it is either a man or a pigeon—to come down at once, and, if a bird, perch on his outstretched finger. As neither bird, nor man, obeys the summons, the Literary Superintendent accepts defeat with a smile, and crossing to the Archbishop of CANTEBURY, who has just joined the Bishop of LONDON on the dais, stays with them to explain quite pleasantly the probable reason of the absence of the pigeon or the man, whichever it was.

Then the Archbishop of CANTEBURY, who with his Chaplain and the Bishop of LONDON, had been together examining a book of the ceremonial, apparently with the view of finding an opening for a trio—by the kind permission of Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN and Mr. BARNBY,—takes this opportunity of consulting Mr. TRENDLELL as to the practicability of such an introduction; and the Literary Superintendent evidently not liking to give a point-blank refusal, calls up Mr. CLOWES, the printer of the work in question,

who, also disguised in an alternative Court dress, which gives him the brisk official air of a junior Admiral, enlivened by the appropriate joviality of the Sandboy, approaches the Bishops on the subject—and on the dais—and tells them that, even if Mr. TRENDLELL wrote the words on the spot, he couldn't undertake to print it in the time. At this moment the Archbishop and Bishop catch sight of Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN bearing down towards them from behind the throne, and there is that in his eye [his glass] which tells them that, Dignitaries of the Church though they be, he will stand no interference with his musical department, and so the three ecclesiastical conspirators—like the three Anabaptists in the *Prophète*—disperse, and pretend, in a Toots-like fashion, that "it's of no consequence," much to the relief of Messrs. TRENDLELL and CLOWES, who began to fear that at the last moment there might be some unpleasantness, which would have compelled them to call for the interference of Sir CHARLES WARREN, the new Chief Commissioner of Police, whose first public duty, had it been necessary to proceed to extremities, would have been to take an Archbishop and a Bishop into custody for disturbing the harmony of the proceedings at the opening of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition.

However, all passes off quietly. Sir ARTHUR, still with his eye-glass fixed on the Archbishop, as much as to say, "You'd better not try any amateur Gregorian trio here without my permission, my boy," walks slowly towards Madame ALBANI, to whom, after a short consultation with Mr. BARNBY, during which the expression on the countenances of both musicians becomes fierce and determined, he explains the serious aspect of the occasion. A diversion is produced by Mr. TRENDLELL coming up to show Madame ALBANI the golden key of the Exhibition; and on Madame ALBANI inquiring



Leading the Procession.

"whether that is the key she is to take for 'Home, Sweet Home,'" everybody's face is wreathed in smiles, Mr. CLOWES rhymes with his name and "bows." Mr. TRENDLELL laughs heartily, Sir ARTHUR is convulsed, and the Archbishop, Bishop, and Chaplain at the other side of the dais pluck up a bit, and begin to feel that the danger is averted.

"She is coming!" A thrill through the audience, and Sir RICHARD CROSS, being freed from pressure by a movement of the Gentleman-at-Arms, comes up to the surface for air, and snaps at a man in a diplomatic uniform as if he were a summer-fly skimming the surface. But the insect escapes, and the Gentleman-at-Arms once more forming himself into a column, again distributes himself over the area which includes Sir RICHARD, who is thenceforth finally obliterated.

The Procession! A Stout Policeman out of Drury Lane Pantomime—"by kind permission of Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS"—leads the way. Clown and Pantaloon engaged elsewhere, and so the Policeman is not tripped up, nor does his head come off and go up by a string to Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS, who is seated in a box aloft quite ready to take it. Then the Heralds: Rouge Dragon, wagging his tail pleasantly, no fire or smoke coming out of his mouth: rather a nervous and pleasantly disposed Dragon, judging by his appearance now. After him magnificent persons bearing some huge golden maces ("I'd have had all these chaps in big heads," says AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS to himself), then General Sir SOMERS VINE with his head at all events screwed properly on his shoulders, so that there is no danger of his losing it, telling them where to go, and preventing the amateur supernumeraries from getting clubbed up together in a corner. ("Ought to have rehearsed this," murmurs AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS, shaking his head pathetically.) Next, all the other Commissioners, then the Treasurer of the Household ("Nice time he'll have of it next Saturday," murmurs AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS, "hope 'the Ghost will walk'"), then the Vice-Chamberlain, then the Lord Steward (without the basin), and then, amid all the gold and scarlet and blaze of precious stones and jewels and gold, a small elderly lady in deep black, gracefully curtsying left and right, and acknowledging the deafening cheers with which she is being received.

Gentlemen! THE QUEEN!

Then the Prince of WALES, in one of his uniforms, and at his elbow the graceful, ever youthful charming Princess of WALES. The golden chairs are there ready for use. The Royalties seem nervous and uncertain as to what they've got to do ("Ought to have rehearsed this, you know," mutters AUGUSTUS, who is becoming fidgety), and H.R.H. on being consulted by the Princess in a whisper, evidently replies, aside, "Stand where you like, my dear, only, for goodness sake, don't make a fuss"—and the Royalties stand accordingly, until the QUEEN, with a sharp nod and a peremptory rap with her fan, indicates her sovereign pleasure that the whole lot of them are to be seated. Then ALBANI sings a little thing of TENNYSON'S, music composed by ARTHUR SULLIVAN, which goes very well, though the Composer must have sighed to himself, "Oh, for one verse of GILBERT!" ALBANI tries her best to make the line "Glorifying between sea and sky" fit into the air, and is probably blessing neither the Poet nor the Composer.

This being over, the Prince steps forward, and faces the QUEEN,—as if both were about to perform an Irish jig, but, changing his mind at the last moment, H.R.H. reads a paper, explaining, as if quite as an afterthought and by way of a pleasant surprise, why they have brought HER MAJESTY all the way from Windsor Castle to London. "Ah!" the QUEEN appears to say, "yes—that's exactly what I want to know." Then HER MAJESTY listens most graciously to the end. At one time it seems as if the Gracious Lady were about to ask for further information on some points, but, catching sight of the hopeless expression on the countenances of the major and minor Royalties, who, including the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, are all penned up like sheep (in uniform) between the orchestra and the golden chairs, HER MAJESTY



Sir Richard "receives."

restrains her desire for further enlightenment; and, on her signifying her readiness to receive the Official Catalogue to take home with her, and the master-key of the Exhibition, so that HER MAJESTY can come in and out at all hours without either paying at the doors or showing a season-ticket, SIR GEORGE HAYTER CHUBB, in velvet Court suit, with sword by his side, ascends to the dais and presents the key, which HER MAJESTY graciously accepts, but being unable to find a pocket in her dress handy for its reception, is obliged to entrust it to the care of the Prince of WALES, to be left with him till called for. Then Mr. CLOWES gaily mounts the steps and presents the Catalogue, closely followed by Mr. TRENDLE with the Handbook, which he has compiled all by himself. This part of the function being concluded, the three performers have to sidle down the steps with a crab-like action, keeping one eye on their Sovereign and another on the step below. It is a trying moment, but they reach the floor in safety, whereat there is some slight attempt at applause on the part of their anxious friends, which is instantly suppressed on the commencement of HER MAJESTY'S reply, which she reads with a slightly foreign accent, but in a clear, distinct, and pleasant voice, and then kisses H.R.H. the Prince of WALES, as a reward for his having behaved himself up to now so remarkably well, and having been, in a general way, such a very good boy.

Then steps forward LORD KENMARE, and waving his Chamberlain's wand after the manner of the Good Fairy in the transformation scene, only in a timid, amateurish sort of way ("Why didn't he come to me or KATTI LANNER for a lesson?" growls AUGUSTUS DRUOLIANUS, quite losing all patience with them), he declares the Show open. The wand cannot exercise a very potent spell, as there is no transformation—nobody changes into anything; it has no sort of effect even on SIR RICHARD CROSS or on MR. D'OLYX CARTE, but it sets in motion the trumpeters, who flourish like a green bay-tree, and then are heard no more. After this comes the Archbishop's chance; he finds the right place, and reads something between a prayer and an address in a dainty, æsthetic fashion. Whereupon follows the Prayer of Prayers, amid a hum of devout responses.

After this, the "Hallelujah Chorus." Differences of opinion as to position arise; HER MAJESTY really doesn't see why the Royalties should stand, and sits; H.R.H. the Princess, being of a reverential turn, whispers to the Prince, "It's not the fashion to sit during the 'Hallelujah Chorus,'" and stands up,—so do the other Royalties. Prince looks uncommonly doubtful. If he could stand up on one side, and sit on the other, that would meet the difficulty. He elects to remain bolt upright; and so, graciously yielding to the majority in favour of the erect attitude, HER MAJESTY rises, and remains standing till the finish of the "Hallelujah."

Then comes the treat of the day,—ALBANI singing "Home, Sweet Home." Delicious! In the course of the second verse, a flute, or an oboë, or a flageolet executes a bird-like warble, apparently just behind the Duke of CAMBRIDGE'S head, which so startles that gallant warrior that he sharply faces about, and severely scrutinises the orchestra, evidently muttering to himself, "If I could find out the confounded fellow who's doing this, I'd order him under arrest—like a shot—and court-martial him, I would!"

But the delinquent is not discovered, and, when "Home, Sweet Home" is finished, the Commander-in-Chief is prevented from drawing his sword and plunging in among the musicians, by the general irresistible movement that carries him off with all the other Royalties into their places in the Procession, which is now slowly moving out to the chorus of "Rule, Britannia!" and the QUEEN thanks SIR P. CUNLIFFE OWEN, who all this time, attired in Civil Service costume, has kept modestly in the background, saying, "Sir PHILIP, this is all Owen to you," and thrice graciously bowing to everybody from the top of the steps, Her Gracious MAJESTY graciously vanishes from our view, and we, the anybodies, nobodies, and somebodies, justle, and shove, and crush, and get out into the Gardens, where forthwith we begin to enjoy the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, 1886, and on the first opportunity we drink to its success under the style and title of "The Colinderies!"

A NEW ST. PAUL'S!!—Yes—open every day, and more frequent Sunday services than at the Metropolitan Cathedral! [We allude to the new station of St. Paul's on the L. C. and D. line. "For this relief much thanks," say Holborn Viaduct and Ludgate; and suggest to MR. STAAT FORBES, the Chairman, the above, as an attractive form of advertisement for their new Station.]

POLITICAL DYSPEPSIA.—A disease peculiar to some eminent Statesmen, in consequence of surfeit, from excess in eating their words.

Mass v. Class.

DEAR WILLIAM, you puzzle us.
Critics are wrong,
But your argument really is
coming it strong.

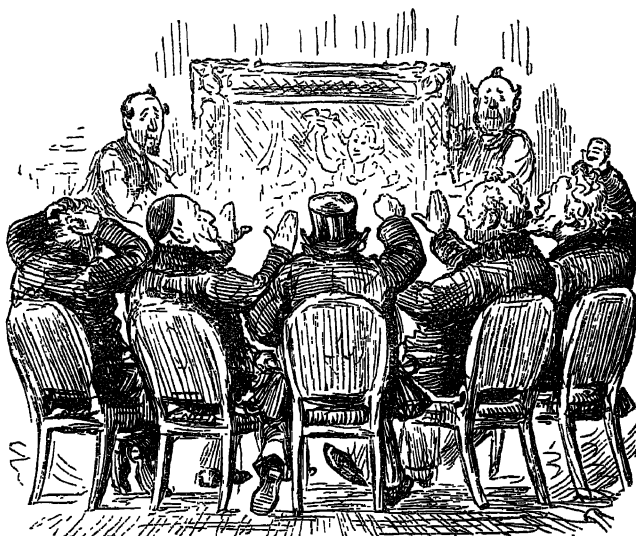
'Tisn't class against class that
your casuist arts
Are setting, but rather the whole
'gainst its parts.

Do inform your true friends, if
you will be so good,
When the trees are all taken,
what's left of the wood?

True wisdom no doubt may be found with the masses,
But where is the School when you've kicked out the Classes?



"This sort of thing can't go on!"
as the gouty man said to his tight boot.



HOW MCDAUB'S PICTURE GOT HUNG.

First Hanging Committee-Man. "OH! HANG IT!"

Second Ditto. "I SAY, HANG IT, YOU KNOW!"

Third Ditto. "OH! LOOK HERE! THAT BE HANGED!"

Fourth Ditto. "OH! HANG THAT!"

Fifth Ditto. "HERE, HANG IT ALL! TAKE IT AWAY!"

Porter. "VERY GOOD, GENTLEMEN!" [And it was Hung.]

PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

(By Our Special Book-Marker.)

"A LUCKY YOUNG WOMAN."

SEE here are the adventures of a very charming lass—
By F. C. PHILLIPS, Author of *As in a Looking-glass*—
The characters are crisply sketched, the touch is true and bold,
The story's fresh, and full of go, and capitably told.
Why is it bound in lavender? I am astonished—
Why "lay it up in lavender," when bound to be well read?

"LOST! A DAY."

HERE 's a warning no bachelor ought to disparage—
Read with trembling and fear of the Mesmeric Marriage

"A STORK'S NEST."

HERE are twenty-one stories from Dane and from Norse,
By ETTLAR, by RING, and by other pens various;
And they all are well told, but translated of course—
So VICARY'S telling, no doubt, is vicarious!
Be that as it may—to peruse don't refrain,
These capital tales from the Norse and the Dane!

"THE JOYOUS STORY OF TOTO."

FULL of capital fun is Miss RICHARDS'S book,
All children who get it are gainers:
If at GARRETT'S quaint pictures they only once look,
They'll never be Total abstainers!

"HISTORIC BOYS."

"Boys will be boys"—we all well know,
But in this volume, E. S. BROOKS,
Who writes, for boys, the best of books!
True stories tells, which clearly show,
That boys were men, long years ago!

"FLOATING FLIES."

OF Blue Duns and Bumbles, of hooks and their eyes,
Of Red Tags and Coachmen, and all sorts of flies;
Of Wickhams, Red Spinners, and others ne'er failing
To lure out of water the trout and the grayling—
Here HALFORD discourses, and shows a collection
Of ninety fly-portraits, all limned to perfection:
A capital volume, and no one will doubt it,
No fisherman now should be ever without it!

"SELL'S DICTIONARY OF THE WORLD'S PRESS."

'Tis crammed with information of all kinds newspaperial,
Of libel-law and copyright, of magazine and serial:
The uses of advertisement it shows with great propriety,
And scales of charge and methods gives in infinite variety!



'A "CURLED DARLING OF SOCIETY."

She. "HOW WOULD YOU LIKE YOUR REGIMENT TO BE SENT TO INDIA?"

He. "AW—NOT AT ALL. TOO FAR FROM LONDON, YOU KNOW!"

UN-ENGLISH SUGGESTION.

MR. PUNCH,

DEMOCRACY is indeed, in its own language, "a goin' of it." It has initiated a movement for the habitual omission from utterance of the letter "H." Yes, Sir, 'ARRY 'as 'is defenders. In a paper read before a Provincial Literary and Philosophical Society, to a popular audience, and since published, default of the aspirate is actually extenuated. Nay, its disuse is advocated even. From a London journal there is also quoted a "plea" treating exactness in using it as a species of affectation. A notable point in one of these apologies is the theory that, as some people are partially colour-blind, so others may possibly be *h*-deaf-and-dumb; physically unable to hear or to pronounce the sound, *h*. Un'appy 'umau beings! 'Ow 'orrible! Why what is even 'Eaven with an "H"?

Your revolutionists pretend that the pronunciation of *h* is modern. The good old English *h* was a silent *h*. "In the sixteenth century the word 'Hebrew' was spelt 'Ebrue.'" Well, to be sure, *Falstaff* backed a "banger" with the alternative, "Or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew." But then wasn't he mimicking the popular pronunciation? Does *Falstaff* ever denominate his Prince 'ARRY, or call him 'AL?

Moreover, the Jacobins and Levellers plead that really, in early days, the use of the aspirate, which had still earlier prevailed, was dying out, just as it "has died out in French, Spanish, Italian, and Greek." And, probably, thinks the author of the "plea" above-mentioned, avowing himself "AN AITCH DROPPER," a very good job too. It had better, suggests this pleader for degeneracy, die out in all England also, as well as inside of Cockneydom. The enforcement of "this shibboleth of gentility" is intolerable to that ultra Radical. He therefore cries:—

"Oh, do kindly take this incubous from our minds and lungs, and we shall breathe more freely, and be grateful. What I ask for is compromise. Let aspiration be retained for electionary purposes if you like, but let us not be troubled with this affectation at our counting-houses and firesides."

"This affectation" and "this incubous" mean the same thing, the incubency of aitches. It is not at all obvious that "incubous" is a misprint. An incubus isn't an affectation, although, in the sense of nightmare, it may affect the lungs and the mind.

Sir, I trust that the whole Constitutional Party, whether Liberals or Tories, will unite as one man in opposing an agitation opening a disloyal crusade against the Queen's English. Its commencement is clearly the thin end of the wedge, which, when driven home, will confound *v* and *w*, singular and plural, and deprive present participants of their final *g*, besides making the double negative compulsory—and that all in the sacred name of British liberty of speech! *Absit omen*, menacing as it appears to

Yours truly,

WALKER DELOLME.

AN OXFORD (STREET) GREEK PLAY.

THE *raison d'être* of *Clito*, an original Tragedy, written in (I believe) blank verse, by Messrs. GRUNDY and BARRETT, seems to me to have been a desire on the part of the authors to suit Miss EASTLAKE with a part similar to the one written for SARAH BERNHARDT by VICTORIEN SARDOU, without having recourse to the facile expedient of translating or adapting SARDOU's drama of *Théodora*. There is also a touch of SHERIDAN KNOWLES's *Virginus* in it, and the whole strikes me as the work of men who had first devised situations, mainly founded upon what was most effective in *Théodora*, and then worked up to them.

I will first consider the play, afterwards the acting; for unless the intention of the authors is thoroughly comprehended, criticism on the representation of their drama is thrown away. What then did the authors mean the public to understand by their "original tragedy" of *Clito*? I may take it that the performance at the Princess's fairly represents their meaning, because they have not protested that it does not, and one of them plays the hero. The play being unpublished, I can only arrive at the authors' intention through the actors' interpretation, and if these are false *media* it is not my fault should my deduction not be exactly what the "GRUNDY-BARRETT" combination (telegraphically abbreviated into "GRARRETT" or "BARUNDY")—would desire me to draw. If a play is published, I can study it, form my own idea of it, and judge the performance by that standard: which standard is itself fairly open to criticism. But to me the performance of *Clito* is its publication: its representation by actors is a reading aloud of the text; "the reader," as the old



“STAY, PRITHEE, STAY!”

CH-RCH-LL } (together). “PRAY, KEEP YOUR SEAT—”
CH-MB-RL-N }
P-RN-LL. “SURE, I DIDN’T KNOW YOU WERE SO FOND OF MY COMPANY!!”

play-books used to have it, "being supposed to be on the stage facing the audience," and the performance is the text illustrated—and here I may say if it were illustrated with a few more "cuts," such an operation, in any new edition, would be of considerable benefit to the tragedy.

If, then, it was the intention of the authors to represent an abandoned female character, worse than *Théodora* and viler than DAUDET's *Sapho*, to dress up, in the garb of classic Greece, B.C. 404, the kind of shameful story that formed a part of the hideous revelations which the *Pall Mall Gazette*, last year, deemed necessary to publish for the benefit of society at large and to hasten forward the amendment of the criminal law,—then they could not have gone a better way to work than in constructing the plot of



Clito the Grecian Statuesque Sculptor, of the Roaming Nose and Wandering Speech, delivereth a Lecture on Art to *Miss Irene*, "The Maid of Athens," who is just home from school and the back-board exercise.

sensualist *Glaucias*, and his lamblike, innocent victim, the "Maid of Athens," under seventeen at all events.

If the authors intended *Clito*, the celebrated sculptor, to be a weak, self-conceited, impressionable, prosy individual, so ignorant of the world around him, so careless about the models which should feed his art, that he has not made himself acquainted with the form and features of an openly notorious character like the courtesan *Hellé*, who lives in a palace and reigns as a Princess in Athens,—if the authors meant their *Clito* to be a self-deceiver, who, when most in earnest, is unable to distinguish between real love and animal passion, until the creature he has worshipped no longer dissembles her love but kicks him down-stairs, having previously given him "what for" in the best classic Billingsgate,—if they meant this, then "BARUNDY" are to be congratulated on the performance of Mr. WILSON BARRETT as *Clito*, for the existence of a more contemptible creature than he makes him appear can scarcely be imagined even by himself and his partner. And this is a compliment to the actor's art, for the better Mr. BARRETT's performance, the worse it is for the character he represents. So also for Miss EASTLAKE. I have never

seen her more powerful than when, in the fourth Act, she spurns *Clito*; perfectly agreeing with her in her opinion of *Clito*, I was so struck by the amazing energy of her vividly realistic performance, that I applauded her most heartily. This was a tribute to her art, for, if "BARUNDY" intended their *Hellé* to be a coarse, utterly heartless, fiendish Wanton, without one solitary redeeming quality, then they must be sincerely grateful to the actress, who, whatever may be her private opinion of the part, has surrendered her judgment to theirs, and has thoroughly embodied the authors' conception of this detestable character.

What *Théodora* did, as far as *Andreas* is concerned, she did for love; what *Hellé* does to *Clito*, she does for hate. The two plays are very close in their resemblance, except the motive. The plot of *Théodora* is strong; this of *Clito*, without comparing it with *Théodora*, is weak.

The character of *Glaucias*, as well played by Mr. WILLARD as I suppose it could be by anyone, is idiotic in action and brutal in idea. *Xenocles*, professor of sculpting, is an old fool, who rates *Clito* soundly for his conduct, and then speaks of him as "a great man fallen," after he has passed a week in riotous living in *Hellé's* palace, at, as far as he knows, *Hellé's* expense, after he has betrayed his friends, and after he has handed over *Xenocles's* daughter—his own foster-sister—to the tender care of the woman whose atrocious character the minute before has been laid bare to him! Why, for



Hellé to *Théodora*. "What! you think yourself everybody, do you? Yah! Why, I'd make two of you any day!"

this helpless, cringing, mean-spirited cur there cannot be one atom of pity, still less of respect.

As to the dialogue—whether blank verse or not—it may be good for "BARUNDY," but it is decidedly not up to what, away from



The Monster Glaucias. "Fe fi fo fum! Where is the Maid of Athens! Where is that *joli morceau à croquer*? I must eat her!"

blank verse, I recollect of GRUNDY. The repartees are of the schoolboyish *tu quoque* order—which is Latin, not Greek,—and among the poetic similes are some good old friends, though I doubt whether, in "the cat and canary" one, the "BARUNDY" are correct in supposing that the Greeks knew much about canaries. But—pace the authors—it does occur to me, that if SARAH BERNHARDT had played *Hellé*, and had insisted on giving her own interpretation of their meaning, and if an audience had seen the diaphanous and lithesome SARAH winding herself round *Clito*, purring to him, wheedling him, posing to him in careless artistic fashion, and giving us brief "asides" full of the deadliest purpose, would not we—we men, at least—have sympathised with *Clito*, while owning that such a woman, apparently so feeble, so frail, and so fond, would have made a fool of any one of us, if we had once the misfortune to fall into the clutches of such a dangerous syren? Could anyone be more of the gutter than SARAH, when *Théodora*, disguised, goes to see her old friend the sorceress? Could anyone be more fiendish than SARAH, when she hears *Marcellus's* confession, and stabs him ere he can utter her lover's name? And could anything be sweeter, more loving and coaxing than her manner when she was toying with *Andreas*? And as *Fédora* in the closing scene—not *Théodora*—could any remorse be more thrilling than hers, in that last death-struggle with the lover, of whose life she has been the curse.

There is a fifth Act of *Clito*, intended to give Miss EASTLAKE the sort of chance that SARAH generally has in similar plays; but though she does all she can to make it terrible, the motive is wanting, and all interest in the play is over. Better for the pair of them had they both ended their lives with the other principals in the *mêlée* at the end of Act IV., when *Xenocles* enters President of the Royal Athenian Academy, B.C. 404, repeats the striking incident bearing, like *Virginus*, the dead body of *Irene* in his arms, and incites the populace to vengeance. I hope the day is not far distant when Mr. BARRETT will give us a good wholesome melodrama, with GEORGE BARRETT as the Comic Butler or sympathetic Costermonger, and Mr. WILLARD as the Gentlemanly Villain, the *Claude Duval*—not the Restaurateur who gave his name to cheap dinners, but BULWER's Highwayman—of the "so-called Nineteenth Century." Unless they are prepared to assent to the proposition that "the Happiness which rewards Virtue may be inferred from the representation of Vice and its consequent misery," I could not conscientiously recommend the Maiden Aunt from Clapham and "the young person" to select *Clito* for their evening's recreation.

Yours, STEELE NIBBS.

Lucus a non Lucendo.

LOYAL? Nay, Ulster, you, for very shame Should cede your long monopoly of that name. Loyal to whom—to what! To power, to pelf, To place, to privilege, in a word, to self. They who assume, absorb, control, enjoy all, Must find it vastly pleasant to be "loyal."

OIL AND WATER.—We shall return to the "Pick of the Pictures" on our Second Visit to the Academy, and intend giving our usual Grosvenor Gems. Also, Mr. Punch has another artistic treat in store for everybody. But we will not anticipate.

DURING the Exhibition, the fountains will, of course, be supplied with *Eau de Cologneries*.



Xenocles the Sculptor, and respected President of the Royal Athenian Academy, B.C. 404, repeats the striking incident bearing, like *Virginus*, the dead body of *Irene* in his arms, and incites the populace to vengeance.



WHITHER ?

Morley the Lively sings:—

COME, come with me!
Who would not be
(As the Laureate sings)
A Mermaid bold!

Come down! I will show you most
wonderful things.
Don't shrink and shiver, as though
you were cold.
Don't gasp, and gurgle, and pant and
blow bubbles,
As if you thought this a sea of
troubles.

Come with me,
And our home shall be
Fathom deep, fathom deep under the
sea,
In caves of coral that pave the abyss,
With blood-red columns that flame
like a prism,
(Which pedants call—horrid things
ending in "ism").

Down! down! down!
Never fear, you won't drown!
Only sink, sink, sink,
(As the Tories think)

Never, never to rise again.
What! yet yearning for CHAMBER-
LAIN?

[vain.
Too late, my WILLIAM, you yearn in
Didn't you choose with deliberation,
Lured by my *pas de fascination*?
You cannot escape me when once in
my clutches,
You might as well try to fly skyward
on crutches.

Oho! Oho!
Down, down we go!
There, do not wriggle, and don't look
so cheerless,
But pluck up a heart like *Sir Rupert*
the Fearless,
When down in the green
He dined with *Lurline*.

(*Absit omen!* the Tories would say—
that's their spleen)
At any rate show "sombre acquies-
cence."

You've wooed me, and you must put
up with my presence.
Half-measures won't suit me, I'm
not washywashy.

But don't be alarmed,
You shall not be harmed.
I'm not a bad sort, though my end
may be fishy.

So come with me,
In this Irish Sea;
You and I will be having no end of a
spree.

It has whelmed of the apes of Pan-
urge's crass sheep enough,
But that was their fault, for they
didn't dive deep enough.

We won't be splashing or paddling,
we'll plumb it.

The deeper you sink
The higher, I think,
Your glory will rise toward Fame's
golden summit.

Oho! Oho!
Down, down we go!
You'll get used to it soon, and forget
faithless JOE.

"And in the deepest Depths a deeper still;" or, Morley the Mermaid and the Grand
Old Man in the Irish Sea of Troubles. (*An Ulster-Marine Study after Burne-Jones, A.R.A.*)

A TEMPLE OF TEMPERANCE.—Com-
plaint is made that the erection of no
less than three public-houses is pro-
ceeding in Shaftesbury Avenue. But
the noble Earl, after whom that
thoroughfare is named, was pre-
eminently public-spirited.

ASTRÆA REDUX.

*Stanzas some way after Dryden.*ON THE HAPPY RESTORATION TO PUBLIC LIFE OF HER
MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.

LIVERPOOL, MAY 11TH, 1886.

Now, whilst with general strife the world is vexed,
And England with divisions sore perplexed,
A welcome lull here intermits the war,
And parting clouds show the returning Star.
ASTRÆA, hail! Saturnian times no more
Make gay our wealthy or make glad our poor;
Praise of our Golden Age no more resounds,
Nor jubilation at Trade's leaps and bounds.
The leaden incubus, Depression, still
Our power oppresses, and obscures our skill.
Rise, Star of Hope! Our freer days refuse
The flatteries of the Dedicatory Muse,
Which marred the manhood e'en of Glorious JOHN.
Yet, welcome! Now ASTRÆA shines upon
Her people once again, may hope not deem
There is some quickening influence in the beam?
London in yon vast hall has seen that ray,
It is the turn of Liverpool to-day.
The Star of India and the lesser lights
Of Southern skies or Western, jewel-flights
Of unreluctant satellites, attend
Your rising, and with loyal homage bend
As in young JOSEPH's dream, bend unconstrained.
So round some central orb swift planets, reined
But by attraction, circle happily.
England, and all her sons from every sea!
A glorious constellation! On this day
Glad with the verdant pomp of pleasant May
(A month which owns an interest in your name,
You and its flowers combine to give it fame),
It shines anew. For ever be it bright.
May Fate's black shadow ne'er eclipse its light.
May sullen clouds that now o'ercast our sky,
Chased by the rising dawn of fortune fly;
Our Empire, with united interest blest,
In power and mutual love find prosperous rest;
At home the hateful feuds of Party cease.
The Star of Honour is the Star of Peace,
The true Astræa for whose late return
All wise souls watch, all patriot spirits burn.



HISTORY—WITH ARITHMETIC TO FOLLOW.

Aunt (reading out). "WILLIAM THE FIRST LEFT NORMANDY TO HIS SON ROBERT, ENGLAND TO WILLIAM, AND A LARGE SUM IN MONEY TO HENRY."

Maurice. "DO YOU THINK HE DID IT, AUNT?"

Aunt. "DID WHAT, MAURICE?"

Maurice. "HENRY, AUNT. DO YOU THINK HE DID THE LARGE SUM?"

NOTES OF MUSIC.

MR. VLADIMIR DE PACHMANN gave his "fourth and last" pianoforte recital on May 3. St James's Hall was crowded with his admirers, and with some in whom the performance excited less admiration than amusement. Why will these pianists be so affected? PACHMANN sits at the piano, discoursing the most difficult music, with his head turning this way and that, as much as to say: "You see! this is mere child's play to me!" And then, after striking a chord on the instrument (and in his sympathisers' breasts), he will throw up his hands high above his head. But he does not throw up the game: oh, dear no! down he comes again exactly on the right note, and perhaps one of the most annoying things about him is that, while he plays fast and loose with the piano, he never by any chance plays a wrong note. What are you to do with a man like that? In a pleasantly selected programme of good music, containing a sonata by CHOPIN, of whom he is perhaps one of the best living exponents, MR. PACHMANN did not forget to introduce a composition, presumably by "self and wife." True to the "cult" which gives us "SCHUBERT-TAUSIG," and other hybrid composers, the concert-giver ascribed some very pleasing "Variations on a theme," to "PACHMANN-OKEY." Miss MAGGIE OKEY was a musician before she became a wife, and so far as I could judge the joint production was quite O.K.

BEETHOVEN'S *Choral Symphony* was performed at the first Richter Concert of the present series. This lengthy work constitutes by itself a respectable allowance of music for one evening, but space was found for other things, including a rhapsody, by LISZT, and some selections from WAGNER. The latter's *Siegfried "Idyll"* was perhaps the most generally acceptable item in a programme that contained no novelty. Mr. OTTO FISHER sang the somewhat tedious music allotted to *Hans Sachs* in a scene from *Die Meistersinger*, and the Richter Choir obliged with the Choruses. The last part of the *Choral Symphony* requires a vocal quartette, and Miss HAMLIN was fortunately able to lean a little upon Miss LENA LITTLE, while Mr. WINCH naturally proved useful to Mr. FISHER. But in

Richter Concerts the Band's the thing, and, though there *was* some singing, the Entertainment was throughout quite orchestral, or, as a bird-fancier might write it, kite, hawk, kestrel.

On May 6th Prince's Hall was devoted to "chamber" music, with Madame FRICKENHAUS as pianist, and Herr JOSEF LUDWIG as principal violinist. Modern music was worthily represented by the works of DVORAK, RAFF and GADE, while the name of BEETHOVEN lent solidity to the bill of fare. Beginning with a trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, and ending with an octet for stringed instruments, it will be seen that this concert was not intended for any but real lovers of sound music. It was no joke, but a rich treat. Herr LUDWIG, both as a soloist and as leader in concerted pieces, manifests not only a complete mastery of his instrument, but also a dignified and conscientious love of music for music's sake, that is none too common. His execution is brilliant, and practically faultless, one obvious reason being that he holds himself and his fiddle properly. Lots of fiddlers (besides the blind ones in the streets) don't.

The Crystal Palace Management raised public expectation, and the prices of admission to the concert-room, when GOUNOD'S *Redemption* was recently performed. But one concert in which this splendid work is given is worth more than a dozen ordinary ones, the concluding chorus, with its gorgeous harmony and magnificent march of counterpoint, being alone worth "double the price paid for admission." That is, of course, if you care about music as opposed to drawing-room ballads by ignorant amateurs. Why don't we hear it oftener? It would come as a boon and a blessing to men-ny besides

NIBBELUNGLET.

M. LAGO can't start his Opera at Covent Garden without a *prima donna*, and PATTI has refused to be, as Mr. WAGSTAFF immediately and so happily observed, "*La Donna del Lago*." But with such weather for *al fresco* entertainments, and with such counter attractions—Bar, shop, and counter-attractions—as are offered by the Colinderies, is there much chance for an Operatic venture this season? "I say, No."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 3.—House reassembled after Easter recess. When I say House I mean some fifty or sixty Members. General impression, holidays not long enough. Why should Lords not begin work again till Thursday, when Commons summoned day? GLADSTONE stayed away. Example followed. Other gaps in ranks of Ministers; Ministers not to be allured by temptation to holidays. Nearly all present. Front Opposition Bench only full one in the House. Only four Members on duty. House in Committee of "Just like old times, before PARNELL appeared on the scene," said GREGORY. "Makes me feel young again."

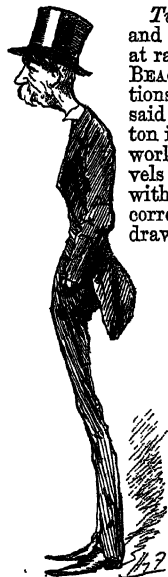


"Never heard of such a thing!"

PETER RYLANDS in great form. His constituents a little restive at his recent escapade at Tory meeting. Taken to pilgrimages to Hawarden, and that sort of thing. Necessary to show them how indispensable PETER is in economical arrangements of the Empire. Opened Debate on Vote for Salary of the man and boy who have for so many years been engaged upon works at Dover Harbour. The boy it appears has become a grandfather. Wants retiring pension. PETER hot against this; spoke upon half-a-dozen Votes following. Hasn't had such a time for years.

On the whole, remarkable Sitting. Everybody in best of humours. HENRY FOWLER compliments Grand Cross. Grand Cross approves H. FOWLER. Money is voted by the bushel; only hitch on the Scotch Votes. BARCLAY says Scotch Members understood they would be postponed. "Never heard of such a thing!" says the Lord Advocate, forgetting, in excitement of the moment, to take off his hat. Hitch only temporary. More Votes passed, half-a-dozen Bills advanced a stage, and the forty Members adjourned, with the consciousness of having done their duty.

Business done.—Tremendous!



A. Brown study.

Tuesday.—GLADSTONE back again, eager, intense, and younger than ever. Walked from Downing Street at rate of five miles an hour. Hardly breath to answer BEACHE's question about Greece. Off as soon as Questions were over, to meet Cabinet Council. "That," said A. BROWN, who appropriately represents Wellington in House of Commons, "is what I call a hard day's work. Leaves Hawarden Castle before luncheon; travels all afternoon; rushes down to House; goes to wrestle with colleagues in Cabinet Council, and afterwards correspondence. That's too much for anyone. Must draw the line somewhere."

"Then I'll draw it at you," says our Artist. And here it is.

After Questions, MACFARLANE brought on Motion relating to poor man's tobacco. Seems it's chiefly composed of water, which is unsatisfactory. HENRY FOWLER—"one of the successes of GLADSTONE's Ministry," as the Sage of Queen Anne's Gate says—declares there's no article of consumption in this country more free from adulteration than tobacco. "The average ounce contains only thirty-five per cent. of moisture." That was evidently another thing; MACFARLANE had represented this percentage as water. House, resenting attempt at misrepresentation, negatived Motion without further discussion.

After tobacco, opium. PEASE appropriately introduced the poppy, denouncing its cultivation in India. Natural effect followed. Few Members present. Set themselves, at the outset, to enjoy speech. Gradually the influence of opium spread. Eyes closed, heads drooped, and Members slept. Some stole away in search of couches. Sir RICHARD TEMPLE, breaking the long silence, momentarily roused the sleepers with strident voice. FOWLER, ex-Lord Mayor, generously seconded his effort. But the voices had a far-away sound. Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL, moved to emulation by TEMPLE and FOWLER, tried his voice, which effectually woke the

SPEAKER, who, perceiving there were only twenty-nine Members in the House, Counted it Out.

Business done.—None.

Wednesday.—Seemed as if there was to be no House at all to-day. SPEAKER hung about till quarter-past Twelve before taking the chair. Then sat there quarter of an hour. Members dropped in one by one.

"Will look in again by-and-by," said SPICER, nodding in friendly way to Sergeant-at-Arms, and attempting to leave the House. "Oh no you won't," said the Sergeant, drawing his sword. "You suis and you reste."

Member for South Islington returned to his seat, where it was explained to him that when, on Wednesdays, Member has once entered House, he cannot leave till quorum is formed.

House once made, went to work at tremendous pace. By Four o'Clock had cleared off all the Bills on the Orders, advancing many by a stage. "This is how it will always be when we are gone," said SEXTON, in speech of unusual brevity. "You'd better pass the Home Rule Bill right off, and get along with your own affairs."

Business done.—Prodigious!



General Fr-s-r, of the Cavalry.
A Light Weight.

Thursday.—General WOODALL, Surveyor-General of the Ordnance, home just in time. Been occupied during the so-called holidays in inspecting forts. "And how are they?" said General FRASER, confidentially. "Are your forts pretty forty, as they say in France?"

"I must ask you to give notice of that question," said the brother warrior.

Lord GEORGE HAMILTON wants to know about the bursting of the gun on the *Colingwood*: addresses his question to the

"Surveyor-General of the Audience," a happy slip, which calls to mind JACOB BRIGGS' "noble lord, the Member for Woodcock." This the only flash of the evening, otherwise spent decorously, not to say dully in discussion of Railway and Canal Traffic Bill. This Bill, read Second Time, formed reasonable amount of progress for one sitting. But House insatiable. Took up Crofters Bill and passed it on for Third Reading, dealing with other measures before it rose at a quarter past two.

Business done.—Astounding!

Friday.—Through the week the Galleries over the clock have, like the House itself, been comparatively empty. To-night there is a single figure in Distinguished Strangers' Gallery. It isn't everyone that notices it. But a dog often sees more than meets the eye

of man. I know very well the tall figure in the military cloak, the grey hair, the kindly eyes, and the furrowed face. It's Colonel NEWCOMBE—"Codd Colonel"—come to hear the debate about Greyfriars. They want to turn an honest penny by knocking the ancient monument about, running a street through it, perhaps a tramway. The Conservative ex-Attorney-General holds a brief for the Governors. Finds support from that fine ecclesiastical Tory, TALBOT. Another eminent Tory, BERESFORD HOPE, attempted to avoid defeat by moving Adjournment of Debate, which RANDOLPH seconded. By two to one, the minority almost exclusively Conservatives, Adjournment refused, and Bill withdrawn.

"By gad," said Codd Colonel, picking his way down the Gallery steps, "things are oddly changed. In my time it was the Tories that used to gather in defence of old places, and old things. Now we have to thank the Radicals for preserving Greyfriars."

Pretty to see DUFF watching the shadowy figure as it made its way through the Lobby.

"Wonder if he's paired?" he said, the old instincts of the Whip predominant. Counted Out at Seven o'Clock.

"Wonder if he's paired."

Business done.—House



TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

THE PICK OF THE PICTURES.

(From "Our Academy Guy'd.")



No. 450. Sarah B. in a New Piece. A big spoon scene.



No. 210. Hair Brushing by Machinery. "What a time he is bringing the harder brush!"



No. 97. "Dinner Forget." Ringing the bells for feeding time in Scotland.



No. 590. Prize Punch Doll.



No. 709. Poor Things! Rough Passage from Dover to Calais.



No. 461. The Very Old Armchair. Caught it!



No. 205. "Five o'clock Tea."



No. 335. "Cap'tal old por' a' thish Collish."



No. 100. Fixtures. "We've grown to this tombstone, and we've only three hands between us."

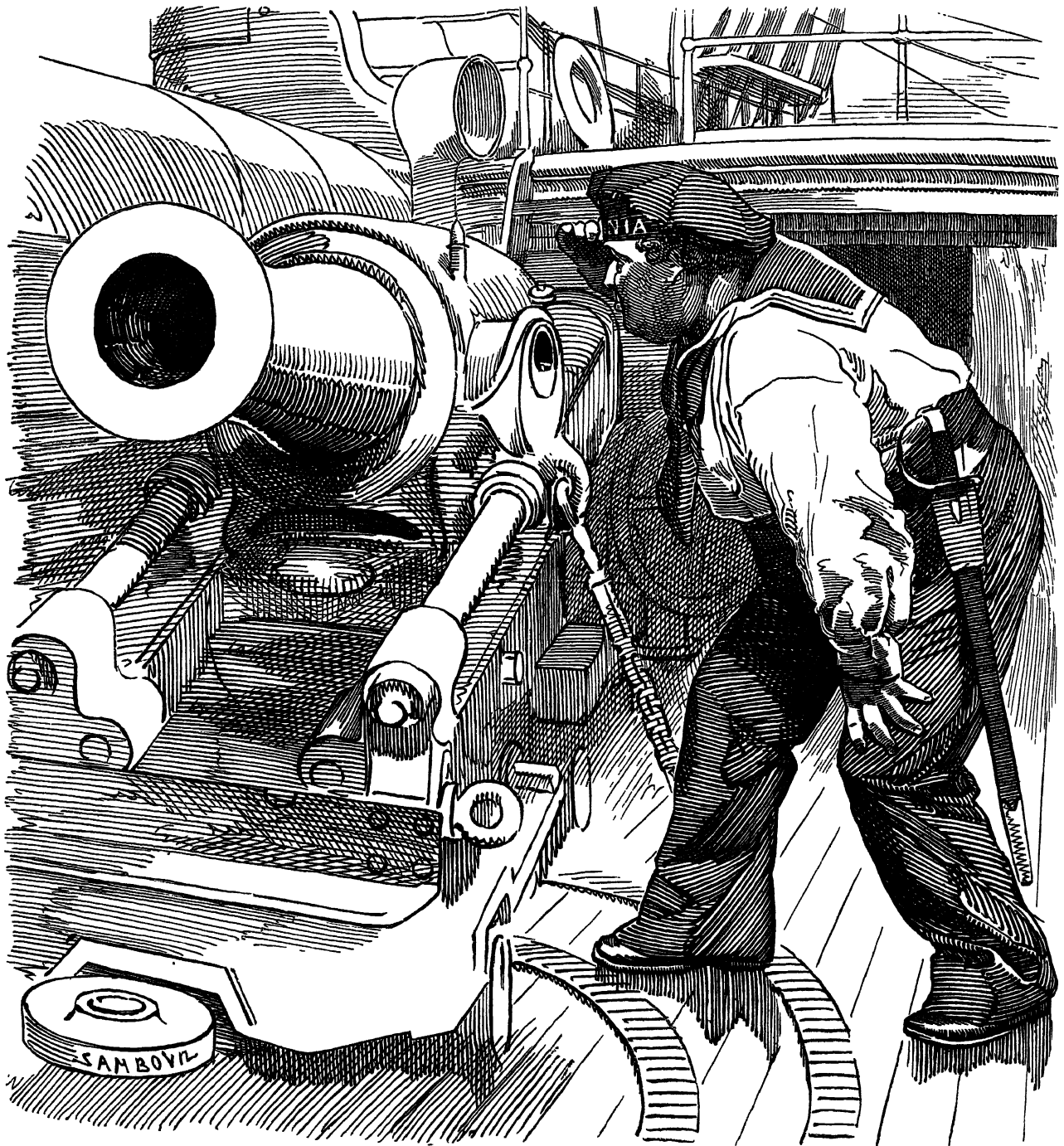
A CORRESPONDENT, signing himself "INNOCENTS ABROAD," suggests that for 1887 there should be an International Baby Show to be popularly called "The Baberies." *Section 1:* Babies of every colour. *Section 2:* Cradles, &c. *Section 3:* Pap-bottles and Feeding Apparatus. *Section 4:* India-rubber Rings and Corals, &c. *Section 5:* Soothing Syrups, &c. And so on. Also show of Nurses of all Nations, in their various costumes. The Gardens will be turned into Nursery Grounds. "INNOCENTS ABROAD" should at once write on the subject to Sir P. CUNLIFFE OWEN.

FORESTERS' TIPPLE.—Wine from the Wood.

bread sauce. *Sweets:* Apple-tart. Cheese and radishes. The dinner will be as plainly dressed as the guests. SPEAKER to be known as "The Plain-Speaker."

THE MEETING IN "THE LANE."—United on the hospitable boards of Old Drury, under the presidency of AUGUSTUS DRUBRIOLANUS IMPERATOR, there was among the representatives of the Colinderies but one toast, which was given with three cheers, "Pro Harris et focus!"

"SURE AS A GUN." (A DIALOGUE FOR THE DAY.)



John Bull. "YOU'RE A HANDSOME-LOOKING CHAP, AND YOU COST A LOT OF MONEY,—AND NOW——"
New Gun. "OH, PLEASE, SIR, DON'T TRY TO FIRE ME OFF, OR I'LL BUST!"

Scientific Sage. Chipped flints and boomerangs, indeed! Poor creatures! Fancy being dependent on such things for the satisfactory slaughter of one's enemies! A flint spear-head is a makeshift, a boomerang is a fluke. Ours are the days of Torpedo warfare and Arms of Precision!

Simple Savage. How lovely! Fancy being able to kill your enemies miles away, and hundreds at a blow.

Scientific Sage. Worth surviving for, isn't it?

Simple Savage. Yes; to those who *do* survive. I suppose you'll all be blown into the blue distance or torpedoed into eternity before long, though.

Scientific Sage. Why?

Simple Savage. Oh, what is the use of being so "precise," and

paying so tremendously for your precision, too, unless you can exterminate each other expeditiously?

Scientific Sage. That's a pretty sanguinary sort of a sentiment. But, of course, you're only a savage, and know no better.

Simple Savage. Teach me; I'm willing to learn. For instance, what is the meaning of this talk about the bursting of a big gun on board the *Collingwood*?

Scientific Sage. Oh, they will burst sometimes, you know.

Simple Savage. Will they, though? Why?

Scientific Sage. Oh, lots of reasons.

Simple Savage. Dear me! Arms of precision, too. Well, a boomerang might be a fluke, but it didn't burst, and it did kill. But then, of course, it *wasn't* an arm of precision, and didn't cost thousands.

Scientific Sage. Hang it! you don't understand. 'Tisn't Science's fault, you know.

Simple Savage. Whose, then?

Scientific Sage. Oh, that of cheese-paring Governments, faddy officials, competitive crotcheteers who all want their own ways, squabbles of the Ins and Outs, bad metal and not enough of it—a thousand things.

Simple Savage. Oh, I see. Precision qualified by—a thousand things. By the way, how would you define a "fluke"?

Scientific Sage. Why, ahem!—the odd chance that *may* come off, but is deuced unlikely to.

Simple Savage. Oh, then our primitive weapons did *not* mean flukes. The odds were never a thousand to one against our hitting the mark. But then, of course, we made them ourselves, had no Government officials or contractors, and as to competitive crotcheteers—by which I presume you mean pig-headed palaverers—we always settled them with a club.

Scientific Sage. Wish to heavens *we* could.

Simple Savage. Poor creatures! Fancy being dependent on parsimony, fad, and thousand-to-one flukes for the satisfactory slaughter of your enemies!

Scientific Sage. Oh, come, I say, none of your confounded antehistoric cheek. It's not so bad as all that.

Simple Savage. No? I fancied I was only repeating your own words. Your big guns are imposing monsters, indeed, enough to frighten a Great Medicine Man into convulsions. But they are *not* beautiful, and they are too heavy to make ear ornaments, or nose pendants of, and if you can't load them—

Scientific Sage. Stop! What are you talking about? Load them. Of course we can load them.

Simple Savage. Yes—but, as you say, they may then burst, and so, I presume, do more damage to yourselves than to your enemies.

Scientific Sage. Ah, you savages are so confoundedly matter-of-fact. They don't *always* burst.

Simple Savage. Well, that's something—for arms of precision.

Scientific Sage. If it were not for the Exchequer, the Admiralty, the Ordnance Department, howling economists in the House, and disappointed ex-officials out of it, one-idea'd theorists, with handles to their names, cock-and-bull designers, and corrupt contractors, they'd *never* burst.

Simple Savage. Then why don't you get rid of—all these people. Compel them to fire off their own guns, for example, and so make a clean sweep of them.

Scientific Sage. Oh, confound it, you can't kill *everybody*, don't you know.

Simple Savage. It seems to me that you cannot make sure of killing *anybody*, except, perhaps, your gunners. And that being so, I fail to see the use of your stultified scientific skill, or your uncertain arms of precision.

TO AN ANONYMOUS ONE.

ONE day last week, a spiteful letter signed "QUIS" was allowed to appear in the *Standard*; and in order that the person at whom its sneers were directed should not miss seeing it, this letter was cut out and sent to him, privately, by that pest of society, that skunk of skunks, the Anonymous Correspondent. The answer to the interrogative "QUIS?" in these cases, usually is "A Rejected Contributor." Be this as it may, we can make a shrewd guess as to his identity. It does not need a very sharp nose to detect a skunk.



TESTAMENTARY!

Country Parson (who, in his poor old Parishioner's last illness, had charitably sent him a can of Milk every day from the Vicarage). "WELL, MRS. POWLEY, AND HOW HAVE YOU BEEN SINCE YOUR SAD LOSS—"

Widow. "YES, SIR—POOR IZAAK!—HE'S A GONE! BUT AFORE HE WENT, SIR, HE LEFT THE QUART O' MILK TO COME TO ME DAILY, POOR DEAR!"

Unusual Opportunity.

The following appears in the *Daily News* :—

RULING.—Required, a thoroughly-experienced FOREMAN for Ruling Department. Must have a perfect knowledge of his business, be a good disciplinarian, very steady and systematic, and able to keep the books of the department.—Apply, with full particulars as to previous experience.

Now who will apply? The G. O. M., the Marquis of SALISBURY, the Marquis of HARTINGTON, LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, MR. CHAMBERLAIN, or MR. PARNELL? "Very steady and systematic, and able to keep the books of the department"—three most essential qualifications. Who will have it? Now don't all speak at once.

RESOLUTION passed at a recent private Meeting :—That every follower of MR. CHAMBERLAIN should, in humble imitation of his leader, wear an Orchid in his button-hole. This new opposition to the Primrose League will be known as "The Orchid Squad."

ROBERT AT THE COLINDERIES."



Mr. ROBERT, to offer you a drink?" Wot woud common sense as well as common kurtsey suggest for an umber but, "Suttenly, Sir, you does me proud." And so we retired to a most wunderfool Bar, where you can get amost everything, and where, at his reckermendashun, I partook of a drink that was quite new to me, and quite worthy of being hadded to my all-redly numerous list.

We had a most agreeabul and hinstructiv conversashun while we drunk, principally confined, as was nateral, to the propperest drinks as should go with the propperest meats, and I don't hesitate to say, tho' I arldy expecs to be beleaved, that there was just one or too things as he managed to give me a nint in as was worth remembering. He seemed to think as how we spiled our pallets by too many kinds of wines. For hinstence, he said, wen I dined with the Tailors (meaning the Merchant Taylors, pore fellah!) they gave me Punch and six kinds of wine, and as they was all good, I drunk freely of all to show my respec for the Washupful Company, and, would you beleave it, he said, I had quite a leetle bit of an hed ake next morning!

Well, the nex day my frend introduced me to a frend of his from New South Whales, and he asked me to have a drink, and I had it, but it was diffrent from the other and stronger, and so on amost ewery day till I nose quite a lot of the nice generus fellows and drinks with 'em all quite willingly. There's one thing tho' as I must confess I couldn't quite manidge, and that was the Horsetrailian Wine. I did try my werry best, as perlitensness dictated, to drink a bumper of it without blinking, but I couldn't manage it, so I hegseused myself on the plee of Indiagestion from heating Curry.

But even that isn't all, for one day one of the Ingian Princes, as I spose he was for he wore a great big white Turbin on his ed, seeing me torking rayther effecttionally to a yung Lady at the Bar, came up to me, and shaking both of my ands said quite planely, "Trinkee Trinkee?" to which I replied like a bird, "Yesssee Yesssee," and he spoke some gibberish to the yung Lady, and she served us rite off with 2 pints of Pail Ale! and we drunk with our left ands and shook ands with our rights, and then nodded our eds to one another like too grinning cats from Chessher and so parted. That's wot I calls true Princely condecenshun, that ewen our own elustrous Suns seldom stoops to.

Wot a wonderfool place is this here Exhibishun! I'm told as there's everything in it, as the most fastiddeus people can possibly want, from the werry ighest to the werry lowest. Ingian Shawls at two hundred ginny's a peace and dinners at sixpence a head, and sad to tell no small fee for the pore Waiters, witch is principally yung ladies. Of course, pussonally, it ain't nothink to me, and such as me, as my occupashun is helsewheres, but I cannot shut my ears to the sad fact. As my labor of love doesn't begin till the heavingin, I has plenty of time to wander about and wonder at all as I sees and hears. Praps the most strikinest thing of all is the wariuous samples of the wariuous people of India. To think that them pore fellers with their pore black or brown faces, and who praps never tasted reel Turtal in all their pore lives, and woodn't know the difference between a salmy and a Ragoo, shoold be of the same natur as us who nose so much, ought praps to strike us with pity, but I do bleeve as it's rayther flatterin' to our fine old English wanity.

ROBERT.



S I have offen sed it afore, so I says it now, and I dessay I shall continue saying it to the hend of the Chapter, that Wariety is charming, and if ever even an Hed Waiter had the hopportunity of enjoying it to its werry fullest extent, I am him, and the place is here, and the time is now.

Luckily for me, I have been from my werry hurlyest manhood a good deal accustomed to the use of ginerous drinks of werry wariuous kinds, say from umble Porter up to the werry finest brans of Champagne, so I was somewhat prepared for the doom as awaited me when I hentered this ome of ospitality. If not, wot the consequences woud have been arter about a fortnite of it, I dreds to think, so I don't trubble myself to do it.

And this is how it all append. By sum remarkabel combynashun of suckemstances as I haven't yet fathomed, one of the leading Colonial Gents, struck proberbly with my werry remarkabel respectabel apearance, made a pint of endeavouring to: dishcover who I was, and, after deddycating nearly a hole our to the task, suckseeded, and cumming up to me with one of them Colonial smiles as is so remarkabel captiwating, says to me, says he, "Will you allow me,

ATRABILIA.

(AFTER "THE CENCI.")

AND did you once see SHELLEY's play?
And did you really sit it through?
Nor at the Tenth Act sneak away?—
How strange it seems and new!

There are plays a many, mostly decent,
You'd feel no sense of nausea after;
I can't help wondering you were present—
My wonder moves your laughter?

I stopped at a book-stall in the City;
The name of the street I clean forget;
But the spot itself—the more's the pity—
Lives in my brain-pan yet.

For there I picked up, just to charm a
Minute away in mental quest,
A morbid drama, a nasty drama!
Well—I prefer the rest.

AN UNEXPECTED HONOUR.

(An altogether Imaginary Romance.)

SCENE—The Platform upon which a State Ceremony connected with a great Public Undertaking is fixed to be held. Municipal Dignitaries discovered surrounding Originator of the Scheme, and offering him their congratulations.

First Municipal Dignitary. Such an honour has not been paid the town these twenty years. You will receive a baronetcy at the very least.

Originator (aside). Keep still, my heart! Lie down, ambitious flutterer!

Second M. D. A baronetcy! Bah! A seat at the Privy Council, at the very least!

Third M. D. Pooh!—a Peerage!

Originator. Indeed, Gentlemen, in your thoughts you do me too much honour! My deserts are few. It is true this grand building—these magnificent exhibits—would not be here had it not been for my poor efforts. But what of that? Virtue—nay, industry—is its own reward!

First, Second, Third, and Fourth M.D.'s: (together). No, no, a Peerage—at least a Baronetcy.

[Their voices are drowned in a flourish of trumpets.

Enter grand Procession of Royalty. Imposing ceremony. Reading of Address by Originator. Gracious reply.

"Hallelujah Chorus" by the Choir and Organ. Ecclesiastical speechification. More singing.

Originator. Dear me! Well, it is excellent; and if the predictions of my friends—the Peerage—well, a coronet would certainly. Eh? What are they doing? Why is that military-looking old Gentleman drawing his sword, and—eh?—what? I am to kneel? Why? Eh?

[He is assisted to kneel. Martial ceremony. The sword is used, and returned to its owner. Loud applause. More music. Grand March. Exeunt Royalties.

Originator (who has been dazed for a quarter of an hour, gradually regaining recollection). The Peerage! The Baronetage! Oh, horror! Knighted!!! [Faints.]

IN PLAY AND EARNEST.—The Volunteers have long ceased to be taunted with "playing at soldiers." But they do play at war, and that so good a game that even BISMARCK and VON MOLTKE might commend their Kriegspiel.

THE MOAN OF THE MUDDLED MEMBER.

Oh, how *are* we standing? Is Discord disbanding
Our host into atoms? It's like a bad dream.
I've nourished a hearty allegiance to Party,
I've found it delightful to slide with the stream.
But now we're all scattered, our phalanx is shattered,
There *isn't* a stream, we've cross-currents all round;
To choose one's direction requires circumspection,
For who can tell whither its course may be bound?

I'm in for Mid-Slopton, a seat that I popped on
Because it pulled always one way at the poll.
I got into clover; but *that* is all over,
This blessed Home Rule puts us all in the hole.
There's no one opinion has certain dominion
Within my constituents' minds—or in mine,
And whither we're going I feel there's no knowing,
And where we may get to I cannot divine.

It once was so easy with eloquence breezy
To rouse them to cheers for our own Grand Old Man,
And then, in neat phrases, to follow with praises
Of Birmingham's pet. There's an end to that plan,
For nobody knows if it's WILLIAM or JOSEPH
Is going to win now they're hotly opposed,
And what I've to think of, their fight on the brink of,
Is where shall I be when the combat is closed?

The old Sun is getting fast on toward setting,
The young Sun is rapidly rising to noon.
Well, what if I follow the younger Apollo?
A question, of course, I must settle, and soon.
But then, what if GLADSTONE should best hit the Rad's tone?
And what if the Rads get the pull at the polls?
Which is the right Phœbus? It's worse than a *rebus*,
It dazes our wits and it saddens our souls.

If he of the orchid won't stand any more "kid,"
From even the Old Parliamentary Hand,
But sits upon MORLEY and squelches him, surely
There'll be a rare shindy all over the land.
But if the old Sun God should prove England's one god,
And JOHN should lick JOSEPH, why, where are we then?
They'd never find pardon who rattled from Hawarden,
And bothered the grandest and wisest of Men.

And yet if Young Brummagem really become a gem,
Shining in brightness alone, and supreme;
If, though they are sweetish upon the old fetish,
The Liberals find his last venture extreme;
If Popery bogies and Whiggish old fogies
Should frighten the voters all over to JOE,
And I am not in it, you'll see in a minute
That won't suit my book; most decidedly no!

And then there's the Canons—I wish it at Orens—
It may have a voice which may not match with mine.
The men of Mid-Slopton already have dropped on
Their Member for slowness in toeing the line.
In short it's a puzzle. The whip and the muzzle
Are capital things when they're held by one hand,
But even a poodle of Party's best brood'll
Rebel at cross-orders he *can't* understand.

DIARY OF A COLONIAL COMMISSIONER.

Monday.—Really since Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS set the excellent fashion of entertaining us, the hospitality has grown almost oppressive. Was a teetotaller when I left Australia. Obligated to give all that up. Might cause offence. Engagements for this day. Lunch with Bishop of LONDON. Ditto with Managers of Public Banks. Ditto with Managers of Private Banks. How I shall eat the nine dinners to which I am invited, I cannot possibly say? However that may be, I shall certainly take supper with Mr. HENRY IRVING.

Tuesday.—Rather shaky. Yesterday seemed to be eating and drinking from morning to night. How shall I manage the *déjeuners* with the LORD MAYOR, Council of the Royal College of Surgeons, and Directors of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, I can't say. Manage pretty well now with my dinners. For instance, to-day I shall take my soup with Lord ROSEBURY, fish with Drapers' Company, *entrées* with the Directors of the London General Omnibus Company, the Trustees of the British Museum, and Mr. T. H. BOLTON, M.P., representing the Directorate of the Royal Westminster Aquarium. The other hosts must be satisfied if I turn up with the sweets, or at dessert. Shall certainly look in for supper with HENRY IRVING.

Wednesday.—This is the second time I have not been to bed—two days consecutively! Supper with IRVING most delightful. To-day's

arrangements, six luncheons, twelve dinners. Well, I think I can piece them in somehow. The only thing that bothers me is how I can catch a "champagne tea" with Mr. WILLIAM HOLLAND at the Royal Albert Palace, and "late breakfast" with the Surveyor-General of the Ordnance, at Queen Anne's Mansions, at one and the same moment. After dinner engagements I shall look in at HENRY's for supper.

Thursday.—Another day without any rest! Don't know how I shall stand it! Really very tiring, but haven't time for bed. Saw famous doctor, who advised; me only to eat—not to drink. Glad of this, as formerly was a teetotaller, and since I have been going about I am afraid I have been seeing blue rats. Don't like this symptom, as *delirium tremens* is hereditary in my family. However, no more rats—only food. See how I shall manage my twenty-seven engagements. Can't refuse to take supper with old IRVING.

Friday.—Dead beat. No time for bed. Worn to a shadow. Saw another celebrated doctor last night (met him in company with Cardinal M-NN-NG, Mr. S-M-R-S V-NE, the Duke of C-MBR-DGE, Mr. WR-SIL-R, the artist, Sir ARTH-R S-LL-V-N, Mr. D'OYLY C-RT-E, the Rev. C. H. SP-RS-X, the Rajah of J-H-RE, and Mr. J. L. T-LE, in the Beefsteak Room at the Lyceum), and he told me that, to get through all my engagements, I should never eat; only drink. Shall try it. Thirty-three engagements for to-day! Well, shall take advice. No eating all Sunday. Must remember that I have made appointment for supper with HARRY IRVING.

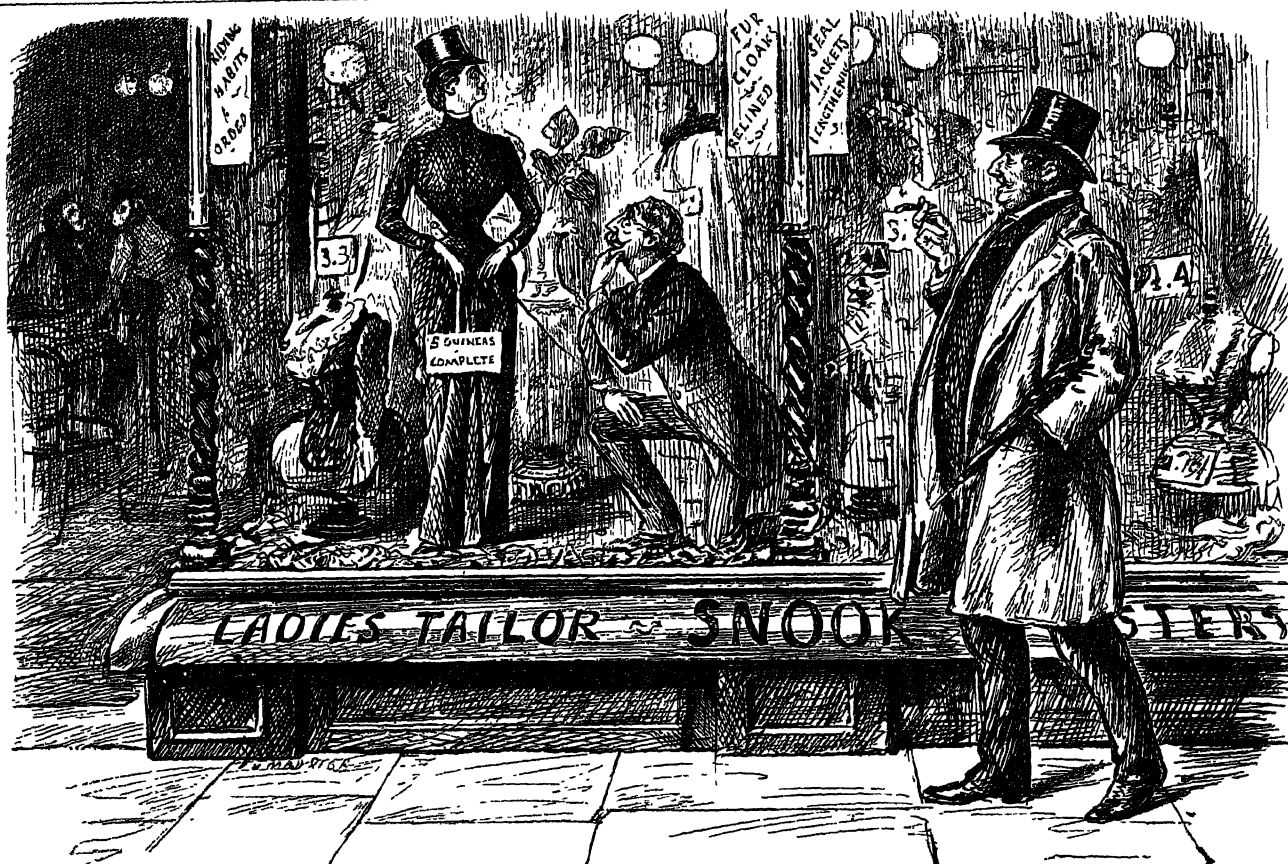
Sat'day.—V'y f'tigued! Shall gotobedinboots!

PERIODICAL MUSIC.

AT this season of the year there is quite an epidemic of small afternoon and evening concerts given at private houses, "kindly lent for the occasion," or at the smaller halls. These entertainments are usually announced as Mr. So-and-So's Annual Recital, or Madame Thingumy's *Matinée Musicale*, and are mostly designed solely for the pecuniary advantage of those who get them up. There is a large number of artists—or *artistes* as they generally insist on being styled—who appear to have nothing else to do but oblige one another. "You sing for me at my concert, and I will play for you at yours," expresses the kind of mutual understanding which subsists, and accordingly when you go to Lady BOREALL's to hear Signor MAC-CARON's afternoon concert, you may make pretty sure that much the same combination of performers will be similarly engaged elsewhere next week, only that the *bénéficiaire* will be Signor SPARGHETTI or Mlle. VERTIGO. The amount of canvassing that goes on for the sale of guinea tickets for a selection of music not worth eighteenpence—and bad business for the speculator at that—is quite surprising; and, however galling the truth may be, the fact remains that in many, if not most, drawing-room concerts the tickets are bought rather out of weak good-nature, or pure benevolence, than from a conscious desire to be present. Music is thus put upon an undignified footing, while its professors come to be regarded as bores, and contributions to their benefits as a species of poor-rate. This state of things is all wrong.

Among important events in the London musical world is to be classed the production by RICHTER of BRAHMS's fourth and latest Symphony. As usual, the majority of newspaper critics preserve a tentative attitude, and, after much highly-coloured padding, are unanimous in the brilliant conclusion that the new work will strike different people differently. It is doubtless difficult to explain to others what is double-dutch to the would-be expositor, but it is absurd to speak of BRAHMS as departing from the form of the symphony as stereotyped by HAYDN, and developed by BEETHOVEN, when every practical musician should know that, however BERLIOZ and LISZT may have "rhapsodised," BRAHMS is *par excellence* of modern musicians, the truest in his allegiance to classical structure. This appears to have been realised on the programme by C. A. B. in his somewhat loose analysis of the first movement of the new Symphony, though he carefully hedged himself behind high-sounding generalities after his remarks upon the concluding *allegro*.

The entire work was played under RICHTER—who conducted with masterly judgment and without the notes—in a way that no other Director known to English audiences could have approached. Its beauties were brought out, the gradations of expression finely interpreted; the splendid symphony, ablaze with colour, and embroidered with subtlety, marched magnificently to the very end, delighting those hearers who welcomed an oasis of sound music amid the howling wilderness of trivial and disheartening balderdash with which their ears are too often assailed. Miss LENA LITTLE gave three songs by LISZT, with orchestral accompaniment. These were the Abbé's settings of GOETHE's "*Mignon*," HEINE's "*Lorelei*," and LENA's "*Three Gipsies*." Like much of LISZT's music, they appear to be rather improvisations than considered efforts, and, consequently, unsatisfactory when divorced from associations of time and place. Miss LITTLE sang in German, and consistently pronounced such words as "*nicht*," "*ich*," and "*mich*" as "*nisht*," "*ish*," and "*mish*." My Governess used to tell me this was wrong. But I musht not write too mush. NIBBELUNGLET.



PYGMALION AND GALATEA.

(SHOWING THAT HISTORY HAS A TENDENCY TO REPEAT ITSELF.)

SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.

Being Two Successive Readings from Possible Contemporary History.

"ULSTER will not be a consenting party. Ulster, at the proper moment, will resort to the supreme arbitrament of force. Ulster will fight. Ulster will be right."—LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

CHAPTER THE LAST BUT ONE.

ULSTER had refused to be a consenting party. The proper moment had, in her judgment, arrived, and she had resorted to the supreme arbitrament of force. For some months advertisements had appeared in the local papers, inviting tenders now for twenty, now for forty thousand rifles, and had been liberally responded to. Drill-sergeants not in receipt of pay from Her Majesty's Government had been applied for, and came in shoals. All had been a scene of the wildest activity. But now came a check. A message had come from the Viceroy to the effect that the Queen's troops would answer for the safety of the country, and that unauthorised armament of the whole civic population was not countenanced officially by the Authorities at the Castle. The reply of the Loyal and Patriotic League was characteristic, and to the point. It told his Excellency to whistle for it, and mind his own business. Nor was this all. Words were soon followed up by acts. The General commanding the Royal forces disappeared suddenly, nobody knew where. The barracks were seized upon in Derry, and the arms and ammunition confiscated. A similar *ruse* succeeded at Belfast. The Queen's troops, though surprised there at night, made some show of resistance, but, owing to the desertion of their officers *en masse*, were obliged to yield, and were conveyed in gangs as prisoners to the borders of Connaught, and there set free. The Viceroy remonstrated by a proclamation in the QUEEN'S name. It was publicly defaced. The Union Jack was hauled down, and the Orange flag of the Loyal and Patriotic League run up in its place. Everywhere the evidence that the party had defied alike the majority of their fellow-countrymen and the majesty of Parliament was visible. Kentish fire echoed from a hundred enthusiastic meetings at night, and swinging battalions marched to the music of "*Boone Water*," and the shouting of "No surrender!" by day. It was felt by one and all that Ulster was strong enough to defy the Empire, and she revelled in her strength.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

A MARKED change had now come upon the scene. The resolution of the rest of the country that it would not be dominated by an aggressive faction, was no sooner formed than it took shape in action. It was felt that the game that could be played by a minority consisting of but a bare fourth of the nation could be essayed with at least equal chances of success by the remaining three-fourths. And the feeling was not long in bearing fruit. Arms poured in hourly from America. The drill-sergeant soon followed, and in field and on hill-side the rival training went on apace. Soon the regiments were equipped, and started from the soil as if by magic. Nor was their enthusiasm behind that of their opponents. The harp of Ireland was raised aloft, and the "*Wearing of the Green*" echoed over vale and glen, through town and village, till the very children sang it at their play. Then came the day when all was ready and the word was given to advance. Forward swept the National tide to accept in its turn "the supreme arbitrament of force."

The battle had been severe, but it was over at last. Belfast was taken. Derry was in ruins. Everywhere the Orange faction had been outnumbered and worsted. The reverse was crushing and complete. "We shall now," said the General, commanding the National forces, "be suffered, perhaps, to hold our Parliament on College Green, in peace." He turned to a batch of captured officers as he spoke. They were a motley crew. Among them figured several wearing the Queen's uniform, while here and there stood some distinguished sympathiser with the beaten cause, who had thrown in his lot to support rebellion against QUEEN and Empire. Among these latter a scion of a Ducal House and former well-known Member of the House of Commons, was weeping over a broken drumhead. The General singled him out, and beckoned him to approach. He drew near, surlily. "Well, my Lord," continued the Commander, in a tone of banter. "How about your prophecy. Ulster will fight. Ulster will be right? Ulster has fought. Ha! ha! ha!"

"And she has been wrong!" was the submissive and humble reply.

THE "SCHOOLMASTERS' CONGRESS."—Evidently another name for The Coaching Club.



AN "EXIT" SPEECH.

"THE REST, THAT LOVE ME, RISE AND FOLLOW ME."—*Richard the Third*, Act III., Sc. iv.

PAPERS FROM PUMP-HANDLE COURT. CONCERNING A VERY PRESSING APPOINTMENT.



YOU are wanted immediately in Chambers.—PORTINGTON, was the brief telegram that, originally sent to Burmah Gardens, followed me to Felstead, near Little Dunmow, a village which has peculiar charms to me from boyish associations. The message reached me on a Saturday evening after train-hours, so that it was impossible for me to take the iron-horse and hurry back to my excellent and admirable Clerk, to inquire the reason of this rather unusual demand for me. On more closely examining the pink paper I learned, to my sorrow, that "I had been wanted immediately," at 10:30 on that morning, and consequently much might have happened since its receipt at Pump-Handle Court.

I hurriedly secured a *Bradshaw*, and found that there was no conveyance to London to or from Felstead on Sundays, and that my only chance of reaching the great Metropolis before Monday, was by walking to Chelmsford, and catching a train there. I explained my trouble to my wife (who strangely enough had wished to go to Paris for our little holiday, instead of Felstead), and received the cold comfort "that it couldn't be helped, but that was the way I was always losing my chances." Need I say that the Sabbath was spent in sorrow and anxiety, while I conjectured how much had been sacrificed by my too great partiality for a glimpse into life in an Essex village, whose chief claim to distinction was that it contained a county school of about the size of Winchester.

By the earliest train on Monday morning, I came up to town, and found my Chambers tenanted by an elderly female sweeping them out, and preparing for the toil of the coming forensic day. She regarded me with some suspicion as I entered the room set aside for PORTINGTON, and began to search for evidence as to whom had been asking for me. My quest was immediately rewarded by the discovery of three pieces of paper bearing the inscriptions, respectively, of "10:30, Messrs. NODD AND SMOLER to see Mr. BRIEFLESS," "12, NODD AND SMOLER to see BRIEFLESS," "2, N. AND S. to see B." Thus I ascertained that Messrs. NODD AND SMOLER (a firm of the very highest respectability) had been no less than thrice to meet me on the preceding Saturday. I felt it was useless to question the aged female as to their business, and considered it advisable to immediately hurry to my club and communicate with them through the telephone—choosing this course in preference to calling upon them in person as less unprofessional than the alternative.

As ten o'clock was striking I entered the sort of cupboard where the latest triumph of science is available at the Parthenon, and found out the number of my new clients, and after a slight altercation with an invisible lady in charge of the wires, who seemed to question my assertion that I had been ringing for the last twenty minutes, was "put on" to them. My inquiry as to whether Messrs. NODD AND SMOLER were at home, was answered by a shrill and audacious youth (to judge from his voice) with the counter-query—"Who was I? and why did I want to know?" I gave my name, and explained earnestly, nay even obsequiously, "because I believed the Firm wanted to see me on a matter of importance."

"Well," said the shrill and audacious youth, through the telephone, "I will tell them what you say. Just wait a moment, while I speak to them."

I thanked the lad with effusion (courtesy through the telephone is so grateful), and listened to his retreating footsteps. The next five minutes I employed in imploring the invisible lady, "Not to cut me off, as I hadn't done speaking." The invisible lady fortunately having a tender heart, continued the communication.

"Are you there?" cried the shrill and audacious youth, at last coming back, and getting a reply from me in the affirmative, he continued, "They say they are out at present, but will be glad to give you five minutes at eleven o'clock at your Chambers."

The receiver was returned to its rest with a "ping," and I knew I was "cut off" from the audacious youth, it might be for years—it might be for ever.

I hurried from the Parthenon to Pump-Handle Court, and at last found PORTINGTON, who explained to me that Messrs. NODD AND SMOLER had been to see me several times on Saturday, and refused to speak to anyone else.

"They are very good people indeed, Sir," continued my excellent and admirable Clerk, "and have a large agency business. I shouldn't be surprised if they didn't want you to do some of their Junior work in the Probate Division."

"Just so," I replied, with a glow at my heart which sent the blood into my cheeks. "Well, I am sure I shall be very happy to act for them. They have never appeared in my Fee-Book before, I think, PORTINGTON?"

"No, Sir; to the best of my recollection, they have not," responded my Clerk; "at least, not for some time."

I have already explained, on a previous occasion, that I share my Chambers with a friend. That friend, with a kindness I cannot sufficiently acknowledge, on learning that I expected clients of so much importance as Messrs. NODD AND SMOLER insisted upon vacating his portion of the rooms, so that it might appear that I was the sole possessor of the noble suite of two apartments and a cupboard, which form together our joint holding.

Eleven struck in the belfry of the Inner Temple Library, and there was a loud knock at our Chambers-door. In another minute the Representative of Messrs. NODD AND SMOLER was before me. He was an exceedingly intelligent youth, but did not seem quite old enough to be a member of the firm. However, on reflecting that some of the most able and experienced Managing Clerks I have come across have been, legally speaking, only just outside the term of "infants," I was not surprised at his juvenility.

"Mr. BRIEFLESS, I think, Sir," began the young man.

"Certainly," I replied, courteously. "Pray take a seat. I am sorry not to have been here on Saturday, but I was called away to the country. I hope, however, I have not inconvenienced you by my absence?"

"Oh, not at all, Sir—in fact, it will do just as well to-day as Saturday."

"That's right," I returned heartily, and settling myself in my favourite attitude of genial attention, I, with a graceful gesture, invited him to explain his business.

"The fact is, Sir, Mr. STAUNTON, the Shoe-maker, is a client of ours."

"Ah! really," I returned, smiling, "I am sure I shall be very pleased indeed to do anything I can for him. I have dealt with him for years—long before my marriage—and so has my wife since our wedding. Very glad indeed to do anything I can for old Mr. STAUNTON. By the way," I continued, becoming grave, "not a Probate—not dead? Eh? Dear me! Not dead, I hope?"

"Oh no, Sir, not dead," was the answer of the Representative of Messrs. NODD AND SMOLER.

"Not a Divorce either? Eh?" was my next guess.

"Young STAUNTON was (I am told) a little wild when his father sent him up to Oxford, but not, I hope, a Divorce?"

"Oh no, Sir, not a Divorce,"—and the Clerk fumbled in his pocket as if in search of documents—"and that reminds me, Sir. I suppose Mrs. BRIEFLESS has full authority to act for you?"

"Certainly," I responded, a little surprised at the question. Then I returned to my examination. "No doubt, as I practise almost exclusively in the Probate Division, you have come to me about some Admiralty business. Hope none of the family while yachting have been running down a collier, or anything of that sort?"

"Oh no, Sir," replied the Clerk, who by this time had found the document he had been searching for. "This will explain everything." And he handed me a paper.

Nodding my head at him in a manner which I intended should suggest that, after all, written instructions were infinitely superior to verbal ones, I leisurely put my double-eyeglasses on my nose and prepared to read what he had set before me.

For a moment I could not believe my eyes! The disappointment was too great to face! I could not bear it!

The Representative of Messrs. NODD AND SMOLER (who had left immediately after presenting me with the document) had actually brought me all the way to town from the country to serve me with a County Court summons for the value of some children's boots that my wife had forgotten to pay for! I could not bear it! I broke down!

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.



SECTARIAN.

"HULLO, JOHN! WHAT A JOLLY DISH! POTATOES, GREENS, CARROTS, BEANS! WHO'S IT FOR?" "MR. BINKS, SIR."

"Is MR. BINKS A VEGETARIAN?"

"OH NO, SIR! I BELIEVE HE'S CHURCH OF ENGLAND!"

PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

(By Our Special Book-Marker.)

"TEMPEST-DRIVEN."

HERE DOWLING tells a thrilling tale—his touch is true and bold—
Though sombre, it is powerful and admirably told.

"WANTED A FATHER."

'Tis somewhat uncommon, and amusing is—rather—
FRANCIS SAVAGE's story called *Wanted a Father*.

"SHAKSPEARIAN SCENES AND CHARACTERS."

A PORTLY tome in red and gold,
Where AUSTIN BREERETON does unfold
A tale of past and present days,
In reference to SHAKSPEARE's plays;
Each note and legend well preserving,
From BETTERTON to HENRY IRVING;
A pleasant book of Shakspearations,
With forty full-page illustrations!

"THE HOME-RULE RIDDLE SOLVED."

MR. PUNCH heartily congratulates everybody. Mr. GLADSTONE may now shake hands with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and all the British Lions and Irish Lambs lie down together. The Canada Dominion House of Commons has discovered the one thing wanting—The Alternative. Through the appropriate mouth of the Hon. JOHN COSTIGAN (lineal descendant of Lady MIRABEL, known on the stage as Miss FOTHERINGAY), it has carried (*Times*, May 12) the following amendment to an address to the QUEEN:—

"That this House earnestly hopes that such a measure, or such measures, may be adopted by the Imperial Parliament as will, while preserving the integrity and well-being of the Empire and the rights and status of the minority, be satisfactory to the people of Ireland and permanently remove the discontent so long unhappily prevailing in that country."

"Hooray!" says Mr. Punch, and Amen! Carried *nem. con.* throughout the world: and the Liberal Party is itself again. Nothing now remains but to take the obvious and easy course of adopting such measure—or measures.

NEWS FROM NEW YORK.—The arrest of Herr Most is the Least that could happen.

THE MURMUR IN THE SHELL-EY SOCIETY.

THE little passage of arms that has taken place in the pages of a contemporary over the doings of the Shelley Society, has very naturally suggested a question as to the *raison d'être* of that apparently quite unnecessary body. Nor has the answer that has been forthcoming turned out to be very satisfactory. "I decided," says a Dr. FURNIVALL, "on having the play at the same instant that I resolved to found the Shelley Society—on the hill between Hendon and Hampstead, on Sunday, December 4, about 1.30 P.M." Notwithstanding the dramatic distinctness of the announcement, it must be admitted, that it leaves the reader very much where he was, and inclined to ask with a writer, signing himself "H," who follows, who on earth this "Dr. FURNIVALL" is. "I do not," he says, "for the moment, care twopence about SHELLEY's play, or about your criticism upon it. I want to be told, for my own satisfaction, by whom the gentleman is accredited who considers himself entitled to give the lie of Billingsgate to a merely candid critic. Is he Jupiter? or is he only the beetle who carried the lightning under Jupiter's chariot."

We suppose we may answer, that the gentleman in question may, in a certain sense, be regarded as both. For, as inspired founder "on the hill between Hendon and Hampstead," of the Shelley Society, he may certainly be looked upon as a sort of Jupiter to the institution, while his descent to the use of Billingsgate in reply to a candid critic, associates him in some measure with the discharge of the duties fulfilled by the beetle under the chariot.

But perhaps it is hardly worth while investigating the matter. It may be taken pretty well for granted, that from time to time some such eruptions of dilettanteism as that of which the Shelley Society is an average specimen, are inevitable, and that whenever they occur there will be a temporary upheaval of nobodies, who will, for a brief moment, climb into prominence, and, covered with the ægis of the name they invoke, attach a fleeting importance to themselves from their association with the phenomenon. Of such sort of notoriety is probably that attained by the self-constituted boss of the Shelley

Society. However, be this as it may, if we may judge from the unprejudiced criticism passed upon the performance, it seems pretty clear that it would have been much better let alone.

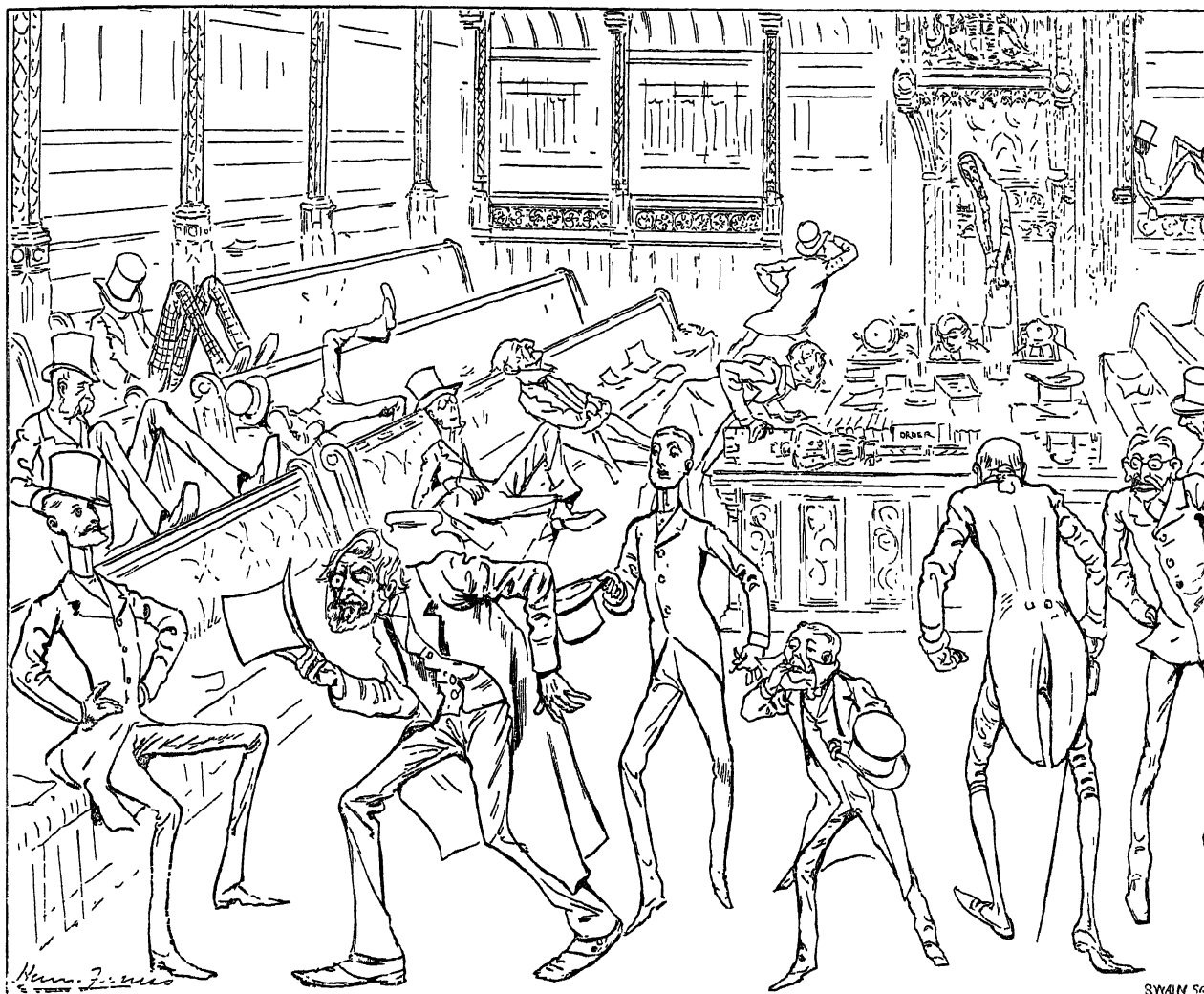
"For four mortal hours," writes a "member who was present," "we endured one long monotonous horror. . . . The actors and actresses in the labour of love did all that could be done; but the play is proved to be impossible, and so let us leave it in the hope (shared by many of my fellow-members) that before another 'sixty years' it will be possible to debate the matter calmly, but not to put *The Cenci* on the Stage." The member may possibly have some justification for the expression of his hope that *The Cenci* may not again be thrust disagreeably to the front, but there is nothing to save Society from similar inflictions. SHELLEY may not be the craze to-morrow, and it may not be possible to seize hold of material that has the distinct dramatic advantage of being condemned by the licenser, but who knows what votaries some lesser, if more decent, lights may not command? Brownites, Smithites, and Robinsonites are ready to succeed the displaced Shelleyites, for the dilettante crew is inexhaustible, and prepared, like midges, to buzz about the first name that comes to the front, be it Robinson, or Smith, or Brown. We fear that the literary disease of which the "Shelley Society" and its doings may be regarded as an exemplar, shows no signs either of effacing itself or of being stamped out.

"Litera Scripta Manet."

DEAR JOSEPH; your letters to HURLBERT and others
Will bring you anon into no end of bothers.
A body of *dicta* you're penning, indeed,
That you'll find hard to fit in the Liberal creed.
Don't tie up your hands in dogmatical fetters,
But take *Punch's* tip, JOSEPH, "proofs before letters!"

APPROPRIATE ADAPTATION.—"That in the Ulsterman's a choleric word, which in a Nationalist's flat blasphemy."

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 32.



A THIN HOUSE—BEFORE DINNER.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 10.—Again a crowded House. The Prince of WALES in the Gallery, and a dozen Members sitting on the steps of the Gangway for lack of other accommodation. Majority of Members breakfasted at home, but many lunched in House in order to secure places. GLADSTONE to move Second Reading of Government of Ireland Bill, in parlous condition just now owing to defections. But the Grand Old Word Conjuror was to put this all right. Conservatives uneasy; Gladstonians triumphant; Chamberlainians ready to be convinced; Hartingtonians sullen, and Peter-Rylandites apprehensive. As the Speech went on over space of two hours the attitude of parties changed. Conservatives grew jubilant, Gladstonians despondent, Chamberlainians perplexed, Hartingtonians light-hearted. Only the Peter-Rylandites remained under the dark and immovable cloud of depression.

For once, at least, GLADSTONE had made a failure. Wearied and puzzled the audience with half explained schemes and general mystification. Voice improved as he went on. Rose to fullest eloquence and debating power in personal references to HARTINGTON. But that a mere flash over a sandy waste of wordiness. The customary cheers greeted his peroration, but when he sat down it was felt that the battle was lost.

"Woe is me!" said the faithful DILLWYN, tears coursing down his furrowed cheek, "that I should live to hear my chief make a speech that damaged his own case."

"If we could take a Division now," said RANDOLPH, "we would kick the Bill out by a majority of over a hundred."

Later a new Irish light appeared upon the scene, in person of Mr. JORDAN. JORDAN's oratorical style a little fragmentary, but quaint. Not bad his description of the belated Orangemen who "trusted in Providence and alternately in the noble Lord the Member for South Paddington." *Business done.*—Second Reading of Home-Rule Bill moved.



"Woe is me!"



Lord D-llh-sie.

the Member for South Paddington." *Business done.*—Second Reading of Home-Rule Bill moved.

Tuesday.—A night of miscellaneous business in both Houses. In Lords, interesting debate on Sunday Closing (Durham) Bill. Marked by dramatic incident manœuvred by BRAMWELL. BRAMWELL had sent down to House by Parcels' Delivery a monster Petition against Bill. Usual course quietly to present Petition as soon as LORD CHANCELLOR takes the Woolsack. BRAMWELL knew better than that. Arranged with attendant to have the big roll in readiness in the wings, and at the cue "sixty thousand people living in the county of Durham" roll it in. Threatened hitch owing to length of Bishop of DURHAM's speech. The super in the wing fell asleep before the close. LORD DALHOUSIE, passing out, regarded him with astonishment. Nothing happening, LORD BRAMWELL, turning towards the wing, repeated, at the top of his voice, "Signed by upwards of sixty thousand people living in the county of Durham." This woke up the super, who hurriedly rolled in the Petition amid much cheering. But he'll have a bad time of it when BRAMWELL meets him.

In Commons, HOWARD VINCENT brought forward question of the closing against the public of various carriage-roads in neighbourhood of Buckingham Palace. LEVESON-GOWER condemned to recite official answer. Restrictions, he said, been laid down in former times. A pretty answer for a Government about to give Home Rule to Ireland! VINCENT gave notice to submit Resolution on the subject. Shall second it myself. A monstrous thing in overcrowded London to have some of the most convenient thoroughfares closed to the public, who pay for their maintenance. Curious it should have been left to a Conservative to raise this question.

"Pooh, pooh!" says the Sage of Queen Anne's Gate, "VINCENT isn't much of a Conservative. Was a Liberal before he journeyed round the world, starting towards the West. Let him make the journey again the other way about, and he'll come back a Liberal."

Business done.—Various.

Thursday.—Met HARTINGTON in Lobby with bundles of paper under his arm, and something like a scowl on his face. Dropped one or two of the bundles as he went along. Called his attention to circumstance. "Oh, never mind," he said, petulantly. "One more or less doesn't matter. Thought, when I left Ministry, I should begin to have good time of it. Things worse than ever. Have to be in my place almost as much as before. Expected to make important speeches. Get cheered by the Tories, and wept over by GLADSTONE. Now come down to presenting Petitions. Begin to wish I had stopped in the Ministry."

Burst of cheering from Tories when HARTINGTON appeared with his Petitions. Would have delighted an ordinary man. HARTINGTON more wrathful than ever.

General depression on Liberal side. Expectation of conciliation reaching vanishing point. Certain prospect of defeat on Home-Rule Bill. Only cheerful man on Liberal benches is the Grand Old One. He laughs and chats with HARCOURT and JOHN MORLEY.

Couldn't be in better spirits if he were certain of majority of 100. House crowded again in every part. Prince of WALES in his old place over the clock. Prince CHRISTIAN lends his animated presence to the scene. Sir HENRY JAMES leads off, referring in lugubrious tones to the relations between himself and PRIME MINISTERS. ORR-EWING listens to him critically.

"Worst of HENRY JAMES as a speaker," he said, "is his habit of dropping into a funeral tone *à propos* of nothing."

Mr. Orr-Ew-ing (Orr-Anythingelse).

You'd think, from the sound of his voice when he alludes to his Right Hon. friend, that he was preaching GLADSTONE's funeral sermon."

CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN followed. Rumoured he would make things straight with Chamberlainites. But he said nothing fresh, and Members went off to dinner with conviction that the Bill was doomed.

Business done.—Adjourned debate on Second Reading Home-Rule Bill.

Friday.—Often noticed behind Front Opposition Bench a gentleman about the height of Mr. Pickwick, with ruby face, and white hair. Don't know his name. Never heard him speak. But to-night

came out, and made his mark. Sir W. CUNLIFFE BROOKS, B.B.K., is his name, Cheshire his Constituency. It was Free Trade brought him to the front. Position of to-night's business peculiar, and long unfamiliar. Committee of Supply first order. Behind it was JOHN MORLEY's Bill for re-enactment of Arms Act. Well enough when directed against Parnellites. Now used in threat against Orangemen, Ulster Members would take care that it did not pass in a hurry. So whole night given up to talk till Half-past Twelve struck, and Arms Bill impossible.

Performance began with motion by JENNING raising Free Trade question. BROOKS seconded it. Began quietly enough. Presently languid House aroused by sudden shout.

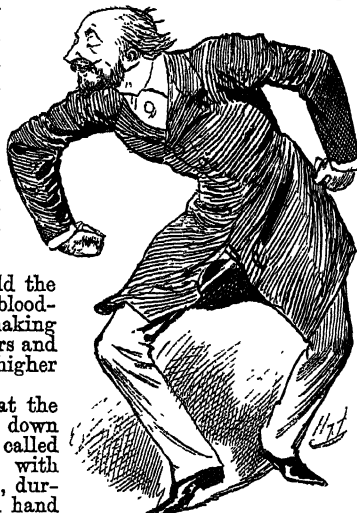
"We are bleeding to death!"

House looked up and beheld the stout little gentleman with blood-red face and white hair, shaking his fist at the SPEAKER. Cheers and laughter wound him up to higher pitch.

"I am here," he shouted at the top of his voice, "to knock down the idol of the Cobden Club, called Cheapness." House roared with laughter for several moments, during which BROOKS stood with hand still clutched, waiting for opportunity to continue his remarks.

"Cheapness!" he shouted, and the House broke into fresh laughter. "Cheapness!" he roared again.

"I think I'll hear the rest of this outside," said LORD LYMINGTON, passing down the floor with ambling grace. "Cheapness," said BROOKS, keeping up his voice, "is not the only desirable thing." In another ten minutes had shouted himself out, and Members merrily dispersed. *Business done.*—None.



Lord L-m-ngt-n.

AN EXCELLENT EXAMPLE.

MR. CRITERION WYNDHAM has done a wise and plucky thing. He had advertised *The Circassian*, and, at the last moment, withdrew it, because, as he explained in print, at the dress rehearsal he became convinced that the play, "however good in itself, was scarcely yet in a condition for public representation." O wise young judge!—yes, "Young," for CHARLES the Second is always youthful, as was that greater CHARLES, CHARLES MATHEWS. But, *O es sic omnes!* would that all managers would follow his example, instead of rushing a piece to almost certain death, simply because they have advertised it for a certain day, by which date they know, as well as everyone about them knows, that it cannot be ready for performance.

First-night failures are frequently the result of a mistaken idea, on the part of the manager, as to "keeping faith with the public." The author has practically no voice in the matter, and generally has to yield his better judgment to what is represented to him as a necessity. "The places are all booked—the house is crammed for the first night—the advertisements are all out—we're doing bad business because the public are waiting for the new piece—it will be simply a dead loss to go on like this," and so on—all these "*argumenta ad pocketum*" are brought to bear on the diffident, protesting author by "the management" of the theatre,—which title may include several people beside the responsible manager, whose name appears on the bill,—and the author, recognising the fact that everything in front of the house is ready, and hardly anything ready on the stage, perfectly aware that the very best preparations have been made for insuring a disastrous failure, reluctantly yields his assent to the short-sighted policy of the theatrical government, and entertaining a forlorn hope that, by some miraculously lucky chance, the piece may, perhaps, disappoint his worst anticipations and succeed, he goes in at the last moment to do all he can to save the fortunes of the night.

The management takes the failure as part of the business—it is a bad spec., and it tries another, and then another, and makes a hit with one out of five, which soon recoups all previous losses. The author, on the other hand, has no such chance; on him falls all the blame of failure and all its consequences. It is his child that has been killed by the selfish cruelty of its guardians, and by his own weakness in submitting to such treatment. Mr. WYNDHAM deserves the thanks of all authors for setting this example to managers; and we trust that when *The Circassian* does appear, it will be "a big success."

ROOM FOR RUBINSTEIN!

STAND back, ye minor pianists, for awhile, and take a lesson! RUBINSTEIN, the finest player in the world, is with us once again.



The Cyclone visiting England.

opening Concert, the short people at the back of the hall, and the expectations of everyone present, were on tip-toe to get a first glimpse of the cyclist. Such an enthusiastic greeting as ANTON RUBINSTEIN received might well shake the mental equilibrium of a lesser artist. But down he sat, calm, self-possessed, impassible, to begin the programme upon which, first and foremost in chronological order, stood the innocent strains of two Englishmen, THOMAS BIRD, and Dr. JOHN BULL. The latter did not compose "*God Save the King*"—a fact greatly to his credit.

Departed celebrities of every kind are said by historians to have "flourished" at such and such a period. In a double sense is this true of the earlier Composers, whose works betray a child-like tenderness for bird-like chirrupings. They soothe the contemplative mind, but do not excite the various emotions which it is the object of the Moderns to arouse. Hence, the first concert was rather interesting to the student, as illustrating the advance of pianoforte music, *vid* the virginal, the spinet, and the harpsichord, than impressive to those among the audience who had passed their novitiate. Together with BIRD and BULL, SCARLATTI, BACH, HANDEL, HAYDN, and MOZART were all disposed of at one sitting—summarily, as it might at first sight seem. But then it must be borne in mind that the reputations of the last four writers are principally associated with the orchestra and music for the fiddle tribe. This is not surprising when we reflect that the pianos available even in the days of MOZART were still most ungrateful instruments. The harmless and quaintly graceful music was of course faultlessly rendered; and HANDEL's variations upon "*The Harmonious Blacksmith*" were taken at a pace which made many listeners "sit up."

Three Composers are, in the scheme of the series, honoured with a concert to themselves. These are BEETHOVEN, SCHUMANN, and CHOPIN; and their works will be heard at the second, the fourth, and the seventh recitals respectively. There is every justification for this arrangement. With characteristic modesty, RUBINSTEIN has not devoted any entire programme to the discussion of his own pieces, though the public would certainly not have complained had he done so. His particular Muse will, however, find expression at the seventh (mystic number!) recital, in company with NICOLAUS RUBINSTEIN of that ilk, and such small contemporary deer as LIADOFF, BALAKIREFF, RINSKY-KORSAKOFF, and CÉSAR-CUL. My gracious! What names! Familiar, too, don't they seem? In the same category the patronymic of TSCHAIKOWSKI rings refreshingly as that of an old friend. But a truce to *badinage*. RUBINSTEIN as composer of orchestral and pianoforte works enjoys an European fame to the full as great as that achieved by his playing. And, since he is a scientific and inspired musician into the bargain, a very powerful combination of genius is represented in an individual—so powerful indeed as to be unprecedented, unless in the case of SCHUMANN. All hail, thou Moldavo-Russian, a cup of wine to thy health! And mayst thou reap a golden harvest with thy Cycele!

NIBBELUNGLET.

ON EPSOM EVE.

TRUST Seers unto your sorrow,
What's dubious to divine.
The Sun will rise to-morrow;
That's safe—but will he shine?
None but a young beginner
Can credit, or suppose,
A man e'er names the Winner,
Unless the Prophet knows.

You can but wait and wonder.
Predictions are in vain.
Look out for squalls, for thunder
And lightning, hail and rain.
The Derby was, one season,
Amid a snow-storm run;
May, with a North-east breeze on,
Once more be lost and won.

FOLK-LORE AT FOLKESTONE.

WHEN, Sir, you said, "Be off, and do it," I rushed away, and, special trains being of no account (thanks to the courtesy of the ever amiable Mr. MYLES FENTON) soon found myself at the Folkestone Exhibition. To my delight I discovered it was the "Press view day," and consequently had the advantage of the lecture of a *cicerone*, denied to the general public. As I am a little deaf, and there was a good deal of talking, which partially drowned the speaker's voice, I am not quite sure I caught *all* he said, nor am I certain that what I *did* catch I caught accurately; but these are the statements I fancy he made:—

The Folkestone was the finest Art Exhibition in the world. Florence was not in it, and South Kensington was simply nowhere when compared with Folkestone.

All the curious armour decorating the transept came from the Tower of London; and if a report had got about that the collection had been supplied from the armoury once attached to Astley's amphitheatre, the rumour was a *canard*. The armour was quite genuine, and very historical.

The lecturer, a most pleasant gentleman (I heard him called a Vine of several Summers, who would and could and *should* flourish everywhere), who informed me that he was my "Hon. Executive Adviser," seemed extremely proud of this martial display.

"You see," he said, "this is all genuine. That armour has been worn by the British Army from the time of the Roses up to the present. And as for those tattered flags, they have been carried to victory on many a hard fought field by the British Army and the Militia!"

I noticed that the tattered flags were being hammered on to the walls with a vigour that would be likely, when they got back to the Tower, to add to their bullet-torn appearance. My "Hon. Executive Adviser" gave me further tips.

There were a lot of pictures—modern and ancient. The modern pictures were finer than anything that had ever been seen before; and the ancient—well, they were "Old Masters."

As I walked through the first Fine Art gallery, I was much struck with some of the exhibits. There was an admirable portrait of either WILSON BARRETT or HENRY IRVING (as there was no catalogue I was forced to make a guess as to which it was intended to represent) in the character of *Hamlet*. Another "advertisement picture" was what I took to be the original of that charming conception of the boardings, the young lady who washed herself ashore with a piece of soap. Yet a third of the same class—a magnificent study of a gorgeous blue silk dressing-gown, which I fancy could not have been run together for less than two pounds, and which, considering the material and the trimming, would have been extremely cheap at that price! The artist, to give additional interest to what, I suppose, he intended for a sign-board, had introduced a likeness of Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE, as an appropriate accessory.

Hurrying through the Galleries, we came to the department devoted to curiosities. Here I found my "Hon. Executive Adviser" once more overflowing with information. I regret to say that I could not quite catch all he said, but I fancy he told me this:—

One of the cases contained the waistcoat in which JAMES THE FIRST was beheaded by OLIVER CROMWELL. Another, the latch-key that MARY, Queen of Scots, gave to CHARLES THE SECOND to admit him to Kensington Palace, at that time a part of the Cinque Ports.

A third, the pocket-bible that EDWARD THE FIRST carried with him to the battles of the Roses. This came (I think) from Dover Castle.

A fourth, some enamels and snuff-boxes belonging originally to the Princes murdered in the Tower. Some of these were very quaint, and proved the infant collectors to be children of no ordinary intelligence.

A fifth, the tattered flag of the Cinque Ports, borne before the Warden five hundred years ago, and, consequently, at least of that age, if not older. The exact birthday was not recorded.

Then there were hanging-up irons in which pirates used to be executed, and gags for a scold, and tapestry, and pillories, and, in fact, every luxury that could be imagined to render a mediæval home really happy.

Following the "Hon. Executive Adviser," I revelled in some exciting French pictures and an admirable display of the aforesaid "Old Masters," which were all the customary complimentary adjectives, and a few over. Without doubt the Exhibition will be a great success, and reflects credit upon all who took part in its creation.

The day concluded with a magnificent display of modern hospitality under the superintendence of Messrs. SPIERS AND POND. The "gem of the curiosities" was the speech of the Mayor of Folkestone, in gracefully returning thanks for "Prosperity to the Exhibition," proposed by a well-known journalist, dramatist, and musician. This quaint oration was "so unique" that it can be neither imagined nor described further than to say its characteristic was the element of surprise. No more at present from

YOUR IMPULSIVE CONTRIBUTOR.



A LOST ILLUSION.

THE TOO SUSCEPTIBLE JONES GOES TO PARIS FOR THE FIRST TIME (TO SEE THE SALON, OF COURSE). LIKE A TRUE BRITON, HE HAS ALWAYS BELIEVED THAT BEAUTY WAS THE EXCLUSIVE MONOPOLY OF HIS COUNTRYWOMEN. HE FINDS, HOWEVER, THAT THIS IS FAR FROM BEING THE CASE—AND QUITE FORGETS TO LOOK AT THE PICTURES.

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

PROFESSOR WARR is a wag, as, of course, he must be when WARR produces a piece. A lasting piece it was, too; though how long it



An ideal "Rural Dene," or Cassandra *chez elle*.
concentrated essence of the Orestian Trilog of ÆSCHYLUS prepared as a

lasted I can't exactly say. At the Prince's Hall, the other evening, in the interests of Greek art, a young lady flung herself about in astounding attitudes, as *Clytemnestra*, and mercilessly hurled at the head of her suffering audience, a speech of no less than sixty-one lines, without a break or pause. Whereupon that sly dog, *Agamemnon*, who had been away from home for ten years, replies:—

Daughter of Leda,
guardian of my
house,
Full lengthy is thy
parley: 'tis a match
For my long absence.

This, let it be remarked, was in no profane burlesque, but in a con-

soporific for society in Piccadilly. When the audience laughed heartily at *Agamemnon's* latest humour, the Professor sprang up from his seat, and glared at the audience, for though he was unarmed with a cane or a birch-rod, he insisted on silence, and protested alike against merriment and laughter. On one occasion the victims of *Orestes* broke out into open mutiny. The cast, with one exception, was too seriously weak for criticism. *Clytemnestra* stormed, *Agamemnon* preached, the chorus and protagonists knocked up against one another on the stage, the figures in the *tableaux vivants* by WATTS, R.A., POYNTER, R.A., WALTER CRANE and Co., wobbled in the lime-light, but when, to the delight of everybody, it was found that pretty Miss DOROTHY DENE put life and force into the captive prophetess, *Cassandra*, when for the moment she became actually inspired, casting aside the modern manner, and giving us tragedy as it should be acted, and poetry as it should be spoken, the delighted audience, released from an imprisonment of dullness, broke out like schoolboys into the fresh air of applause. Miss DOROTHY DENE electrified them with her prophetic warning. But this was too much for the Professor. Up he jumped, indifferent to the presence of the Prince and Princess of WALES, and to the beaming countenance of Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, all of whom were vigorously applauding the delightful DOROTHY. His face glared in the gaslight. His spectacles glistened like balls of fire. His classic forehead shone with indignation, and then he gave vent to these words, "No! Applause! I won't have it!" The startled audience for a moment sunk abashed into silence. They thought they had been guilty of some shocking solecism. Recovering a moment after, a shameless old gentleman clapped his hands under his opera hat. The Professor popped up like a Jack-in-the-Box. "I tell you no! you mustn't." A young lady tapped her fan against the opposite seat. "This is shameful!" shouted the Professor. A graceless youth knocked his stick against the floor. The Professor leaped to his feet. "How dare you do it! No applause!" Whereat their Royal Highnesses roared with laughter, the schoolmaster conquered, the Orestian Trilogy dragged its slow length along, for poor *Cassandra* was found dead on the floor at the foot of *Agamemnon's* couch, and hidden by the footlights.

When next Miss DOROTHY DENE has an opportunity of showing her undoubted talent in a play that demands thought to conceive a



VIVA EL REY!

character, and power to execute it, may I be there to see her. I promise to applaud her, and shall not be deterred from that pleasant duty by fifty Professors of Greek or any other dead language. *ÆSCHYLUS* may be sacred, but he is uncommonly slow.

PROMPTER'S BOX.

Cave!

POLITICAL Troglodytes, though you look brave,
Let History say if you're likely to win;
It tells us of many who dwelt in a cave,
But most of them finally had to cave in.

SPANISH MONEY.—*Doubleloon*. Equal to about £3 5s. nominal value, but a horse in fact worth considerably more than a pony.

A CASE OF FEE SIMPLE.

(By our *BOARD of Works*.)

[MR. BOARD has introduced a Bill to render Barristers-at-law liable to any person who employs them, and enabling them to recover their fees.]

LET us pity the poor Lawyer,
Whose vexation makes him dumb,
For his fee will now no longer
Be a honorarium!

To what matchless degradation
Has a grand profession come,
When the advocate's reward is
Not a honorarium!

The desire to hand a brief on
To a rising junior chum
Now will have to be resisted,
Or—no honorarium!

If a Counsel should omit to
Earn his stipulated sum,
Clients won't, to "learned" truants,
Pay the honorarium.

And, if paid, it can be sued for,
Though it makes a "Leader" glum
To forbid him to retain a
Thumping honorarium.

But perhaps the wily "Solör"—
Here of comfort is a crumb—
Now will somewhat quicker find his
Counsel's honorarium!

THE PRIDE OF THE PEERAGE.—*Ormonde*.
If at all in fault, he will make the "*Ormonde*
honorable." Ahem!

"THREE to One, bar One!" Where is *The Bard*? Shall we say, "*Bard's the best*"?



A VOCATION.

Undergraduate (fresh from the Schools). "BY JOVE!—A WHITE TIE SUITS ME SO WELL, I THINK I SHALL GO INTO THE CHURCH!"

A REAL STARTLER!

THE Henley Meeting will provide a novelty for spectators this year if there is any truth in the announcement recently made in the *Evening Standard*, under the heading of "Sporting Items." It said:—

"The stewards of the Henley Meeting have decided to ignore the petition of the townspeople respecting the alteration of the course. The Regatta, therefore, will start from the bottom of the river at Regatta Island."

Those who have seen the Cirque Nautique in Paris will remember how the Naiads first appear coming up from under the water. But for an entire Regatta to start "from the bottom of the river" and come up to the top will be the greatest attraction that Henley has ever offered. We hope the compiler of the *Evening Standard's* Sporting Items has many such treats in store for the public.

A REVIVAL.—So "Authors' Nights"—under the light and airy name of "Matinées," which is only old-fashioned "Benefit" writ large—may come into vogue again, that is, if the example of the authors of *Jack Sheppard* burlesque, who initiated this old return, not "new departure" last Friday, is one which other dramatic authors will care to follow. But why not? Why shouldn't the authors have a benefit as well as the actors? It sounds too much like "going round with the hat" to be quite agreeable to the feelings of the Highly Respectable. But, sometimes, pride must be put into the pocket first if money is to follow. The "Authors' Nights" meant pretty well all the remuneration an author received when he was only paid out of the "overplus," which did not usually amount to very much: but, later on, three Authors' Nights put £400 in GOLDSMITH's pocket for *The Good Natured Man*, and if this could be the rule nowadays, such nights might be revived with considerable advantage to the authors, if they do not consider the means undignified. There are good names for the practice, and good ones against it. DRYDEN refused to avail himself of Authors' Nights, but GOLDSMITH was only too glad of the chance. There are some hard cases in which the authors deserve a benefit to make up for what they are compelled to lose by a purely managerial arrangement which cuts short the run of a successful piece. The manager suffers too: but by his own fault.

THE WEARING OF THE ORANGE.

Specially arranged for those who are asking "Whether Ulster will fight?"

In your thousands, my boys, ye will muster.
 "In your thousands,"—observe ye the brag—
 For it's big that ye'll talk, ay, and bluster,
 If you mean to be serving the flag.
 Ye must pile up your story with slaughter,
 Tell the deeds that you've done in your might,
 Sing your song to the tune of "*Boysie Water*,"
 And just vow you're a divil to fight.
 Ay, blow your own trumpet, my boys; that's the way
 To show them you're wearing the Orange to-day.
 And ye'll shout, my boys, louder and louder,
 Till they think that ye'll give it them hot.
 Though it may be ye've run out of powder,
 And never meant firing a shot.
 But no matter; keep up agitation,
 While ye boast you're defending the Crown,
 And, though only a fifth of the nation,
 Swear you'll hold all the rest of it down.
 Ay, plenty of bounce, boys,—and sure that's the way
 To prove that you're wearing the Orange to-day.
 But if Parliament press on the measure
 Till it comes to be law of the land,
 Say, my boys, will it suit your good pleasure,
 That the dastardly outrage shall stand!
 Well, bedad, though you're ripe for all treason,
 And will threaten your country and QUEEN,
 I suppose that ye'll listen to reason
 And be wise—as ye always have been!
 Perhaps, on the whole, 'tis the pleasantest way,
 To show how you're wearing the Orange to-day.

SCRATCHED.

LORD SALISBURY's *Twenty Years' Coercion*, by *Mere Figure of Speech* out of *Momentary Excitement*.

THE Czar's *New Russian Navy*, by *Bunkum* out of *Expediency*.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN's *No Compromise*, by *Obstinacy* out of *Temper*.

MR. TRICOUPI's *Majority*, by *M. Delyannis* out of his *Senses*.

THE Comte de PARIS's *Proposed Expulsion*, by *French Republic* out of *Petty Spite*.

THE Queen-Regent of SPAIN's *Good Time Coming*, by *Alfonso the Thirteenth* out of his *Nursery*.

MR. GLADSTONE's *Last Resource*, by *Dissolution* out of his *Difficulties*.

ABSENCE OMEN!—A Cat in the stable was seen squatting on the back of the Derby Favourite. The horse was, evidently, very nearly being scratched.

SPORTING TIPS.

By D. Crambo, Junior.



A Sporting (S)center.



Backed at heavy 'Ods.



Landing the Coup.



Good All Round Sport.



THE FINISH!!

CHAMBERLAIN
OR
"UNITY."

GLADSTONE
OR
"AUTONOMY."

SALISBURY
OR
"COERCION"

HERBERT
OR
"WHIG."

THE FINISH !!

THE race is at its hottest, and the cry is, "Here they come!" They are gathered in a cluster as they round the turn for home. The pace has been a cracker, it was set them by the Crack, With the oldest, yet the daringest, of jockeys on his back. He has won a lot of races by that same prodigious dash, But this time he's overdone it, and must come to utter smash, Say the cutest race-course oracles. The Favourite this year Is a horse of stretch tremendous, but its pedigree is queer; By *Sedition*, out of *Shamrock*, say the knowing ones, though some Hold the sire was rare old *Statesman*, which the others deem a hum. He has come into the betting in a very sudden way, He was last year thought a cripple, who could neither spurt nor stay. He has never won a race yet, having commonly been scratched, Whether for market reasons or from being overmatched; But his trainer has done wonders with a most unlikely horse, And thinks his chance is rosy, over this especial course. And the stable is so popular, the jockey is so skilful, That, although the strain seems doubtful, and the horse's temper's wilful,

Yet the nag has lots of backers, though the knowing ones fight shy. The crowd has put the pot on and seem game once more to try Luck with their favourite jockey, whatsoever be his mount. Well, his chances at the moment do not look of much account. He has made the running fiercely; he has boldly forced the pace; Will he keep the lead much longer? Will he even get a place? He has "come back to his horses" in a most decided style, And the face of the old jockey does not wear its usual smile. His cool, wiry, younger rival, whom the shouters hail as "JOE." The hope of the same stable but a few short months ago, Is bent upon a cut at his old chum; he may be seen In red white and blue on *Unity*; he's close upon the green, He seems to overhaul him, as he comes hand over hand, With no mercy for the Old one, and no reverence for the Grand. Oh, *Whig* is very handy, and *Coercion* makes a show, But what the Favourite chiefly fears is *Unity* and *JOE*. *WILL*'s a wondrous artful jockey, and he's best at pinch and push, But can he land *this* race, though, with his favourite final rush? See, see, 'he lifts his whip-hand, he is riding, riding hard, Yet the Favourite's nose is scarce in front, there isn't half a yard Between him and the second. Half a yard? There's not a foot, And the Favourite looks pounded, and his jockey fagged, to boot. Their followers look frightened, they're in doubt about their "tin." He will make a plucky race for it; but can he, can he win?

ATHENIANS AT HENGLER'S.

"And very notably discharged."—*Midsummer Night's Dream*.

I HOPE the British School of Archæology at Athens has profited considerably more than I have by the performance of Mr. TODHUNTER's *Helena* in *Troas*, at Hengler's Circus. Considering the difficulties with which Mr. GODWIN, F.S.A., had to contend, he has to be congratulated on his success in reproducing the most perfect imitation of a Greek Theatre ever seen in London.



"Paris and back,"—especially the back.

to listen with such reverent attention as would be utterly incompatible with the jests of the Shakspearian Clown, or the antics of "Little SANDY."

In the centre of the Circus has been erected an altar to *Διόνυσος*—"the only os in the ring," remarked the irrepressible Mr. WAGSTAFF, who had already taken occasion to whisper that "we oughtn't

to be incensed before the performance began," and that "the Circus has been materially altered")—and viewing the Ring from the stalls, its aspect reminds me of a huge swimming-bath after the water had been "run off," apparently through a large square hole, underneath the stage, looking uncommonly like the aperture of an enormous drain-pipe. As this thought occurs to me, the curtains rise,—a concession to modernism, sorely vexing to the classical souls of Professors GODWIN and TODHUNTER,—and, at the same moment, from a small door on the left of the stage, appear a number of young Ladies in elegant classic bathing-dresses, who have either come to stretch their limbs and promote circulation by walking round the now dry bath after bathing, or previous to bathing are going to wait till the water is turned on. At all events, formed two and two, like the young Ladies of *Miss Tickletoy's* Academy coming from church, they go round the Circus with a graceful movement of the arms and heads, pantomimically expressive of the process of eating tantalisingly flaccid asparagus; and then, as they walk round, they appear so utterly bored with it all, so weary of everything and everybody, that it is evident they would be glad to leave off slithering about on the tessellated pavement in order to flop down anywhere for rest,—which, by the way, they all ultimately do, the ones with some vitality still left in them having their faces towards the stage, while the hopelessly exhausted maidens recline, limp, but classic to the last, with their backs to the performers.

A month's training at the Savoy from Sir ARTHUR and Sir Author would be of distinct advantage to Messrs. TODHUNTER and GODWIN's band and chorus—that is, to judge from this first representation. The Greek young Ladies have to keep their eyes on a stately head-pupil, or perhaps governess, whose actions they closely imitate. This lady's Grecian profile is not, I notice, unlike MARY ANDERSON'S as *Galatea*, but here the resemblance ceases, at least, without a considerable development of the idea, as, after gazing upon her for some minutes—it required all that to take her in completely,—I could not help exclaiming, in the words of the immortal *Κοῖος καὶ Βοῖος*, by MADDISON'S MORTONOS, "There is no mistaking that majestic personage, it is PENELOPE ANNE!"

Henceforward, Chief Teacher, Governess, or Head-Pupil of the Grecian Young Ladies' Academy, to me she was only, and could only be "PENELOPE ANNE." The young Ladies now practise a series of graceful extension motions as their contribution to the scenes in the Circle, and, after a melancholy chant, in which, I believe, they are expressing opinions anything but complimentary to the play, the actors, and Messrs. TODHUNTEROS and GODWINOS, there enters a young classical Lady on the stage, whose face the light will not permit me to see clearly, but who, I am informed, is Miss ALMA MURRAY (had it been *Alma Mater*, or ALMA TADEMA, it would have been more in keeping with the classicity of the occasion,—but "Murray come up!" as Mr. WAGSTAFF wittily observed, "you can't have it all your own way"), as *Helena*.

She, being on the stage, is addressed by PENELOPE ANNE, who is in the Circus, and this is just as startling as if some one in the pit or stalls got up suddenly and addressed HENRY IRVING, and gave him a bit of his mind, and didn't spare the rough side of his tongue. For it seems to be PENELOPE ANNE'S peculiar and somewhat presumptuous mission to rise on every occasion and to abuse the principal actor or actress, lecturing them sharply, discussing with them individually the motive and action of the play, and I must admit getting occasionally severely and deservedly snubbed in return for such uncalculated-for and impertinent interference.

Yet it would not be an unwholesome innovation were a semicircle in front of the stage to be cleared out on every first night, into which a band of critics, two and two, should march, in classic attire, headed by Mr. MOY THOMAS, Mr. JOSEPH KNIGHT, or Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT, who should stop the action of the play to inquire why HENRY IRVING or Miss TERRY did so-and-so, why he said this or that, why they spoke in such tones, and who should offer their opinions collectively, after consultation with their *doyen*, as to what ought to be cut, what retained, and to recommend alterations and reconstruction, or whatever they might consider necessary for ultimate success of a new piece. Fancy the first night of a melodrama, or a Pantomime, at Drury Lane, with AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS on the stage to explain, apologise, and, if possible, snub the chorus of critics as they flopped down on the floor of the house, a spectacle for gods and men. The revival of the Chorus in this form might have its use. And indeed, I think that this is the moral of the classic experiment at Hengler's. I can deduce no other of any practical value.

Mr. BEERBOHM-TREE was an Ideal *Paris*—to those who had figured *Paris* to themselves as Mr. BEERBOHM-TREE. The same may be said of *Helena*, *Enone* (with a sensation "footer" off the ramparts) and the rest of the principals, including Mr. VEZIN, who gave one fine speech about "King Zeus" finely. But, on the whole, the performance by these learned Athenians—always excepting PENELOPE ANNE and the Greek Girls' School—struck me as bearing a remarkable resemblance to the celebrated classic drama called *Pylæus and Thisbe*, as played before their Royal Highnesses *Theseus* and *Hippolyta* at Athens, on a most memorable occasion.

Σάφρος Νύβρος.

**'STARTLING !**

Constable (to Nervous Passenger, arrived by the Ramsgate Train). "I 'VE GOT YER"—("Geracious Heavens!" thinks little Skeery with a thrill of horror. "'Takes me for somebody that's 'wanted'!")—"A CAB, SIR!"

PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

(By Our Special Book-Marker.)

"THE YEOMAN OF THE GUARD."

It is writ by THOMAS PRESTON,
And is, so it appears,
The history of Beefeaters
For just four hundred years:
It has graphic illustrations—
To please you must be hard,
If you're not interested in
The Yeoman of the Guard.

"EFFIE OGILVIE."

YOU'LL find the story is replete
With Mrs. OLIPHANT's accustomed skill:
Though you may think it short—'tis sweet,
And one you ought to read, and read you
will!

"THE HISTORY OF THE IRISH PEOPLE."

THIS book, by O'CONNOR, all ought to peruse—
We welcome the second edition—
When everybody holds different views
Concerning the Irish position!

"THROUGH THE KALAHARI DESERT."

FARINI and LULU, in collaboration,
Produced in past times an undoubted sensation!
FARINI now writes, with acute observation,
A book of adventure and thrilling relation;
Of hunting big game, and of strong situation:
While LULU, as artist, supplies illustration.
Send at once for the volume without hesitation,
You'll find 'twill conduce to your edification!

GAY HERMIT should prepare for a cell.

FAIR PLAY.

THE Folkestone Exhibition is to be open on Sundays, which is a move in the right direction, as is also the opening of the Crystal Palace for Sunday dinners. In *Oceana*, Mr. FROUDE asks plaintively why we are not permitted harmless enjoyment on Sundays, and on board ship he found the observance of this Puritanical tradition most irksome. And yet the appearance of the river on Sundays in Summer and of the Riverside Hostels would not convey to the intelligent foreigner the idea of the English being averse to enjoying themselves on the first day of the week.

It is only a very illiberal party that would have legislative coercion either for or against making holiday on Sunday. But give the work-a-day folk the chance, and let the arrangements be so contrived that all shall get their fair share of rest from labour once in the week, turn and turn about. Difficult, we are aware, but not impossible. All work and no play is fatal; so let us have play in discretion, and let our motto be, "Fair Work and Fair Play."

Our Infant Seer.

LITTLE JACK HORNER,
Tattenham Corner
Watched, while the steeds shot by;
To his nose put his thumb;
Crying, "Foremost is—mum!"
What an oracle-boy am I!

MINTING—to obtain "the coin of 'vantage'?"

KEEP THY SEAT!

Liberal Unionist Song, sung with great success at a recent Primrose League Concert, by Lord Salisbury.

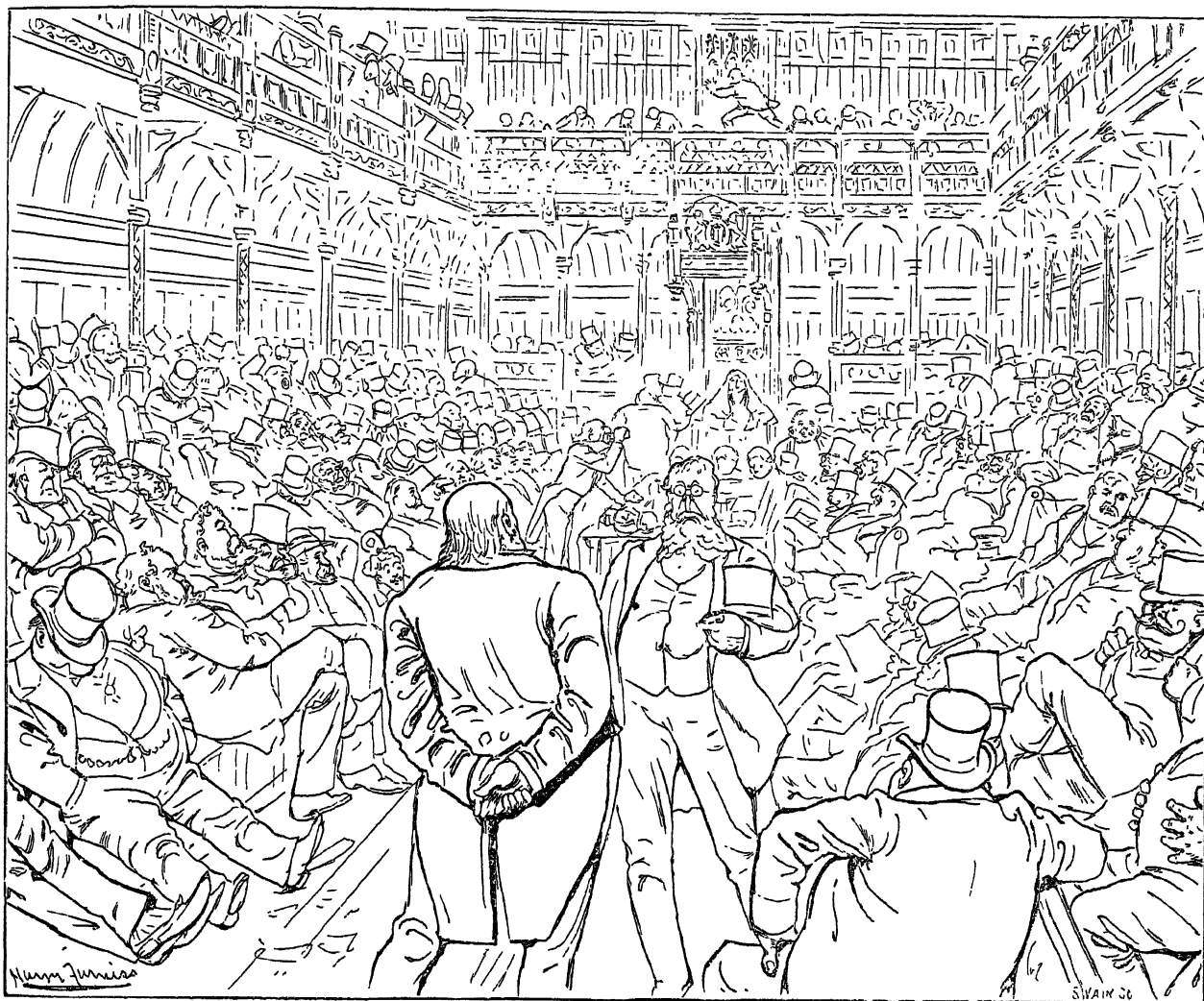
TEND them gently, touch them lightly,
Ruffle not a single hair,
Guide them deftly and politely
To a haven bright and fair.
With no idle word distress them,
Taunt and threat—cast both away;
Gingerly and coyly press them
In your circle charmed to stay:
And this pretty phrase repeat,
"Prithee, prithee, keep thy seat!"

You must guard them lest they suffer
From their own hot party strife,
Interpose and play the buffer
When divergencies grow rife.
Neither question nor confuse them,
Seem to live for them alone!
Thus will you adroitly use them,—
Make their triumph all your own.
So this pretty phrase repeat,
"Prithee, prithee, keep thy seat!"

LOCAL COLOUR.—In conformity with the artistic object of the undertaking, it is rumoured that Earl GRANVILLE will visit the Folkestone Exhibition, in the capacity of Warden of the *Cinque-cento* Ports.

ONE OF THE OLDEST, BUT LEAST CHARITABLE OF INSTITUTIONS.—That of Comparisons.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 33.



A FULL HOUSE—AFTER DINNER.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, May 17.—Depression of trade in the carrying business partially arrested by development of politics in the House of Commons. Quite a common thing now to see heavy waggon crossing Palace Yard. Contents, a great cylinder of paper. This is a Petition for or against the Irish Government Bills. Threatened strike amongst Messengers. Didn't mind gymnastic exercises with Mr. BRADLAUGH, or expulsion of Irish Members. But this lugging of paper-rolls up and down stairs, and into House, provokes spirit of mutiny.

But what becomes of Petition after it has been presented? What effect does it have upon the Debate, much less on the Division? Nevertheless, MACDONALD a proud man as he looked upon the paper-clad cylinder, and watched the two Messengers artistically staggering in their efforts to carry it away.

New debate on Second Reading Home-Rule Bill. Grand Cross begins pecking at Members opposite as a sparrow on the roadside peeks at stray grains of seed. STANSFELD made good speech, and BRYCE a better. Members on all sides cheered madly when BRYCE alluded to near contingency of Dissolution. Stranger in Gallery would suppose nothing an M.P. likes so much as General Election. Been seated less than six months. Now all he wants is another appeal to his constituents. Shouts with fierce delight at mere mention of thing. Still, when excitement of the cheering over, unmistakable air of sadness enveloped House. "Ah, few shall meet where many part!" says LYON PLAYFAIR, looking round on the crowded benches.

Just before midnight sad news goes round. Sir THOMAS ERSKINE MAY has just died. Lord FARNBOROUGH he was newly named, but had not taken his seat. Here we have not ceased to miss his familiar presence in the Chair, and now he has been called to "another place" not named in his patent of Peerage. A good, capable, courteous, kindly man, his memory will be kept green among the recollections of the older Parliaments.

Business done.—Adjourned Debate on Government of Ireland Bill.

Tuesday.—Still harping on the Home-Rule Bill. Before debate renewed, HICKS BEACH wanted to know when the debate would conclude. Thought it might very well come to an end on Friday. GLADSTONE suitably impressed with this anxiety on part of Leader of Opposition to expedite business. Unusual, but not less satisfactory. Still, not able to avail himself of extraordinary phenomena. Concerned largely for the Liberal dissentients. They naturally and justifiably anxious to explain to the House, "and," the PREMIER added, "to the Constituencies," grounds of their dissent. Here Members tittered. Otherwise conversation carried out with profound gravity, greatly impressing strangers in the Gallery.

CHARLES LEWIS wanted to say a few words on proposition to renew Arms Act, but Parnellites, as usual, concerned upon point of order. TIM HEALY repeatedly rose to order. PARNELL turned up twice. MITCHELL HENRY, rising from opposite benches, received with shouts of pained surprise by Parnellites. Not unnaturally forgot something he had to say. Proposed, a little later, to continue remarks. This was more than mildest Parnellites could stand. "Spoken! Spoken!" they roared. After facing storm for two minutes by the clock, MITCHELL HENRY sat down.

"Ha! ha!" said JOSEPH GILLIS, rubbing his hands. "This is better. I'm getting blue mouldy for want of little excitement."

JOSEPH's eyes glistened again, when, as the Debate proceeded, SHAW LEEFVEE brought up CHAMBERLAIN. CHAMBERLAIN bland in manner, but evidently blazing in bosom. CHAPLIN in great form. Blooming with perorations like a rose garden in June. "DISRAELI hash," said RANDOLPH, as CHAPLIN denounced "this ill-omened and pernicious measure, conceived in darkness and concealment, hatched in secrecy, and brought forth in shame."

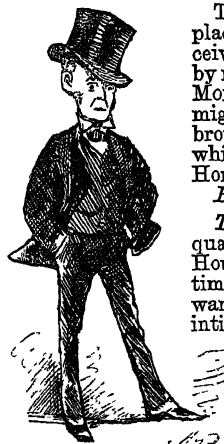
Speech of evening delivered by Sage of Queen Anne's Gate; full of point and pith, and the homely wisdom known as commonsense. The Sage has a curious manner of investing his speech with conversational charm by pointedly addressing some particular Member other than the SPEAKER. To-night, with hands on hip, oscillating between the edge of the matting and the floor, performing incessantly a kind of double shuffle, he button-holed the PREMIER, chatting with him in friendliest manner, discussing CHAMBERLAIN, HARTINGTON, RANDOLPH, CHAPLIN, and others, as if they were alone in the smoking-room. PREMIER enjoyed conversation immensely, roaring with



"An 'Erratic' Season." L-bby and "The Merry Old Gentleman."

laughter at the quips and cranks. House laughed too, all save CHAPLIN, who sat unmoved, with stern regard marvelling that House of Commons should delight in fooling of this kind whilst yet the Chamber held the echoes of the sonorous periods culminating in the reference to "the noblest monument of national and human greatness the world had ever seen in the Sovereign Parliament and in the Sovereign Empire of the QUEEN."

Wednesday.—"Ireland again!" said ROBERTSON. "Thought other parts of a kingdom still united might have a chance to-day."



"Ireland again!"

Latter rather a comical performance. Dragged in Lord ALTHORPE and JOHN MORLEY, quoting passages which had not the remotest bearing on particular case, and applied them in justification. House roared with laughter. Only RANDOLPH apparently grave. GLADSTONE not in his place when RANDOLPH spoke. Came in later, and, hearing what had passed, fell upon RANDOLPH. "A late Secretary of State, one bound to advise the Crown when called upon to do so, a representative of law, charged with special responsibility in everything which touches public order, and the obligations of obedience." A scathing speech. But RANDOLPH, having triumphantly vindicated himself by these clear references to Lord ALTHORPE and JOHN MORLEY, had gone away to dinner, and missed the lecture.

Earlier in sitting, a most reassuring statement made on the Gun Question. HIBBERT questioned as to the state of affairs on H.M.S. ship *Colossus*, armed with 43-ton guns similar to those that had exploded on the *Collingwood*, had conclusive answer.

"She has," he said, "four 43-ton guns, and she has already fired them at sea without any serious result occurring;" and the Secretary to the Admiralty resumed his seat with a consciousness that if any man wanted more than that, he was unworthy of consideration.

Business done.—Arms Bill passed.

Friday.—"Me friend the Meejor" in great force. Alarums and withdrawals. Business done.—*Ne plus Ulster.*

To the Australian Team.

Just wait, Captain H. J. H. SCOTT, wait awhile,
Capricious Dan Phœbus must presently smile;
The wickets will dry, you'll feel warmth in your blood,
You'll take 'em on turf and not miss 'em in mud.
And when the June sunshine gleams goldenly hot,
We shall all have our work, Sir, cut out by "Scott's Lot."

THE BIG PETITION SHAM.

THE House of Lords has agreed to the appointment of a Select Committee "to inquire into the validity of all petitions presented to that House for or against the Sale of Intoxicating Liquors on Sunday (Durham) Bill, and of the signatures attached thereto, with a view to ascertaining how far such signatures are or are not genuine." And quite right, too. It is time that the great Petition Bubble were properly pricked. Petitions are always loosely and often dishonestly prepared. They are subject to no testing process. A mile of signatures deters the most dauntless analyst. But those who know most about the manner in which those signatures are obtained, will attach least value to them as a genuine expression of popular opinion. By proper



management a Monster Petition might be got up in favour of making beer-drinking penal, disfranchising Ireland, or abolishing the Decalogue. Much may be done with the aid of bogus signatures and babies.

The LORD CHANCELLOR said that in a petition concerning the Durham Sunday Closing Bill "in one place some forty or fifty signatures had obviously been signed in the same handwriting and with the same pen and ink." Street boys and school children often sign publicly-paraded petition scrolls "just for a lark," without knowing or caring anything about their subject or aim. The multiplied signatures of pious bodies are often pious frauds. In short, a petition may mean much, little, or next to nothing, and it is well that inquiry should throw a little light into the dark places devoted to the mysterious workings of "Your Petitioners."

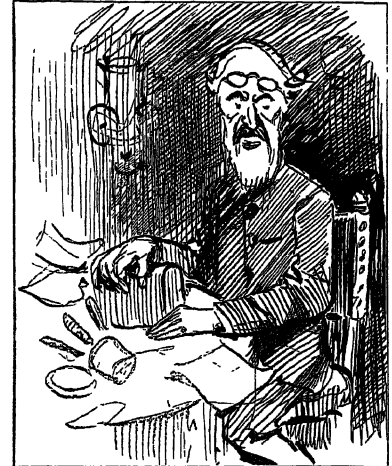


No. 147. "It's Swanderful!"

GROSVENOR GEMS.



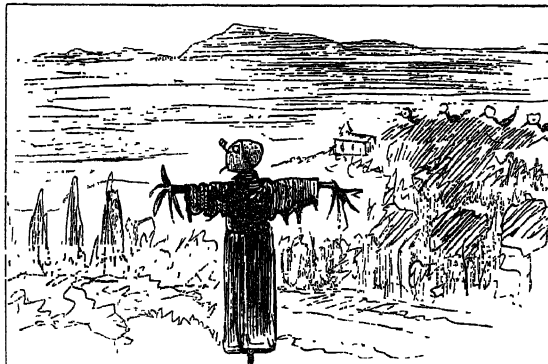
No. 198. Suggestion to Artist.—Why waste so much space as you have done? Why not put her legs in? Plenty of room for them without lengthening the picture. Two-pence more, and up go the toes!



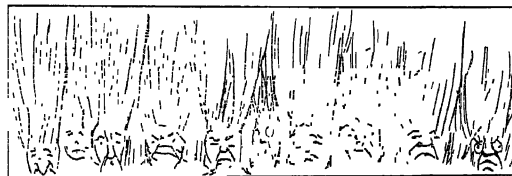
No. 34. "Where are my Spectacles?"



No. 89. Awkward Bathing in Parrot Land. Birds very troublesome just when you're about to plunge.



No. 183. The Scarecrow.



No. 190. Hair-brushing by Machinery. Patients taking earth-bath after the operation.



No. 161. Mr. Burne-Jones's Mermaid, returned from taking her bath at Burlington House, now appears dressed. Her tail has caught in something, so she's not yet right.



No. 41. "Reaction." Mr. Henry Irving suffering a deal of pain in his side after a violent fit of laughing over a new piece by the Poet Laureate.



No. 49. Portrait of Old Eccles, in Jersey, after the first three months of his conscientious attempt at drinking himself to death.



No. 137. The M-and-lla Birds. A most Beak-ular set. Dedicated to the Minister of Education.

And the gem of all the show was Sir Coutts Lindsay's splendid entertainment (Friday, May 21) to the various official representatives of the "Colinderies," and others, when the "Who goes Home" Question, "*Quis separabit?*" was put at an early hour of the festive morn.



Picture Dealer. "PLEASE TAKE CARE, SIR!—YOUR COAT-TAILS DON'T—AH—BY CHANCE—SWEEP AGAINST MY 'OLD MASTERS'!"
Amateur. "'OB—LESS MY SOUL! WHAT, AIN'T THEY DRY YET?!"

ON AUBERON HERBERT.

(Adapted from Wordsworth.)

HE was a Great Panjandrum, quite,
 When first he burst upon our sight;
 An Admirable Crichton, sent
 To be the nation's ornament.
 His eyes possessed the Sphinx's glare,
 The Sphinx's, too, his stony air;
 But all things else about him drawn
 In tints of the millennial dawn.
 A mighty sage, a Mentor great,
 To chide, to chivvy, and to slate.

We saw him upon nearer view
 A Radical, yet a Tory too!
 With thoughts from Party bondage free,
 And steps of chartered liberty.
 A diction his in which did meet
 Tart enmities and phrases sweet.
 A creature far too wise and good
 For civic nature's daily food.
 For SALISBURY'S schemes or GLADSTONE'S
 wiles;

He rates, and rallies, and reviles.

And now cantankerously serene
 He pitches into "The Machine,"
 Breathing hot wrath in every breath
 On GLADSTONE and his shibboleth.
 Having the will, if not the skill,
 All schemes—save *his*—to scotch or kill.
 A perfect Oracle nobly planned,
 To scold, to scathe, and to command.
 And yet with an admixture slight
 Of *blague* and bounce and blatherumskite!

MOTTO FOR THE COMPLETE ANGLER.—
 "Gentley does it." (Signed)—RANDOLPH,
Author of Hoax and other Joax.

OVERHEARD IN THE QUADRANT.

(After Dinner on a Wednesday at the
 "Colinderies.")

She. Well, really, this is delightful! So good of you to bring us. Eh, Mamma, dear?

Mamma. Yes, darling! Most kind of Mr. TURNIPTOP! I suppose you know everyone?

He. Oh, more or less. There are lots of celebrities here to-night!

She. Then tell me who they all are.

He. Well, that rather benevolent-looking gentleman over yonder, refusing a supplementary glass of champagne, strongly urged upon him by another ecclesiastic, is the Archbishop of CANTERBURY.

She. Dear me! And who is the gentleman so anxious to get him to drink?

He. Cardinal MANNING.

She. How strange! I thought he was almost a teetotaler.

He. So he is—so he is, but (like Sir HENRY THOMPSON, at his "octave dinners") although he does not take wine himself, he likes to be the cause of wine-taking in others.

She. And over yonder—who are they?

He. Mr. TOOLE is explaining something of deep interest to Lord SALISBURY, which Mr. HENRY IRVING is trying in vain to catch, as he is forced by politeness to listen to the embarrassing chatter of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table." Behind them, apparently laughing over a new comic song, are the Duke of CONNAUGHT and Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS, while Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS, a little further up, explains to Lord WOLSELEY his next season's campaign.

She. Dear me, how very interesting! And who are those two gentlemen exchanging

cards, and introducing one another to the Prince of WALES—for I suppose it is the Prince of WALES?

He. Certainly it is His Royal Highness; and the two Gentlemen (who met for the first time at the Folkestone Exhibition) are Mr. BEATTY-KINGSTON, a most accomplished journalist, librettist, and musician, and the Mayor of Folkestone, whose name I forget.

She. Oh, never mind the Mayor. But who is that gay young Gentleman teaching Mr. GLADSTONE to dance?

He. Mr. COMYNS CARR. Beyond them are the LORD CHANCELLOR and Mr. GEORGE LEWIS angrily protesting because a waiter is telling them not to smoke!

She. Dear, dear! How very charming! Such clever people! Do you know them all?

He. Yes. And had I the loveliest of her sex for a bride, she should know them, too. Oh, LAURA—for I may call you LAURA, may I not?—have you not observed—

Mamma (waking up). I think, Mr. TURNIPTOP, it is time to go home. Will you kindly find our carriage? (*Rapid change from Romance to Reality. Curtain.*)

"I THINK," said our Classic Poet, on board the Calais boat, just as a rhapsody was coming on, and his fine eye in frenzy was beginning to roll, "I think I shall compose an Ode to the Sea. I shall dedicate it 'Ad Nauticam.'"
 "Better dedicate it 'Ad Nauseam,'" said his true friend. The Poet went below.

NEW ORANGE PATRIOTIC SONG (*Adapted from the German*).—"Whack 'em on the Rhind!"



TO THE PRINCES.

Britannia. "IF MADAME LA RÉPUBLIQUE WON'T LET YOU STAY IN YOUR OWN COUNTRY, I SHALL ALWAYS BE READY TO OFFER YOU A HOME."

"*HAND-BOOK of Mosses*"—no, this is not a new way of spelling Moses, nor is it a work on the Cosmogony by Mr. HUXLEY or Mr. GLADSTONE. It is a moss'd interesting book by Mr. JAMES E. BAGNALL, who, as a collector, is perpetually bagging all the specimens he can find. (Signed) FUNNY LITTLE RANDOLPH.

SHORT ADVERTISEMENT FOR THE PRESENT ENTERTAINMENT AT THE STRAND THEATRE.—"DALY and Nightly." (Signed)—RANDOLPH OF THE HOAX.

SHAKSPEARIAN MEM. (from *Expurgated Edition*, by Mr. W. Johnston, M.P.)—"As I hate—hem!—all Montagues and thee!"

COMPARING NOTES.

LONDON has never been so musical as it is at present. While the number of Concerts, of every size and shape, that are daily and almost hourly given is something quite extraordinary, on every side there are indications of improving taste among audiences. As a consequence, there is a marked improvement in the quality of the entertainments provided, and merely to mention all the good music,—to say nothing of the bad,—that has been performed within a given week would be a formidable undertaking. One bright sign of the times is that we are beginning to take more interest in orchestral music. There is an appreciative public for any first-class instrumental concert by whomsoever inaugurated, without prejudice to time-honoured institutions such as the Philharmonic, Richter, or Crystal Palace Concerts. Thus encouraged, Mr. CARBONUS, the violinist, no longer gives a violin "recital," with piano accompaniment. No: he boldly takes the St. James's Hall, engages a fine band, and treats his friends to some *Concertos*. Similarly, Mr. CUSINS,—not Cusins German, but decidedly English,—having secured the services of Madame PATTI, does not rely solely upon the *diva*, but announces four *orchestral* concerts, at the Albert Hall. The first is fixed for the afternoon of June 5, with PATTI to sing, PAPINI to play the violin, and CUSINS to conduct the band. What *Oliver Twist* could ask for more?—unless it were a well-selected programme.

Signor LAGO, at Covent Garden, has been obliged to "do without" either PATTI or NILSSON in his Italian Opera Season. But he has done very well up to now with Madame de CHERDA and Mlle. ELLA RUSSELL. The former was capital in *Lucrezia Borgia*, exhibiting, in



MASTER CHARLEY D'ALBERT;
THE BOY WHO WOULD DO NOTHING BUT PLAY.

of marching with the times, and accordingly he supplemented a programme of part-songs and solos with a string Orchestra, led by Mr. LOUIS D'EGVILLE. Mrs. BOWYER-LANE sang in a deliciously pure voice the well-known "*In der Fremde*" (which, having too many verses, involves the too frequent repetition of an otherwise pleasing melody), and a little gem by BRAHMS, "*Vergiliches Ständchen*." The last was one of the prettiest and best-rendered items of the evening. Mr. L. BENSON, who pronounces French in a refreshingly

addition to a well-trained voice, some fine dramatic touches in her acting. The new Contralto, Mlle. LUBATOVY, is not quite up to the mark. Madame SCALCH's reappearance is eagerly looked forward to. GAYARRE's voice, full of fire and animation, is marred by the vicious *vibrato*, and at times resembles the *vox humana* stop of an organ coupled to the *tremolo*. This won't do, Gay 'Arry. But he is a great improvement on Signor MARINI, who took his place in *Rigoletto* last week. Signor MARINI sings out of tune, not to put too fine a point on it. The chorus is particularly to be commended, though it has not been hitherto severely taxed; and Signor BEVIGNANT is in himself a guarantee of general artistic interpretation.

CARL ROSA opened fire with English Opera, at popular prices, at Drury Lane on Monday. Mesdames GAYLORD, GEORGINA BURNS, and MARION BURTON, Mr. CHARLES LYALL, and Mr. BARRINGTON FOOTE are none of them strangers to opera-goers. A blank is of course felt in the ranks owing to the loss of Mr. MAAS; but with a constantly changing bill, and the production of at least one novelty—*William of Casteletan*, by MACKENZIE—the short season of four weeks will be highly interesting. The last-named Composer's *Colomba* is, we are told, to be heard in Italian at Covent Garden. The Opera has never been really successful in English, nor is it to be compared, for grace and charm, to GORING THOMAS's *Esmeralda*, which seems to have been overlooked.

One of the best Amateur Concerts ever heard was held at Prince's Hall on May 28. Mr. LIONEL BENSON conducted his Band and Choir of "Magpies" to triumph. He, too, sees the advisability



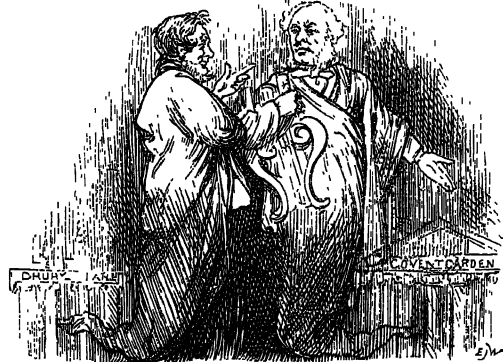
TWO TO ONE!

The Double-Headed Carl-Augustus-Rosa-Harris Nightingale in the Lane, and Signor Lago-Al-Factotum-del-la-città in the Garden.

perfect manner, and who articulated his words with the same excellence that characterised his phrasing of the music, gave GOUNOD's Serenade, "*Quand tu chantes*," with violin obligato. It is said that there is to be a special arrangement of this song for a Mag-pie-anner accompaniment; it is to be adapted as the Railwayman's Song, and to commence, "When you Shunt."

A great feature was the "Plantation Song and Chorus," composed by Mr. A. SCOTT GATTY (who also sang the solo part), with band accompaniment, entitled "*Dinah's Wedding*." This was loudly applauded, as it deserved to be, being, on the whole, an ingenious and amusing musical joke. It seems almost impossible to get Amateurs to play stringed instruments in tune. But perhaps at their next Concert the "Magpies" will be in a position to match the good intention and expression which they already have, with a more correct intonation. Among other part-songs BISHOP's "*O! by Rivers*" was most delightfully rendered under the *bâton* of Mr. BENSON; and Mrs. STANLEY STUBBS, in a becoming "Magpie" costume of black and white, sang, "*Sing on, ye Little Birds*" to glorious and absolute perfection.

People are apt to go to the theatre and think solely of the "piece," and, in comic opera or burlesque, of the "songs" and "singing." They are prone to underrate the value of the band and band-master, who are so instrumental in giving point to the situations of a drama, and their fullest and best effect to the numbers of a musical work. "The Music" is too often regarded as representing a necessary expense which is nevertheless grudgingly incurred: when the treasury is low it is a common thing to commence economy in the band, and if not to "kill a fiddler," at least to discharge one. The conductor should have full scope for his invention, plenty of players, and plenty of room for them—as he has at Drury Lane, even when a drama is being played. He is not



Shade of Michael Costa. Two Opera Houses open! I shall haunt the Garden. "*A Rivederla!*" [Exit. Shade of Michael Balfe. As they have French plays at Her Majesty's, I shall haunt the Lane. [Exit, humming "*We May be Happy Yet.*"

Harrised by the lessee; and accordingly you get fine sonorous *entr'actes* and refined explanatory strains delivered by sympathetic combinations of instruments. The notion of introducing the "villain" with a roll upon the side-drum, and a general *tohu-bohu* in the orchestra is out of date, and so ought the pruning system alluded to above to be. Mr. BARRETT does well to bar it; he will not revert to it in a "hurry." Discrimination should be used, and graduated intensity aimed at. Give your mere sneaking poltroon a wheeze upon the clarinet accompanied by "muted" strings. More urgent cases demand stronger and perhaps quicker measures. For a regular up-and-down scoundrel you have the "reserved force" of all the performers—you issue, as it were, a four-line whip and lash the audience into excitement.

Very good, in this respect, is the band at the Princess's, directed by Mr. EDWARD JONES. But his musical box is too small. The musicians are packed like sardines—or, as they might say, *sordines*—and the conductor is obliged to beat time between the cross-fire of the first and second violins' cross-bows. This makes him sad. No wonder his eyes have a "far-off" look. They would doubtless fain be farther off still. But he does not promise on the programme more than he can perform with admirable precision and effect. In *Clito*, the procession and chorus, at the beginning of the Fourth Act, is full of local colour, and among the original incidental music, a species of delightful "Idyll," played just before the rising of the curtain upon the last Act, is so clever as to be worthy far more attention than it is likely to receive under present circumstances, and in competition with the refreshment bars.

Of light operatic bands, that now presided over by M. AUGUSTE VAN BIENE, at the Comedy, is a most favourable specimen. Apart from any consideration of *The Lily of Léoville* as a composition (though *en passant* I have a good opinion of it), the manner in which the score is interpreted by the instrumentalists is in itself refreshing. A. VAN BIENE conducts I. VAN CARYLL's music. Entering the orchestra he raises his stick, nods to his "leader," looks at the bassoon (I'd almost fagott' it), as much as to say, "Are you ready?" and away they go with the overture. The gentleman entrusted with the drum does not forget to beat it, and he does his work in a manner that's neither eccentric nor trifling. To me the drummer has been an object of affection for years; and to that important member of the orchestra—who, it may be, has often only a few nuts with which to beguile the tedium of two or three hundred bars of enforced "rest"—this tardy tribute is offered in all humility by

NIBBELUNGLIT.

MORE ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

(Being the latest idea of French Propriety, slightly developed.)

ACT THE FIRST. SCENE—*A Happy Home.* Heroine discovered enjoying herself.

Heroine. How delightful this is! A good husband, a charming daughter. All that I can desire! Ah, were my sainted ancestress here—the parent of my mother—how she would smile upon her descendants! (*Enter Villain.*) Ah, who comes here? (*Aside.*) I like not his looks. I do not know him.

Villain (*overhearing*). Then you soon shall. Read this!

[*Holds out paper for her inspection.*]

Heroine (*swooning*). Oh, horror!

Villain (*under his breath*). Control yourself. Your husband!

Enter Husband, cheerfully.

Husband (*surprised*). Why this agitation?

Heroine (*trembling*). Oh, it is nothing! I—

Villain (*interrupting*). Let me answer for her. This woman, that for years you have regarded as the noblest of her sex, is, &c., &c.

[*Abuses her for five minutes.*]

Husband (*still more surprised*). I cannot believe it! (*Turning to his Wife.*) Is this really true?

Heroine (*aside, in agony*). What shall I say? What shall I say?

Husband (*severely*). You do not answer.

Villain (*aside to Heroine*). Corroborate my damaging statement, or—

[*Holds up paper menacingly.*]

Husband (*with stern dignity*). Well, Madam, is what this gentleman swears indeed the case?

Heroine (*fainting*). Yes!

Husband (*flinging open the door*). Then that is your way, Madam! Leave my house—for ever!

[*Heroine swoons. Villain exults. Husband stern but sorrowful.*]

End of Act. Curtain.

ACT THE LAST. SCENE—*As before.* Heroine's Husband discovered regarding Portrait of his Wife sadly.

Husband. Poor woman! I wonder if I shall ever see her again!

Heroine (*staggering in*). I am here! Husband, I am here!

Husband. How dare you, Madam! Your intrusion, considering

that my domestic arrangements have undergone a radical change, is most inconvenient. Did I not forbid you the house?

Heroine. But I have had such a hard, hard life. That Villain has hunted me down. He told you that I loved you not, that my affections were centered on—

Husband (*interrupting*). The young man I shot through the heart?

Heroine (*with a sob*). Precisely—the young man you shot through the heart, but who, I can now tell you, was only a relative—in fact my Cousin's first Wife's Aunt's Sister-in-law's Nephew.

Husband (*remorsefully*). Oh, why did I not learn this earlier? Then I should not have needlessly murdered him! But let bygones be bygones! Well?

Heroine. The Villain followed me up. Wherever I went he came after me. Oh, what misery I suffered! He cried down my credit, destroyed my claim to respectability, left me homeless and friendless! I was hunted from place to place! They all believed him because my lips were sealed!

Husband (*coldly*). Well, and why are you here?

Heroine (*joyously*). Because I have regained my liberty—broken my bonds! In a word—the Villain's dead!

Husband. Well?

Heroine. So I can now tell you the truth. I am innocent, darling—the Villain's account of me was false, cruelly false, or, to take the most moderate view of the case, maliciously inaccurate.

Husband (*taking her to his manly breast*). Darling! But why did you allow him to malign you? Nay, he is dead, so his secret can do no harm. Confide in me, angel!

Heroine (*with hesitation*). He held a paper proving—oh, I cannot tell you, even now!

Husband (*tenderly*). Nay, my sweet one, at such a time as this there should be no secrets between us. You suffered all this martyrdom to buy his silence—to prevent him from publishing that paper?

Heroine (*sobbing*). Yes. I lost husband, children, home—all to keep him from publishing that paper!

Husband. And the paper—

Heroine. Proved that he knew a man, long since dead, who, many, very many years ago (*weeping*), had exchanged eyelid tremblings with—oh, I cannot! I cannot! [*Bursts into flood of tears.*]

Husband (*soothingly*). Come, darling, come; compose yourself! There, you are better; and now, with whom did this dead man, whose secret, remember, is no longer in a Villain's keeping, exchange eyelid tremblings?

Heroine. With my Great Grandmother!

Curtain.

[*Swoons.*]

A NEW NATHANAL MOVEMENT.

MESSRS. L. AND H. NATHAN have taken the Novelty Theatre with the view of letting it principally for Amateur Performances. This enterprising firm, presumably, the well-known Theatrical Costumiers, should change the title of the Theatre, and call it "The Nathanal Amateur Theatre,"—a style which would not exclude performers of any Nathanal-ality. If the Nathanal Amateurth are anything like as good as Lady MONCKTON has shown herself to be, then the Regular Professionals will have to wake up a bit. Of course the performance will be always for some Charity—which no longer begins at Home, but generally at Theatres—and after expenses, the residuum will be applied to the benefit of such Charity. We know of one set of Amateurs, in the country, who played for a most deserving object, and paid all the expenses of the entertainment, including hire of theatre, dresses, &c., out of their own pockets, so that they were enabled to hand over the entire proceeds, without any deduction whatever, to the Charity in question. Let the Nathanal Amateurth at the New Nathanal Theayter do thith, and it will be thomething like a Novelty.

A CORRESPONDENT signing himself "A TRUE PATRIOT," sends us the following cutting from a newspaper:—

GOOD GENERAL, age 21, SEEKS SITUATION in Stoke Newington or immediate neighbourhood. Good character. Wages £16, and all found. Apply, &c.

And he wishes to know shall such a hero as this be lost to Ulster? "Wages £16, and all found." Ha! ha! They don't want to fight, Sorr, but, by jabers, if they do,—they've got the money (what's a dirty £16?) and they've got the men ("all found") and they've got the General, if they want him, at Stoke Newington. It will be much cheaper than getting Our Only General to lead them to glory.

MELANCHOLY ANNOUNCEMENT.—"Last Week of the *Man with Three Wives*."—Poor Polygamist! he died last week; and now Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM has begun sowing his *Wild Oats*.



WINDOW STUDIES.

JUNE. THE FESTIVE HOUR, 7.45 P.M., PICCADILLY.

LONDON IN JUNE.

An Intercepted Letter.

'Tis June, and the Season's beginning,
We went to the Derby, of course,
And EVELYN sneered at my winning
Because she was "on" the wrong horse.
With Ascot and Goodwood to follow,
I vow there's no reason to fret,
While CHARLIE says I need not holloa
Before I am "out of the net."
I scarce know his meaning; no matter;
He's nice, and a heavy dragoon,
And loves irrepressible chatter,
And London, the Season, and June.

We were, as you know, both presented,
Our names you would see in the *Post*,
Though EVELYN seems quite contented,
My dress was admired far the most.
How trying the Drawing-Room crush is,
But when it is over and done,
You think not of envious rushes,
And only remember the fun;
The Princess has never looked sweeter
Than on that superb afternoon;
Oh, who can describe them in metre,
Our London, the Season, and June!

We've been to the Opera duly,
The real Italian thing,
GAYARRÉ delightful is truly,
The Company knows how to sing.
The Drama too claims our attention
Some three times a week, as a rule;
It surely is needless to mention
We dote upon IRVING and TOOLE.

And haply a ball follows after:
On balcony, lit by the moon,
One flirts, with low whispers and laughter,
In London, the Season, and June.

And then there's the new Exhibition;
The Quadrant the place is, to dine,
The room's in a charming position,
And good the cuisine and the wine.
You look out on gardens and fountains,
Hear GODFREY's most musical band;
The water shoots up like gold mountains,
Dissolving in silvery sand.
And then CHARLIE says it is pleasant,
I think that he calls it, to "spoon;"
But no more from me, for the present,
On London, the Season, and June.

"THE COLINDERIES"—not simply "Colonies," or what becomes of India in the Colonial and Indian Exhibition?—have aroused the theatrical world. All the theatres are in full swing—(an unpleasant expression, but highly suggestive of Fair-time, and plenty of Shows going on)—there are two Operas going simultaneously; and M. MAYER opens Her Majesty's Theatre—to be temporarily known as "His Majesty's"—for French plays. Madame JANE HADING is to play *Denise*, a play not depending for its success upon one character, but on the *ensemble*. "Our pretty JANE" was not the original *Denise*, but the part ought to suit her. We hope there's a good cast for it. When *Helena in Troas* has left Hengler's, the proprietors should take a hint from the Cirque Nautique in the Rue St. Honoré, where the floor of the Equestrian Ring sinks, and the space it occupied being immediately filled with water, becomes a swimming-bath. Naiads rise from their grottoes below, where the electric light is shining—a very grotto-esque effect—and disport themselves Beckwithianly. It is a real novelty, and ought to prove an attraction to any Circus entertainment which is not already getting on swimmingly.

THE DOG IN THE DISMAL DUMPS.

(After Longfellow.)

In darksome glens of Hampstead's Heath
The hunted Mongrel lay!
He saw the flash of the bull's-eye lamp,
And heard the stern Policeman's tramp
Die fitfully away.

Where little folk on donkeys ride,
And Cockneys have their fling,
He had followed at his master's side,
Not choked by any gag, nor tied
By any piece of string.

Alas! He wandered off to chase
Imaginary game,
And in that labyrinthine place
Could not his canine steps retrace
Ere murky twilight came.

He'd heard Sir CHARLES was an austere
And very muzzling man;—
How dogs regarded him with fear,
And boys took care he was not near
When squirting-time began.

So, crouched and trembling, there he lay,
While all things else were free;
The odds were, if he slunk away,
He'd end, if not his days, the day
At lethal Battersea!

THE FIELD AGAINST THE FAVOURITE.—On the Derby Day, Mr. Justice FIELD, in the Queen's Bench Division, finding very few special jurors in attendance, had the panel called over, and imposed a fine of £20 on all those who failed to answer to their names. These jurors had much better have left the Favourite alone and gone in for the Field.



HIBERNIA CONSOLATRIX.

THE CITY WAITERS' FESTIVAL.



I HAVE, on more oocashuns than I cares to menshun, wentured to describe, for the hinfomashun of a curius Publick, many of the werry grandest, and staggeringest, and artistickest Bankwets or Festiwells of moddern times; but there is one as is about to be held on Friday nex, at the Cannon Street Hotel, that, in my werry umbel opinion, out-shines 'em all, not for its splendor, for that ain't werry grate, not for its grand queeseen, tho' that will be wun as is not to be sneared at ewen by a'orty Warden, and not for the presence of Dooks or Markisses, tho' there will be for Cheerman won of the elergwentest and risingest yung Members of the House of Commens itself, but for its haim, and its hobjick, and its hend.

What is that haim, what is that hobjick, what is that hend? That haim is humanatty, that hobjick is benelowence, that hend is justise. In other and simpler, but not truer words, it is for the helping of "The City Waiters' Provident and Pension Society." What doesn't mankind owe to a honest, and attentif, and loyal Waiter? Wot's a good Dinner without good waiting, and where's the fine freedom for conversashun without loyalty among the Waiters? and the Echo anwers where? The Public, tho' ginerally a ginerous Public, is also sumtimes a thortless one. They sees us allers drest in the full-blown dignerty of heavingin dress, and almost allers with that plessent smile so indickatif of an arty welcom, and they naturally cums to the pleasin delushun that the life of a Waiter must needs be a appy one, and his puss filled to the brim, or he could not posserbly pay his emense Tayler's bills.

Far be it from me to complane of my lot or of the lots of Waiters, my respected Bretheren, but there is sitch a thing as sickness, ewen for a Waiter, tho, ginerally speaking, the elthiest as well as the patientest, and most contentedest of uman beings, and then what is he to do, and there is sitch a thing as old age, ewen for a Waiter, and then what is he to do?

In either of these unfortnit cases, in steps the City Waiters' Society, and if he's ill they sends him their own xcellent Docter, who knos by long xperience the werry speshall ills as Waiters' flesh is air to, and allows him a nice little penshun till he gits quite well and is able to resoom his usefool perfeshnal dooties. And if it's unfortnety a case of old age, as no docter carnt cure, no, not ewen Mr. ADAMS hisself with all his kindly care and skill, in steps the Socierty, and they says to the pore Weteran, cheer up old frend, we ain't werry rich, but we've got enuff to promise you a nice little penshun as long as you lives, and they leaves him smilin and appy. But in order to enabel the Society to do all this good, they must in corse have money.

Well, I shoold think from my long egspierience in this grand old City of ours, what with the Copperashun and its six and twenty Haldermen, and its two hundred Common Councilmen, and what

with the Livvery Cumpanys with their seven thowsand Livverymen, and what with all the grate City Bankers and Merchents as attends the grate Charity Dinners and stumps up their money so freely and so hansumly, and what with the numbers of West End Swells as cums to that weritable home of horsepitality, the Manshun House, that there wood be little or no differculity in raising a few hundred pounds a year for sitch a truly kind and benelowent purpuss. But I'm sorry to say as there is. I don't beleive myself as it's want of will, but want of thort, as purwents our kyind paytrons from sub-scribing. Our remarkable respectabel apearance injures our cause among the thortless diners out, our hintimate nollodge of all the dellycassies of a most waried Menu, and our purfely wunderfool acquaintance with ewery wintage and ewery Brand of reelly fine Wines,—almost equall to that of the City Controller hisself,—deceives the Public, and we gits more credit than we deserves for as much wealth as nollodge.

Ah, if a fairish number of the Gents who will dine in this grate City on ewery luxury of the season during the next month or two, without having nothink to pay for it, wood just give a thort to the trubbles as sumtimes falls to the lot of the pore Waiter who is attending to all his wants so patiently and so plessently, and make up his mind to send a donashun or so to the careful Seckerterry, Mr. G. MEADS, at 28, Martin's Lane, Cannon Street, hee see, he'd make sitch a good dinner, and go home so cheerfool and appy, as his hone wife wood arldy know him. I lernt the lesson many years ago, and have never forgotten it, that appyness was born a Twin, and them twins is Horsepitality and Benelowense.

ROBERT.

BAT AND BALL.

Ball. Aha! Leather's power no longer you'll spurn,
My swaggering Willow. At last 'tis my turn.

Bat. Much good may it do both the Public and you.

The gate-money's little when runs are but few.

Ball. You sordid old slogger! for shame, Sir, for shame!

Do you mean to say bowling's no part of the game?

Bat. Oh, yes, you are useful enough, in your way,

That is, for the batsmen to swipe at all day!

Ball. All day, why the best of 'em can't make a score.

Bat. No credit to you, 'tis the steady down-pour

That turns wickets into a slippery swamp,

And makes a man wish that his bat was a Gamp,

That gives you the pull. But you really must know

That your sole friend, the rain, is the Cricketer's foe.

Ball. The batsman's, you mean.

Bat.

And the Public's beside.

Ball. Oh there, I've no patience at all with your pride.

The GRACES, and MURDOCHS, and READS, more's the shame,

With their century-scores have spoilt you and the game.

The newspapers' praise and the company's shout

Make you think that the game's just to knock me about.

Thank goodness that SPOFFORTH, and LOHMANN, and PEATE

Are making you suffer the pangs of defeat,

And righting the matter a little at last.

There's nothing like leather!

Bat.

Oh, come, not so fast.

Much fun, Sir, the Public from Cricket would get

If the wickets were always as horribly wet

As they have been of late. Rain may keep down the scoring,

But everyone votes it is beastly and boring.

Who'd stump up his shilling to sit in a shower,

Or under a gingham half-frozen to cower,

To see three good wickets go down in one over?

No, no, brother Ball, the most critical lover

Of Cricket likes sunshine, dry grass, and a Score!

Ball. I'm afraid you are right. When this deluge is o'er,

And some smiter, like GRACE, comes along with his bat,

And a cabbage-leaf puggeree stuck in his hat,

And for five hours knocks me all over the field

To the tune of two hundred, 'twill probably yield

More pleasure to most than to witness poor me

The ten wickets knock down for an average of three.

Though SPOFFORTH, the demon, himself do the trick.

'Tis a bit hard on me.

Bat.

Well, the Public is quick

To do justice to both; and although it is true

I'm the favourite, where were the game without you?

One to Sir Charles.

BRAVO, SIR CHARLES WARREN! You score. People say

That your Muzzleman edict the dog-owners hurts;

But all—save the roughs—must be with you to-day,

And rejoice that you're down on the Squirts.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

"YOU REMEMBER THAT PARTY AT MADAM GELASMA'S, TO HEAR JOACHIM, RUBINSTEIN, AND THE HENSCHELS, AND DE SORIA—QUITE A SMALL PARTY?"

"No; I WASN'T THERE!" "No? AH—WELL—IT WAS VERY SELECT!"

"SAVOIR FAIRE EST SAVOIR VIVRE."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I, in common with, I daresay, many hundred other fathers of families, have hanging up in my nursery, what is called a "Nursery Card; or, What to do, and How to do it." This is simply a printed sheet which describes some of the commoner accidents which are liable to happen to children, and gives the measures to be followed until the arrival of the doctor. This card, however, is very incomplete, and might be very usefully supplemented by, let us say, the "Family Card," something after the following fashion:—

BITES.—*Hippopotamus Bites.*—The bite of the Hippopotamus is very painful by reason of the enormous "faucets" at his disposal. If you cannot make him let go his hold by fair means, throw cayenne pepper in his eyes, if you happen to have some loose in your pocket.

Send immediately for the doctor, who will attend to the remains of the injured limb. This accident is not so likely to occur in the house as at the Zoological Gardens or in Equatorial Africa.

Rattlesnake Bites.—Should you be bitten by a Rattlesnake which has escaped from a menagerie, immediately bring an action against the proprietor, and if you succeed in proving negligence on his part, you will probably recover. Drink strong brandy and water.

BURNS.—When any member of the household is in flames, fling two or three Hand Grenade Fire Extinguishers at him or her.

[Mrs. Gibson's life was saved, at St. John's, Worcester, on the 19th February last, by the prompt use of a Hand Grenade.—ADVT.]

When the conflagration is extinguished, write a report of the case to Captain SHAW, and be careful to point out that there are some merits in imperfect combustion, although it is so much abused by all scientific men of the present day. When the patient has cooled down, you can then proceed to the treatment for cuts.

CUTS.—Excavate all the fragments of the Hand Grenade Fire Extinguisher which are imbedded in the Pyrotechnist; and then smartly smack him on those portions of his body, if any, where there is not a cut or a burn. This will restore circulation. N.B.—Send in a claim to the Fire Insurance Office for salvage.

CHOLERA MORBUS.—If you are attacked with choleraic spasms, and your geographical knowledge is not sufficient to inform you whether it is the Asiatic variety

or not, send for the doctor, who will decide the case on its merits. Pending his arrival take courage, camphor, and cognac. Make your will.

EARTHQUAKES.—In case of an Earthquake, remove yourself with the utmost rapidity beyond the calculated area of disturbance to *terra firma*, or go up in a balloon, if there is one handy.

EXPLOSIONS, DYNAMITE, NITRO-GLYCERINE, &c.—In the event of being blown up by any of the explosive agents now in vogue among patriots, keep calm and collected; try and follow the course taken by any of your limbs that may be dissevered from the trunk, so as to be able to find and claim them upon your return to your native land: but inasmuch as prevention is better than cure, it is well to avoid the neighbourhood of public buildings during the dynamite season, or after the rejection of any Irish Bill by the House of Lords or Commons; for, though we must all die, it is better to die in peace, and, if possible, in one piece.

N.B.—The victim of a nitro-glycerine explosion can sometimes be partially re-collected, but can never be properly re-membered.

FALLS.—Falls are of many kinds and of different degrees of violence and intensity. If a person falls on his head he is to be pitied, if he falls on his feet he is to be envied. If he falls down-stairs, send for the doctor; if he falls into the water, send for the brandy bottle; if he falls from the top of the Monument, send for the coroner.

FITS.—Let every member of the household wear ready-made clothes, they will never be troubled with fits.

NOSE-BLEEDING.—The violent impact of a foreign body upon the proboscis often causes nose-bleeding. Take lessons in the Art of Self-defence.

I have an infallible specific for *Volcanoes* and *Mad-Dog Bites*, which I will send later on. SEMPER PARATUS.

Coleridge in the House of Commons.

(Adapted by Mr. Rider Cook.)

I do assure the Government benches,
(Though from such search the nostril shrinks)
"I've counted two-and-seventy stenches,
All well defined, and several stinks!"

A GOOD ADDRESS.—The generally well-informed Londoner would consider Park Place, Hyde Park, as rather an aristocratic position; and a house to let at a small rental here would have attracted a considerable number of bidders. And yet in a recent memorial this "place," which is only a passage, is described as "a disgrace to the park and the neighbourhood." What a pity with such a name! We inspected it the other day. Here, close to the Park, the Brown Bear hath his den, and there are quaint old shops and houses. Across the road another passage leads to Tattersall's, thronged by merry children whose games will strangely interest the passenger. The timid White Hart may be seen at the corner, and centaurs, or horse-men, assemble for their mid-day drink. But it's coming down! Yet 'twas a good address.

AN OPPORTUNITY LOST!—In one account of the G. O. M.'s meeting at the Foreign Office on Friday last, held to settle the Waverers—(the G. O. M.'s men haven't been behaving Midlothianly, but Waverley)—it was stated that "The Labour Candidates, headed by the Hon. C. R. SPENCER," &c., &c. Our Artist deeply regrets that he was not present to immortalise such a subject as this,—the Sons of Toil being led by the Hon. Bobby!

"*Rice 'um teneatis, amici?*"—Friends at a distance—keep at a distance if you're going to shoot a poor Bridegroom on the Bridal Day with rice. You might as well bring pea-shooters, pepper him, and give him two or three in the eye. Love is blind, but that's no excuse. So Mr. Punch begs everybody at weddings to be sensible—excepting the Bride and Bridegroom, of course—and drop this idiotic custom.

A NEW "DISTILLERY DRINK."—It is more or less credibly reported (from America) that a German Chemist has succeeded in making a first-rate brandy out of sawdust. Carpentering will be a good trade. A constant frequenter of the shops, licensed to carpenter on the premises, will have good reason for saying that he feels "rather chippy." Water-babies, at a distance, take notice.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 34.



THE G. O. M. "UP."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, May 24.—A large muster of Bishops in House of Lords to-night. Completely filled the benches below the Gangway near the Woolsack. "Who are they?" whispered one of the Colonials in the Gallery. "That's the Choir," said his companion, who hadn't been in London ten days for nothing. "When the Choristers get too old for Westminster Abbey they come here."

The Bishops did not sing, neither did they talk. But they gave a solid vote. Question was, Second Reading of Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. ST. ALBANS moved it, ARGYLL opposed it in kind of speech that makes everyone regret the MACCULLUM MORE was not brought up to be a bishop. BRAMWELL made sturdy speech in support of Bill, growling out his dislike for Theologians. Got a little mixed in the nomenclature of wives of the Patriarchs. But, as MARLBOROUGH said, surely some excuse. H.R.H. sitting on cross Benches, waiting to vote for the Second Reading, visibly drooped before ARGYLL had reached his "fifthly." Cheered up under influence of BRAMWELL. More Lords and Bishops to speak; but when Primate finished it was nearly Half-past Seven. If further argument submitted, dinner would be spoiled; so their Lordships voted, and threw Bill out by 149 votes against 127.

In the Commons business opened cheerfully with conversation on alleged iniquitous prolongation of debate on Home-Rule Bill. FOWLER (ex-Lord Mayor of London) has been saying things about MR. GLADSTONE, even writing them down for newspaper publication. HENRY RICHARD came down to House determined to have this out. Asked PREMIER had he seen the letter. GLADSTONE, with tear in his

voice, admitted he had. Could scarcely believe it possible that the worthy Alderman could have done such a thing. *O Robert, toi que j'aime!* "Eminently a courteous and good-natured man." FOWLER moved uneasily in his seat, and hung his massive head. His lips moved, and the ghost of a "Yah! yah! yah!" issued, but so faintly that few heard it. Touching scene.

After this, Supply. Much talk of Secret Service Money. General complaint among Members of severely limited acquaintance with its disposal. Not a Member on either side able to rise, lay his hand on his breast, and confess that he had received a sixpence.

Business done.—Votes in Supply.

Tuesday.—Haven't seen KENSINGTON for long time. Used to be fixed nightly in Lobby of House of Commons. Towards midnight and later, stretched himself on bench by doorway. Looked as if he were asleep. But if Member, thinking he might slink off without a pair, tried to pass, KENSINGTON always awoke and confronted him. Pretty to see Member's altered aspect and violent assumption of merely pacing up and down. Going home? Certainly not. Wouldn't miss the Division for anything.

To-night, the old Whip—Lord KENSINGTON still—appears in House of Lords. Strayed in by mistake, I suppose, but being there says few words on Durham Sunday Closing Bill. Speech of the evening by NORTON. "A dull man," BRIGHT said of Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY. Lord NORTON flashing with originality. Having, as he told their Lordships, voted against Second Reading of the Bill, he should now vote for Third Reading, a balancing arrangement slightly disturbed by a violent attack upon the measure, which was thrown out by 97 Votes against 70. "That's what I like about the House of Lords," said GEORGE, Ranger. "They're absolutely impartial. Pass a Bill through Second Reading and Committee stage and then throw it out on Third Reading, leaving no cause of complaint from either side."

"How do you make that 'out'?" said FINLAYSON, doing the sum in his head.

In Commons adjourned Debate on Home-Rule Bill resumed. But first the Sage of Queen Anne's Gate carried Motion adjourning Sitting over Derby Day. Quite touching to find the Sage posing as a champion of old institutions, with special reference to the Parliamentary holiday on Derby Day. "In these days of change," he said, "when institutions most sacred are menaced, let us at least hold firm to something." ISAACS, who seconded Motion, a little heavy in his humour. "Something like what you might expect from NOAH," said CAINE. Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL opposed Motion in most popular speech he ever delivered. It occupied only two minutes in the delivery. Then Motion carried by royal salute of 101 majority.

Business done.—More of Home-Rule Debate.

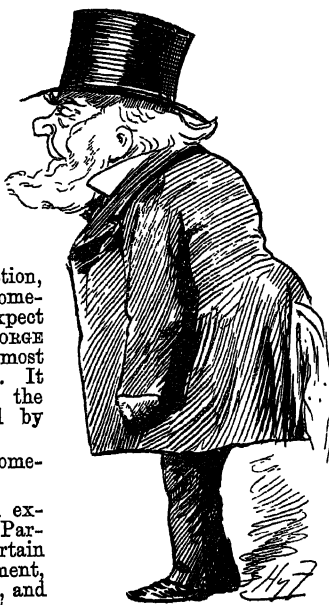
Thursday.—Lobby filled with excited crowd. Reported that Old Parliamentary Hand has given a certain turn to affairs, that the Government, yesterday on the verge of defeat, and the House, within measurable distance of Dissolution, both been saved. Mem-

bers come and go, button-holeing each other in earnest conversation. At 4.40 sudden scamper. Report gone round that GLADSTONE is on his legs. Members rush in, and crowd the House. Yes, there he is at the table, smiling and bland, indicating with courteous minuteness precise passages in a speech delivered three weeks ago, in which Members inquisitive as to the fate of the Land Bill, can find full information of the Government intention with respect to it. That not quite what was wanted. Intended to draw PREMIER into damaging and embarrassing statements. But he last man in the world conscious of such intention. A new Member has asked a question, and here is his answer. So, smiling and nodding in friendliest manner, he resumes his seat, whilst House chuckles with delight, and enterprising new Member sits in bewilderment. Not quite sure whether it is he or the Old Parliamentary Hand who has scored, but a little doubtful whether it is himself.

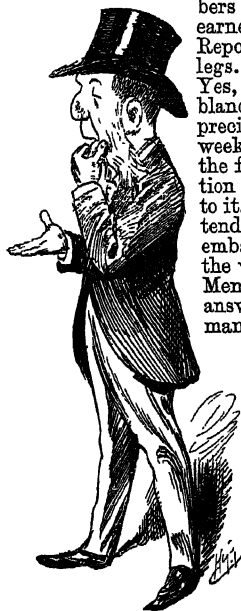
HICKS-BEACH, backed by longer experience and more important position, tries it on in another direction, but with no more success. The PREMIER is blander than ever, increasingly willing to be communicative, talks several moments, and sits down without having said anything.

House resumed Committee on Arms Bill. Towards midnight proceedings interrupted in extraordinary fashion. "Don't you," said Colonel SALIS-SCHWABE to Major

(Militia) ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, "Don't you—hm!—(sniffing)—hear a smell?"



H. R-ch-rd.—(himself again).



J. F.-nl.-ys-n.

"Now you mention it," said the Major, "I think I do."

Once mentioned, everybody, including Grand Cross, heard the smell. Excitement grew. Irish Members prattled on, but no one noticed. At last, E. R. COOK, suddenly rising, protested, as a Liberal and a Soapmaker, against the prevalent perfume, and moved to report progress. LYON PLAYFAIR pleaded the ineffectiveness of the proposal. Sir H. ROSCOE, Chairman of the Committee on Smells, whilst drawing the line at going down to the sewers that evening, volunteered to "go round," and inspect the smell. On this understanding, Motion to Report Progress withdrawn. Bill passed through Committee, and then RANDOLPH, rising to the height of the occasion, moved the Adjournment of the House, in order to relieve Members from the necessity of breathing "the poisonous and mephitic air."

Business done.—House smelt out.

Friday Night.—"Such larks!" as Joe Gargery said to Pip. RANDOLPH and HICKS-BEACH walked down to House together disconsolate.

"Must do something," said HICKS-BEACH. "Getting stale to accuse Old Man of purposely delaying division. Time to do something striking."

"Very well," said RANDOLPH, "let's obstruct the debate ourselves by moving Adjournment of House."

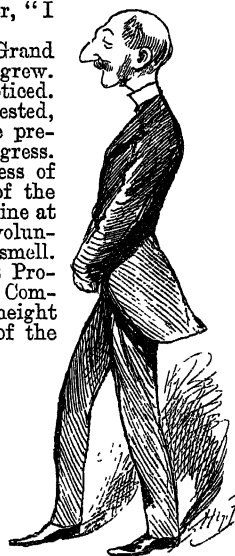
"Done!" said HICKS-BEACH, and he did it. Brought up GLADSTONE seething hot. RANDOLPH followed. In excitement of moment committed grave blunder. Accused GLADSTONE of having said he would postpone Home-Rule Bill till the winter. GLADSTONE shook his head. RANDOLPH persisted. Unfortunately held newspaper report of speech in his hand. House insisted on his reading. RANDOLPH obliged to correct himself.

Worse still at the end. BEACH wanted to withdraw Motion for Adjournment. House refused permission. Farnellites clamoured for division. BEACH, RANDOLPH, and the rest consequently obliged to vote against their own Motion, passing group of jeering Irishmen on the way to Lobby. For Sir MICHAEL BEACH's motion 1, against, 405.

"I'm not sure, RANDOLPH," said BEACH, "that your advice was, on the whole, judicious."

"My advice?" said RANDOLPH, snappishly. "Why, it was yours. Don't you address me any more. I'll never speak to you again." After this RIGBY, Q.C., resumed debate on Home-Rule Bill. But the House had had enough for one night, and RIGBY orated before empty benches. *Business done.*—Arms Bill read Third Time.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—You heard of my *mot*? Sir WILLIAM said that in describing the G.O.M.'s manoeuvres I had used "the language of the Derby." "No," says I, across the table, "it was the language of the Hoax." Neat, eh? Lots more where that came from.—Yours ever, RANDOLPH THE RUM'UN, alias JOE MILLER JUNIOR.



R-gby, Q.C.



THURSDAY, May 27,—Insanitary state of the House. "O-dour what can the matter be?" "The Nose have it!" "You will Nose it in the Lobby!"—Shakspeare.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

ROBERT AT "THE COLINDERIES."



Wot a grand World is this as we are all a living in, for them as nose how to enjoy it! and how nobly is a 40 years good carackter sometimes rewarded! Here am I appinted hed Souperintendent of all the hole nobel harmy of Waiters in this here grand Xhibishun, praps one of the most hawfully resposnerbel persitions in the hole Bilding, but it jest suits me to a Tea, for I'm obligated to be always full-drest with my white choker of hoffice, so there's no dishhabillwork of a morning for me, and my speshal dooty is to do nothink in partickler, but to look after hevery body helse, and make all our warious hungary customers nice and comfederal, and for this I gits a nobel addition to my usual Screw. I have, menny a time and hoft, as *Amlet* says, had my dreams of heartily appiness and bliss, but they never quite reached to this lofty hite of reality. Allways full-drest, pretty well allways a drinking

summat or other with sum elustrious Forrener or another, never nothink to pay, and with such a nincum as cums to but few.

There's one thing here as astonishes me a good deal, tho it takes a good deal to estonish me now, and that is the wunderfoolignorance of the Indian race. They acshally calls our excellent Lunch, "Tiffin," and I carnt make out weather it means a good or a bad one. They are beginning to know me now, and calls me by my honnerd name, but ewen there they makes mistakes sumtimes, one of 'em quite shocking me yesterday morning when he saw me by shouting out "Salam, ROBBERT!" meaning "Good morning, Mr. ROBERT," as I was afterwards told. And one carnt be angry with 'em, pore fellers! for their gross hignorance, for they are wunderfoolly perlite and always smiles at me wen they meets me. I have made acquaintance with one of their lower orders who speaks English pretty well considering he's only a pore Forringer. He asked me to give him a few lessons in spelling, witch in coarse I did, and werry greatfool he was, tho', strange to say, he always larfed wile having 'em. In return he told me some reel staggerers about his masters. He says that their partickler customs won't allow them not to eat Beef or Pork, only Mutton and Lam! I fixed my hurnest gaze of dowt on his sworthy wisage wen he told me this, so he sed, watch 'em at their meals and see for yourself. So I did, and it is quite trew! Wot a reel sacrifice! I wunders how many hungry Englishmen could make it, say for a duzen years or so, and with werry cold winters. My frend went on to say as that Cows was treated with such respee in Injia that many of the werry pore natives would like to exchange places with 'em, but as this was after dinner I didn't feel at all angry with him for trying to swindle me so shamefoolly.

We are gitting on wunderfully well here, and thinks nothink of having sum 30 or 40 thowsand peepel in a day, and as far as I can judge, most on 'em ether cums hungry and thusty, or gits hungry and thusty afore they leaves, and acts according, so my pore fellers has plenty to do, but they sticks to it like men, and I trewly hopes, tho I am not pussonally concerned, that the thortless public won't forget 'em wen they pays their little bills.

The grate attraction for the Fare Sects continues to be the Injean Shorls, and I reelly don't wunder at it, they seems more attiter for Queens of the Fairys than for mere Mortels that has to go to wet Garding Partys, and to be scrowged at Droring Rooms. I sumtimes pitys the pore fellers as I sees led up to them by butifull Ladys as if it was quite by axident, but I nose better. The Prince is often here, and allways smiles wen he ses me, and pints me hount to his frends, and then they all smiles. These marks of respee are werry flattering, and sends me away with a lite art. ROBERT.

AFTER THE FEDERAL LECTURE AT THE UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION.

(Ideas picked up thereat by our own Impressionist.)

1. THAT two-thirds of the audience had come to see the Prince of WALES rather than to listen to Captain COLOMB the Lecturer.
2. That it is not easy to take in statistics on the spur of the moment, even if assisted with enormous charts covered with figures.
3. That England is smaller than India, and Australasia ever so much bigger than both of them put together.
4. That in spite of this, appearances are deceptive, and that consequently, from a military point of view, everybody lives in India and nobody in Australasia.
5. That if we think we are going to get any soldiers from the Colonies to speak of for the next twenty years, we shall find ourselves woefully mistaken.
6. That a single Australian, if drawn from the fields, would by his absence depopulate a territory of some thousand square miles, and cost at his ordinary wages about three and twopence an hour.
7. That according to Captain COLOMB, the Post Office has been up to some very unpatriotic dodge in connection with the South Canadian Railway.
8. That the Colonists present were most pleased at those parts of the lecture in which their inability to carry out anything was admitted.
9. That everybody cheered to the echo anything that sounded like swagger, but were most reticent in their applause when the question of ways and means was approached.
10. That the subject of Federal Defence has yet to be dealt with, in spite of Captain COLOMB's well-intended remarks.
11. That the Duke of CAMBRIDGE's appeal for funds was safe, if not exactly appropriate.
12. That Captain COLOMB's lecture would have been longer and more intelligible had not the Prince of WALES had to catch a train.

AN AMBROSIAL CONCERT.

It was something like a concert at the Albert Hall on Saturday with Messrs. SANTLEY and LLOYD (EDWARD, not ARTHUR) instead of SIMS REEVES, who could'nt come; Madame TREBELL and Madame ADELINA PATTI—who, by the way, is not engaged by Mr. CUSINS, as some one stated last week, but by Mr. AMBROSE AUSTIN, who should be Patti'd on the back for giving us such a rich musical treat as this. The Albert Hall was All-but chock full. TREBELL was in a glorious dress. PATTI in a simple, child-like, and bland costume. An afternoon concert for the lady singers who take Madame TREBELL's view of it must be an expensive affair. We didn't see whether Mr. SANTLEY had a new coat for the occasion, but he had his old splendid voice, which was as fresh as ever. Charming to see the politeness of the two ladies in a pretty little strife on leaving the platform, as to which voice should go first. PATTI insisted on TREBELL being the one, and so the latter yielded. It is worth going some distance to hear Mr. EDWARD LLOYD sing "*My Queen, My Queen*," PAPINT's delicate violin playing was delicious, and the Orchestra, personally conducted by Mr. CUSINS—one of our Country Cusins—gave us a perfect rendering of LISZT's *Rhapsodie Hongroise*, A. 1. Success to the Ambrosial Concerts.

"A WORD OF WELCOME!"

THE Amateurs at the Nathaniel Theatre (Novelty Theatre, Great Queen Street) did well and, we hope, with good results for that deserving charity, Lady CONSTANCE STANLEY'S Home for Homeless Children. The programme was BYRON'S *Married in Haste* and HERBERT GARDNER'S *Cousin Zachary*. We sent an Amateur Critic who reported that Mr. QUINTIN TWISS was "most amusing," Mr. CHARLES LAMB "very good;" that Mr. EUSPACE PONSONBY was "good," that Miss MEASOR (who is not an amateur at all) "acted admirably, and looked very pretty," and that Mrs. CONYER D'ARCY was "good." Our Amateur Critic had nothing but praise for *Cousin Zachary*, in which he thought Captain GOOCH was "vastly diverting," and Miss MAUD CATCHCART (surely not an Amateur, eh?) "very nice and pretty." An appropriate prologue had been written for the occasion by Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT, and was as well delivered as a cricket-ball by SPOFFORTH,—right into the left-hand breast pocket of the audience where the heart and purse meet,—by Mr. CLAUDE PONSONBY of the A. D. C. The Nathaniel Amateurch of the Nathaniel Novelty Theatre have made a good thtart. Go on and prothper.

WHAT IS HE?—There is a Singer who announces himself as "Monsieur SCOVELLO, the Great American Tenor." Oblige us with his nationality.

AN INCIDENT IN FRENCH HISTORY.—General BOULANGER to be known in history as the man who spilt the ink on to the GRÉVY. What a nasty dish to set before the Princes!



A REMINDER.

"WELL, GOOD-BYE, OLD MAN. WE'VE HAD A HIGH OLD TIME IN DEAR OLD PARIS, HAVEN'T WE! TO ME IT ALL SEEMS LIKE A DREAM!"

"SO IT WOULD TO ME, OLD MAN, IF YOU DIDN'T OWE ME THIRTEEN FRANCS!"

ARCHER UP!

MR. W. ARCHER has fitted a quill dart, and, under cover of the *Fortnightly*, has taken a shot at London Theatrical Managers. He says, in effect, why don't you gentlemen give your orders—not for your theatres, with which your are sufficiently liberal, but for pieces by competent English dramatists. As a dramatist, with much else to do besides dramatising, I am inclined to agree with Mr. ARCHER, who would be a very fair critic, as critics go, but for certain exceptions, which, having already stated that I am a dramatist, it is unnecessary to specify. But bring it to a point: it is a matter of terms. Manager says, "Yes, I won't make any difficulty about terms, if I like the piece when it's finished." Quite so: but this isn't giving an order. I don't say to my tailor, "I'll pay you for the coat when it is done, if I like it." Nor is it understood in the contract. The coat is tried on again and again until it is made to fit, and then it is finished. If managers would do this, it would be fair enough.

But what is a manager to do while the piece is being written? What do I do when my new coat is being made? Wear an old one. Yes, the old piece may be worn out, and of the two or three new ones which the dramatists have in hand—being made "to order"—not one may be ready for production: for a play is not ready until it has been thoroughly rehearsed. It is indeed true to say that no play should be considered as completed until after it has been thoroughly rehearsed. The written play, however good, is seldom the acted one. What is read to the manager is never exactly what the manager, author, and actors present to the public. A manager doesn't like to buy a pig in a poke. Formerly it was different: though the grumbling about French plays then was just as much as there is now. Very few English dramatists can afford to write "on spec." Those who can afford don't do it, as without the order and the certainty of their production being accepted, half the spirit is taken out of their work.

Supposing a dramatist, under inspiration, writes a light comedy, he looks round for the opening. Where? Say he finds the chance; he reads it, and the manager approves. Then comes the delicate matter of "terms," which, in France, is settled by the legal tariff of the Dramatic Authors' Society, and thus half the difficulty is removed.

PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

(By Our Special Book-Marker.)

"THE DAWN OF THE XIXTH CENTURY IN ENGLAND."

HERE'S the Second Edition, complete and compact,
In one volume, exhaustive, amusing, exact:
'Tis crowded with pictures—we've nothing but praise
For ASHTON'S account of our grandfathers' days!

"THE SILVER DIAL."

MISS ROWSELL herein does most cleverly show
The quaint life in Strasbourg a long time ago;
And tells in three volumes of different length
An old-world romance of much interest and strength.

"WEBSTER'S ROYAL RED-BOOK."

If you well read this Red Book, you'll find an array
Of all kinds of Official and Court information:
'Tis the latest Edition—complete up to May—
With latest revision and last emendation.

"NOTES FOR BOYS."

THIS Old Boy's notes give evidence
Of much uncommon common-sense.

"OLE BULL: A MEMOIR."

In excellent taste, it is well written too,
Possessing a virtue we find somewhat rare—
Mid Memoirs, of which we've enough and to spare—
It happens to be interesting and true!

"THE CHILCOTES."

HERE LESLIE KEITH draws character, with wondrous
clever touch,
And tells the story skilfully,—'twill interest you much!

"A PRINCESS OF JUTEDOM."

ABOUT *this* GIBBON, let me tell you all,
There is no symptom of *Decline and Fall*!
You'll find this latest work of busy pen
The best—and not too Scotch for Englishmen:
There's love and villainy—a subtle plot,
Well worked out. I might tell you—but I'll not.
Instead, here's sage advice, pray heed it—
Go! Get the book at once, and read it!

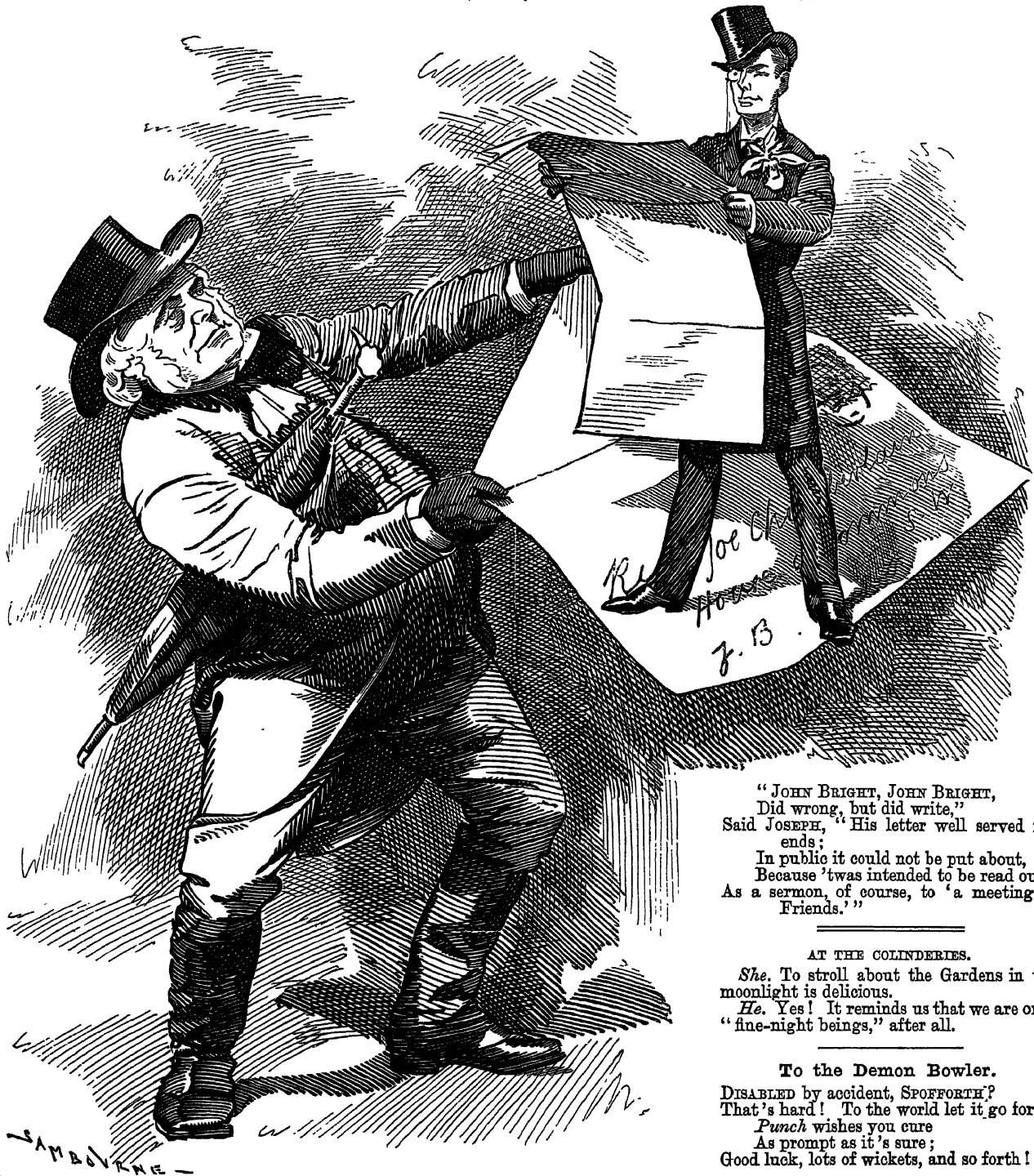
NEW AND APPROPRIATE NAME FOR THE EX-KHEDIVE.
—BLACKMAIL PASHA.

Suppose manager and author agree. Then, when can it be produced? Well, just at that moment out comes a big Parisian success. Manager has seen it. It is "a big thing," a "certainty," "safe!" Manager weighs the risk; the English author's piece being untried, may prove a failure; the French piece is already a success, and will start with a *prestige*. Manager cannot hesitate, and other managers will snap it up. So he compromises. English author puts his original piece aside, and undertakes to adapt the new French piece himself. *Il faut vivre*, of which he sees the necessity. The adaptation turns out successful, and somehow that original piece of his, on looking over it again, seems to have lost its first freshness. It has been written on the chance, and the chance has gone by. I don't see how to remedy the difficulty, which must always exist where there is small confidence on the part of the manager, and nothing but chance to encourage the dramatist.

If the terms here, as in France, were legally fixed, so that the author would be relieved from haggling and bargaining, and were there a Dramatic Authors' Society, like the French one, to enforce the fulfilment of contracts, there would be some inducement for dramatists to write "on spec."; but as this is not the case, the dramatists become adapters, speculate on their own account in French pieces, do journalists' work, write pot-boilers for magazines, and have a turn at sharp dramatic criticism. "O cursed spite!" but it isn't Mr. ARCHER who has been born to set it right.

FOURTH OF JUNE AT ETON.—Lovely day for it, last Friday. Every-one delighted with "CIVIL WARRE," and Old Surly looked quite gay and cheerful. The courteous Head-Master was presented by his admirers with his own portrait, one of the Grosvenor Gems. As it was the first that had ever been done of him, the donors thought of inscribing it, "His First Form, presented by the Sixth Form and Others." For a motto they had prepared the well-known Shakspearian quotation about "Grim-visaged WARRE;" but this was rejected in favour of "The pomp and circumstance of glorious WARRE," which was considered more in keeping with the accessories of the picture.

JOHNNY AND JOEY; OR, THE FRIEND IN NEED.



"JOHN BRIGHT, JOHN BRIGHT,
Did wrong, but did write,"
Said JOSEPH, "His letter well served my
ends;
In public it could not be put about,
Because 'twas intended to be read out,
As a sermon, of course, to 'a meeting of
Friends.'"

AT THE COLINDERIES.

She. To stroll about the Gardens in the
moonlight is delicious.

He. Yes! It reminds us that we are only
"fine-night beings," after all.

To the Demon Bowler.

DISABLED by accident, SPOFFORTH?
That's hard! To the world let it go forth
Punch wishes you cure
As prompt as it's sure;
Good luck, lots of wickets, and so forth!

ABSINT OMINA!—AT President CLEVELAND's marriage last week, the worthy Minister who performed the ceremony, substituted in the bride's undertaking—if the word may be permitted on such an occasion—a promise "to comfort" for "to obey." The Minister was evidently a thorough Home-Ruler. Was the alteration made at the bride's suggestion? "The Blue Room"—it sounds like a scene from *Blue Beard*—Heaven save the mark!—was "decorated with flowers from all parts of the world"—and so the absence of one GARLAND—who happens to be the Attorney-General—could not have been missed. The name of the Clergyman who joined them together was SUNDERLAND—again, *absit omen!*—SUNDERLAND married them, and the bride became CLEVELAND. To "sunder" and to "cleave" land doesn't sound much like a United State, does it?

A NOTE IN RESERVE.—Hail! all hail! to Jaunty JAMIE—recently elected President of the British Artists of Suffolk Street. We wouldn't venture to prophesy, but within measurable distance and not in the dim and distant future, do we not see a vision of JAMES MCNEILL—down WHISTLER and Arise Sir JAMES? If we do see it, we will not set the bad example of prophesying before we know, not even "to establish a President."

AFTER-DINNER CONSIDERATION.—"Hippopotamuses" is a better test-word of fitness for joining the Ladies than "British Constitution."

MR. TITHES H. BOLTON is in high feather. There is no truth in the report that BOLTON is MOULTON.

MAJOR O'BOBADIL INTERVIEWED.

OUR Representative called on Major O'BOBADIL, M.P.
 "If you please, Major," said Our Representative, putting his head in at the door,—but before he could utter another word, a stentorian voice thundered out,
 "Come in, ye spyin' spalpeen! Come in, and don't be afther



AN ORANGEMAN IN BLACK AND YELLOW.

lettin' in the cowl'd air on the loyallest boosom that palpitates beneath my summer Ulster! Come in, I tell ye!"

It was the Major himself, seated in full Orange uniform, black and yellow, wearing his cocked-hat and feathers, having just returned from a secret review held not a hundred miles away from the precincts of the *Pall Mall Gazette* office.

"I beg a thousand pardons, Major," Our Representative commenced, most politely, "for disturbing you in your *sanctum*—but—"

"What, in the devil's name, d'ye call a *sanctum*?" interrupted the Major. "Is it a Moody-and-Sankey-tum you mane? It's no more a *sanctum* than you are yourself. It's my Armoury."

"Your Armagh, eh?" inquired Our Representative, preparing to make a note of it in his pocket-book.

The Major was very irate. "Don't pun here, Sorr. Put up your pencil and paper. If it's pistols you want, they're here handy" (and pointing to a formidable pair of revolvers in his belt, he added, significantly), "and there's more where them came from. So behave, now. What'll you take? Grog and gunpowder? Brandy and bullets? Give it a name! Can't ye spake, ye drivelling son of a quill-driving pen-wiper, the only wiper that Saint Patrick—more power to his elbow, and confusion to his inimies that call themselves his frinds—didn't drive out of Green Erin. What'll ye take, man alive?"

Our Reporter humbly submitted that, if it was all the same to the Major, he would like to take a chair.

"Take it, thin, and what ull ye take with it? Dhrink I mane." Here the Major opening a cupboard in the Armoury, produced a stone jar, and a couple of tumblers. "There, me bhoy," said the gallant Major, "there's threble proof for you! There's the rale ould potheen that's been in me family for ginnyrations—I moight say, for whiskey-rations, if ye'd understand me."—Our Reporter bowed and smiled as intelligently as possible—"and betune ourselves it's niver paid the QUEEN—God bliss her and confound their knavish and armyish tricks too—it niver paid HER MAJESTY a single shilling! And why would it? O me Country!" exclaimed the Major, filling a large glass and holding it between his right eye and the window. "O me Country, I love thy stills! Fill up, man alive; there's not a headache in a noggin of it." And he poured out a tumblerful for Our Reporter, who with a profusion of thanks begged to be excused on the score of having recently taken the pledge.

"Taken the pledge!" retorted the Major, scornfully, "Av coorse ye've taken the pledge, and ye'll take another before I've done with you. Down on your knees and take this glass of glorious potheen in your right hand, and the book of the Orange Constitooshuns in the

other. Now wait till I administer the oath, or ye'll niver come out o' this alive anyhow."

Our Reporter says that considering he is a teetotaler, he is astonished to find how very slight was the effect of the Major's extra strong potheen on him. In fact beyond inducing a rather pleasant feeling of thirst and dispelling certain old-fashioned prejudices against whiskey-drinking, he was not aware of any great difference between this and water.

"What's the strength of the Orange Army, Major?" asked Our Representative. He considered awhile, and then, after examining the keyholes of the doors, opening and shutting the windows and all the cupboards, and firing a pistol up the chimney, he replied in a hoarse whisper:—

"The strength of the Orange Army is superhuman. There's three million ten thousand and sixty-five—it may be sixty-six, but I'll not risk any exaggeration—all ready at this blessed minute in full uniform, every stitch of which they put together themselves, buttons and all, includin' the boots. Here's to the glorious mimory!" Our Representative drank the toast, whatever it was, and he proceeded—"Three million ten thousand and sixty-five, or sixty-six, are lyin' down in ambush within the limits of the United Kingdom—United, ha! ha! Here's to the Union!" Again the Reporter honoured the sentiment, and the Major continued—"They're only waiting for the wured of command."

"Indeed!" said Our Reporter, deeply interested, "And who's to give it?"

"Who should give it?" he retorted, proudly drawing himself up to his full height, and squaring his elbows as he threw himself back in his chair, and eyed our Representative with an air of scornful defiance that challenged contradiction. "And who should give the wured of command but Major ROBERT MICHAEL O'BOBADIL, of Castle Bobadil, Ballyhony?"

"Of course," Our Representative assented; "only I thought there was some talk of Lord WOISELEY—"

"Ah, get out wid ye!" exclaimed the Major. "Where'd he be beside Major O'BOBADIL, not to spake of Colonel WARRING of the Portadown Poppuns! Take my word for ut, that it's only 'Great cry and very little Wool-seley' in that quarter."

"Then the Oranges—I beg pardon, I should have said the Orange Army, will look entirely to you?" asked Our Reporter.

"They will, Sorr, and divil a better could they look to in the time of emergency. Drink, me boy! The QUEEN!"

Our Reporter, though the most abstemious of men, could not refuse this loyal toast. When the cheering, which was led by the Major, had subsided, Our Representative pressed the gallant warrior to tell him all about it.

The Major hesitated for a minute, and then, having extracted from Our Reporter an oath of inviolable seoresy,† he said,—

"I've already informed ye of our numbers. Well, Sorr, beyond the reglar troops, which, betune you and me and the bedpost, I drill every blessed morning, flying from one spot to the other and carrying all before me, there are a corps of Single Vivandyers, all armed to the teeth, to defend the baggage and accompany the troops with transports—such transports, my boy! The Ladies!"—he paused to drink this toast, to which Our Reporter responded, in a neat and telling speech, after which the Major resumed—"And there are the Married Vivandyers, with their infants in arms,—and thousands of raw recruits daily joining the standard of Loyal Ulster, and wearing the Orange, to fight till all's blue. There's not a man, woman, or child amongst us but goes through the double-barrelled gun and single-sword exercise before he gets up in the morning. In Belfast we live in squares, and the military bands are forming themselves into playtoons from morning to night. We've guns and trumpets and swords and sabres and pistols and blunderbusses galore! We've cannon and mitrailleuses and infantry and cavalry, artillery and distillery, such as ye'll rarely see in any capital of the world."

"And how about the Commissariat?" asked Our Representative.

* There was no difference, it was so well mixed. By the way it is as well to mention that we did not see Our Reporter again for nearly a week after this interview, as he had been, unfortunately, as he explained, laid up with a very bad cold and bronchial attack, which had left him shaking like an aspen, and had drawn the colour from his cheeks to his nose, "which," he said, "was the last stronghold of influenza in his system." "My nose," the poor fellow who had suffered so much in our service explained, "is the weak point in my system. If anything is the matter with me, it shows itself there. But I would not disappoint my employers," he murmured, with tears of gratitude in his eyes, "and so, though I ought to be in bed at this moment, I have brought you the report of my interview with the Major. The oath haunts me, and 'tis at the risk of my life I've revealed these secrets. And I know that you will consider this fact in my honorarium. For this is the last report I may ever write for you." Need we say that, with this probability in view, our heart was touched, and we— Well, no matter, he left us deeply affected.—Ed.

† Which he has only broken on the distinct understanding that it shall go no further, and that he shall have a month's holiday, leaving no address in town, and all expenses paid in advance,—conditions to which, in the public interest, we have agreed.—Ed.

"Is it dinner ye mane? Bedad then, I'm as hungry as Jonah before he swallowed the whale, and this talking's mighty dry work. But, if ye'll stay and pick a bit with an old soldier, I'll show you how the Commissariat's managed."

Our Representative represented that his wife always expected him to tea, but that, in this instance,—might he ask what the Major had for dinner?

"Ye might, and I'll tell you," replied the Major, as NORAH rapidly laid the table for two, and brought in the first dish. "'Tis the very dinner for a rebellious stomach," said the Major, lifting the cover off, and revealing a large fish. "See, now—'tis a baked pike! Whoop! I'll sing ye a song in the Frinsh tongue, of which I'm a Past Masther,—

'Et piff! paff! pouf! et tarra! parra! poum
Je suis, moi, le Général Boum! Boum!'

Chorus—or I'll shoot ye!"

And Our Representative, happening to know the words, joined in chorus. So he was not shot. A pleasant evening, and left sitting until the Major had to go down to vote in the Division on the Second Reading.

We lay this information before the Public and the Government. It is for the latter to act upon it. Enough's as good as a feast to a blind horse. *Soit!*

THERE AND BACK IN THE "BACCHANTE";

Or, What It Might have been—if Unedited.

APRIL 1.—Up at Four, A.M., and tell old DALTON who is up too, with a volume of Natural History for explanation, that we have had our first sight of the Sea Serpent. He says that, as we have already seen that other wonder of the deep, the "Flying Dutchman," we must describe this accurately for him in our Diaries. Here goes. Noted it at first following leisurely aft. It appeared to be entirely the stock Sea Serpent we had seen in picture-books, and of the penny-plain-two-pence-coloured character we had always been instructed to associate with it. We couldn't make it out very well, owing to the early light, but, as far as we could judge, it seemed to be about a mile and a quarter in length, fifteen feet thick, and covered with green tinsel scales; and as it pursued the ship in huge coils arching above the sea at least seventy feet into the distance, and raising its great head with its illuminated eyes, and firey jaws wide open, as if it would devour the red ensign floating at our stern, it certainly looked a most remarkable creature.

The Captain had the two-and-a-half ton gun run out, and several shots were fired into its mouth, apparently without producing any effect upon it whatever. After a short time the sun rose, and it suddenly disappeared. Made a pen-and-ink sketch of it for old DALTON, who soon got hold of us, and read us several chapters about the large marine animals which it appears inhabit these seas. The only curious coincidence we noticed about the apparition of the monster to us was its date, which, as will be seen above, was, oddly enough, on the morning of April the First. But we merely mention this by the way, and so old DALTON must make of our account whatever he can. Avoid him the rest of the morning by hiding in the bottom of the steam pinnace.

The day however advancing, some island comes in sight and as we near it we are eager to go ashore and see the fun. Know that old DALTON will be down on us with statistics, and try to improve the occasion the moment we do, so we keep out of his way. Hear that a lot of Albatrosses are now following the ship, and go aft and have fine sport, enticing them with legs of mutton and then catching them with a lasso. Collar one splendid fellow that measures seventeen feet across from wing to wing, and are just setting-to to skin him, when old DALTON comes up, and says, if we mention the circumstance in our Diary, we are to be sure to write out in full the natural history and habits of the bird, and lug in a lot of supplementary information about the larger sea-fowl generally. Catch us doing it that's all! However we can't get out of the *Ancient Mariner*, which he reads to us right through twice. Manage to escape him at last, and as the boats are starting for shore get into the Captain's gig, and think we have done him this time, when he spies us out, drops down and takes his place at our side armed as usual with *Lemprière*, *Smith's Dictionary of Antiquities*, *Bright's History of England*, *Haydn's Dictionary of Dates*, and the *Universal Gazetteer*.

Don't ask the name of the place, for fear of stirring him up, but he is too sharp for us, and volunteers it, following it up with no end of information about its imports and exports, ethnological history, native produce, fauna, and other matters. There is a volcano to be visited. Wish we could have brought a barrel of gunpowder to roll down the crater. Are suggesting this, in a whisper, to two of the Naval Cadets, when old DALTON fires off at a tangent about Etna and the site of ancient Syracuse. Says it resembles that of the town we are approaching, and quotes a lot of Tacitus to prove his point. Then he goes on to the wool and sugar trades. Nothing will stop

him. Says we must be well up in these, and reads us copious articles on both subjects from the *Universal Gazetteer*, finishing up with a detailed history of the doings of Admiral BENBOW in these waters in the early part of the last century. Wish he would drop the *Universal Gazetteer* overboard. Are obliged to appear to be attending to what he is saying, though are straining all our ears to catch a capital story one of the Lieutenants is telling the Captain about a rat-tailed snake, for which the island is famous, who swallows another fellow nearly as big as himself whole at one gulp. Should like to see that come off, immensely.

Hooray! landed at last. Capital fun. Are to be carried up to Government House in things like hansoms turned backwards with their wheels off, suspended on long poles. We mount ours, and prepare to race, and excite natives to start before old DALTON comes up. But he catches us just as we are off, and points out to us, running alongside, that there is a certain similarity between the vehicles on which we are mounted and the Roman *quadrigæ*, which he begs we will take note of. We reply by crying out, "*Hikò! Hikò!*" to the bearers, which means that they are to get on faster, which they do, and we leave old DALTON scrambling on after us, breathless behind with *Smith's Antiquities*. Then we put on a spurt. It is a splendid broad road of fine yellow sand, bounded on each side by huge cabbage-looking plants, something like what you see in a transformation scene, that open and show women inside. Glad old DALTON isn't here to tell us what they are. Hurry on, and keep well ahead of him. Capital race. Catching up the Captain. By keeping up "*Hikò! Hikò!*" and giving the bearers a pocket-knife and bits of slate-pencil, manage to pass him, and come in first. Captain third, Lieutenant and Cadets fourth and fifth, and old DALTON a bad eighth and last. Run right into Governor without seeing him, but he is a cheery and jolly old chap, and seems pleased to see us. Asks us what we would like to do. Say what we most wish to do is to see that rat-tailed snake swallow another fellow almost as big as himself at one gulp. Says he'll try and manage it for us after dinner. Kind of him. Rove about. Come across a wild pig. Chase him into a fountain.

Pass old DALTON's room and see the *Gazetteer* and *Lemprière* lying on his table. Put the former in his bed, together with an astronomical telescope, and arrange *Lemprière* with a prickly cactus plant as a booby-trap over his door.

Dinner capital. Champagne and sweets first-rate. After it is over all turn out under the verandah to see the natives go through the *Chokeyeti* or Medicine-Thump dance. Old DALTON down on us once more. Has got hold of the *Antiquities* again, and wants us to observe that the measure of the Thump dance, which is continued by a sort of swaying of the right leg coming down at unexpected moments, after a sort of double shuffle, with a rhythmical thud, is of classic origin, and strikingly resembles that of the Bacchic orgies at Salamis, described in his annals by ALKIBRON, the disciple of HERODOTUS. Don't see it. Strikes us as most like a Pantomime rally when the clown has made a butter-slide and every one goes down on it in turns. Have seen it dozens of times at Drury Lane and tell him so. Try to get away from him, but he follows us up with history of Early Greece, and pursues us into the grounds in which we take refuge, and eventually manage to trip him up by setting string-traps across the paths.

Finish up with fireworks, and are presented by Chief with an elephant's tusk apiece and a quart of *Yasherhò*, or Thump-dance wine, usually drunk in honour of these occasions, in an earthen pot. Don't exactly know what to do with them, so put the tusks into Old Dalton's bed, and add the *Yasherhò* to the booby-trap. Altogether a first-rate day.

Say good-night and retire. Take off our boots and dance the horn-pipe several times in our bed-room—then listen. There it goes! Thump!—thud!—splash!—and a shout. Hooray! *Lemprière*, the cactus, and the *Yasherhò* have done it, and old DALTON is caught. Quite a first-rate day. Post up our Diaries, then to bed in fits of laughter.

THOUGH LOST TO SITE, TO MEMORY DEAR.

FOR the sake of "*Auld Lang Syne*," the ground round about Addison Road, the site of his own particular railway, is sacred to Mr. Punch. In the years that are gone the Sage of Fleet Street used to suggest schemes for utilising the ground of that line, which is now one of the most prosperous in the world. He proposed, for instance, that the telegraph wires should be used for drying clothes, and the mould between the rails for growing cabbages. Thus, it may be said, that for about half a century he has taken the neighbourhood under his own protection. Under these circumstances he would like to know to what use the hideous building now being erected within a stone's throw of the Addison Road station is to be put. Something has been said about a rival to the Agricultural Hall (a speculation which does not strike Mr. Punch as a particularly promising investment); but surely West Kensington might be spared this infliction. Is it too late to find another site?



SOCIAL AGONIES.

MRS. BOREHAM AT HOME. MUSIC. EARLY AND LATE.

Sir James.
Mr. Justice Parker.
The General.
The Professor.
Dr. Prendergast.
Brown.

"HERE! HI! IS MY
CARRIAGE COME?"

Footman.

"NO, SIR."
"NO, SIR."
"NO, SIR."
"NO, SIR."
"NO, SIR."

Sir James.
Mr. Justice Parker.
The General.
The Professor.
Dr. Prendergast.
Brown.

"THEN MIND YOU LET
ME KNOW THE VERY
MOMENT IT DOES!"

ACTÆON AND HIS HOUNDS.

AH, hapless hunter! Old in woodland art,
Strong with the spear, unerring with the dart,
In many a chase and long your foot hath led,
Through coppice tangle and o'er torrent-bed,
The heated hunt. Your hounds, an ordered
pack,
Prompt to the whistle, docile to the crack,
To voice and whip responsive, on the trail
Dared not to falter, and knew not to fail.
How many a quarry have those dogs pulled
down!
How many a chase hath raised your high
renown
For valour and for vengery! And now,
When years have thinned the honours of your
brow,
When the horns sound for one high-crowning
day,
As in old Calydon; when the keen bay,
Familiar madethrough many-memored years,
In chiming chorus should salute your ears,
Actæon's hounds revolt, and turn to rend
Their mighty master. Man's most faithful
friend
Fang thus the Chief he followed? What
black spell
Of angered Artemis, what fortune fell,
What huntsman's error, or what strange
attack
Of rabies in that erst obedient pack,

Brought on this tragic turn? Is yours the
fault,
Aged Actæon, brought to sudden halt,
As of the hunter hunted, by the hounds
Who often through the forest's leafy bounds
Swift answering to your rallying shout have
rushed
Against the flaming pard or angry-tushed
And bristling boar at bay? Lynceus leads
Against you, and your call no longer heeds,
Keen he of eye and fang, of Midland strain;
Vain coaxing cry, and strident menace vain
To stay his angry onset, or assuage
The venom'd vigour of his rabid rage.
'Tis grip to grip, Actæon! Argus too,
The stolid faithful hound of Stygian hue,
Slow foot but teeth tenacious, turns at last
And makes his chief his quarry. Not o'er fast.
But keen of scent, if shifty, Proteus lends
His yelp against you, and his gorge distends
In long-stored, long suppressed, loud anger.
Next
Comes Caledonian Spartus, vastly vexed
As with a vertigo of frantic fear.
And others many, Amarynthus dear,
And blatant Bores, whimpering Banus, all
The pack's gregarious rebels large and small,
More than are named by old Apollodorus,
Bark in the background in a cruel chorus,
Alike intent to pull Actæon down,
In the great chase that his long course should
crown.

MODERN JACK.

"Some authorities go so far as to say that the
whole race of British Sailors is extinct."—"Times"
on the condition of the Merchant Navy.

WHAT? Gone, the whole entire race!
The prospect's not consoling,
To think no more we'll see *Ben Brace*,
Smart William, or *Tom Bowling*!
The heroes of our youth who press
And crowd upon our fancy,
Who fought for females in distress,
And rescued *Poll* and *Nancy*.
What gone! all gone! Alas! alack!
What blight has fallen on Modern Jack!

Ah! is it that his ancient fire
Fierce competition smothers,
That he beholds with gloomy ire
His Scandinavian brothers!
Ah, can it be the fatal check
Which holds him shall grow stronger,
And that his old famed British deck
Shall know his step no longer?
O Shade of T. P. COOK, give back
Once more the life to Modern Jack!

"SELF-WINDING Clock Company" is being
advertised. "Self-winding-up Company"
would be useful, though not popular with
accountants, trustees, and lawyers.



ACTÆON AND HIS HOUNDS.

COMPARING NOTES.

THE fifth Richter Concert was of a less alluring nature than usual. Dear old CHARLES HALLÉ, it is true, came forward once more as a pianist, and played with all his old precision and delicacy the solo part in the Beethoven Concerto. He got a warm reception; and Madame NORMAN NERUDA was present to do honour to her newly-married lord. Mr. F. H. COWEN's Concert Overture in D, composed for this year's Liverpool Exhibition, was also given; but—well, generally speaking, the proceedings were rather tame—for RICHTER.

The sixth programme of the Philharmonic Society was extremely interesting, and those who like plenty for their money, got it at length,—at very considerable length. The first part alone occupied nearly two hours. Perhaps when a bishop has perished of exhaustion, concert-givers will begin to realise that from eight to ten is quite long enough for the proper enjoyment of serious music. It has one merit—it induces a delightful thirst, and an appreciative hunger. The principal features were the performance, by FRANZ ONDRICEK, of BEETHOVEN's Violin Concerto, and the production of MOSZKOWSKI's new Orchestral Suite, composed expressly for the Society. Mr. ONDRICEK has long since achieved distinction as a fiddler, and his playing of the favourite Concerto was remarkable for refinement and correctness. In the slow movement he was both tender and true. He is a real Bohemian Boy. On the other hand, Mr. MOSZKOWSKI, if not hailing from Moscow's sky, is at least a native of Russian Poland. His new Suite is one of the most original and delightful bits of music that have been recently introduced. Quite the sweetest thing in Suites. Mr. Punch loves to recognise merit such as it displays, and he therefore votes solid for MOSZKOWSKI, and crowns the head of the Pole with laurels.

There was not a spare seat at Covent Garden when our own dear ALBANI made her *rentrée* as *Marguerite* in *Faust*. She was in excellent voice. But please, Madame ALBANI, why will you pause so long on your most "fetching" notes? It is generous, it is done with the best intention, but, take for example, when *Marguerite* meets her lover, and ought to reply to his offer of seeing her home in the quietest and simplest manner— isn't your method at that moment too theatrical, artistically considered? And, therefore, is it worthy of our own ALBANI? The rest of the cast included Signor GAYARRE as *Faust*—at his best, though tremulous with the "vibrato;" Signor MONTE, a rough-and-ready *Mephistopheles*—with a tendency to sing flat—and Mlle. LUBATOVI as *Siebel*.

A capital rendering of the same Opera was given by the Carl Rosa troupe, with GEORGINA BURNS as *Marguerite*. She got on famously, especially in "The Garden" scene (though played at "The Lane"), and her rich voice was charmingly modulated in the pathetic music of the prison, where the unfortunate heroine recalls one by one the melodies of happier days. Mr. JAMES SAUVAGE was *Valentine*, and Mr. BEN DAVIES, *Faust*. They did credit to their respective characters. Mr. BARRINGTON FOOTE made a somewhat ridiculous *Mephistopheles*. He had little or no "spice of the devil" in his composition or expression. His voice is not powerful enough, nor can he go low enough to raise a suggestion of *Inferno*. Miss MARIAN BURTON was



Miss Marian Burton takes the Chair at a Meeting. Miss Burns as the Countess Almaviva, and Mr. James Sauvage as the Count Out.

a picturesque and almost ideal *Siebel*, so far as appearance went. Her singing, too, was delightful, but she is at times apt to forget that she is acting a part. The fact of *Valentine's* being found dead in the streets appeared to have no interest for her, her demeanour at this point being casual in the extreme. In this Opera, and especially in *Figaro's* marriage, her comely face was too highly coloured. "Burton's Anatomy" lends itself to the appearance of the chubby *Cherubino*. But, Miss MARIAN, do spare the rouge and hare's-foot; I adjure you, as *Cherubino*, in ancient and choice Italian, "O Formose puer, nimum ne crede colori!"

Madame JULIA GAYLORD as *Susanna*, presented a marked contrast to Miss BURTON in the matter of colouring. Why is her complexion,

instead of being unduly rubicund, unduly delicate, not to say consumptive? Why will JULIA be so peculiar? She can beat most of 'em "by chalks," so why do it with bismuth? But LA GAYLORD is a very lively Lady, and an excellent *Susanna*,—this is the opinion not only of the Elders—which in the case of *Susanna*, one must distrust—but of the Youngers also. *Almaviva* was played by Mr. JAMES SAUVAGE, who in the spoken parts talked with a charming brogue. Could he have been an Irishman in Spanish dress? Evidently the O'Connor Don. *Don Basilio* (Mr. CHARLES LYALL) ought not to wear a moustache, but he was distinctly good in other respects. Mr. BARRINGTON FOOTE gave "non piu andrai" with great effect, but he was decidedly too English—a London *Figaro* rather than the Spanish Edition.

In the Garden.—The *Huguenots* introduced a *débutante* in Mlle. ELENA TEODORINI, a magnificent dramatic soprano. Of course she took the part of *Valentina*, and could not fail to provoke the utmost enthusiasm. Always artistic, and never seeking to "shout down" her colleagues in concerted pieces, while simply grand in her solos, Mlle. TEODORINI played the arduous character from first to



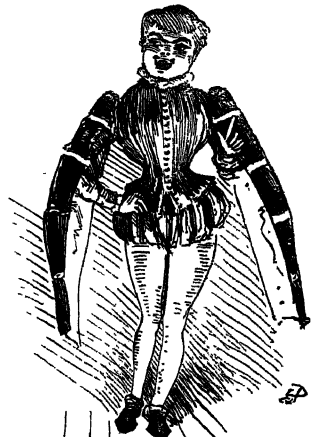
Raoul. "I Raouilly must leave you." End of Duet. Raoul takes a flying leap out of window. Valentina faints. Curtain.

last with consummate ability. Signor GAYARRE was *Raoul di Nançis*. He declaimed with passionate fervour, and brought down the house with bursts of extraordinary volume. The scene in which he refuses the hand of Mlle. TEODORINI—when he says, in effect, "you shall not be my Valentina"—was excellently well sung and acted by all concerned, Miss ELLA RUSSELL, as *Marguerite de Valois*, contributing not a little to its effect with a very sweet and flexible voice. Madame SCALCHI made her first appearance this season, and was warmly welcomed as *Urbano*. Nothing could have been much better than her singing and demeanour. Signor PINTO, a powerful and resonant bass, gave point to MARCELLO's music, which sounded well upon his grand organ. He is rather a Quart o' Bass than a Pinto Bass. (Ahem! let us to supper.)

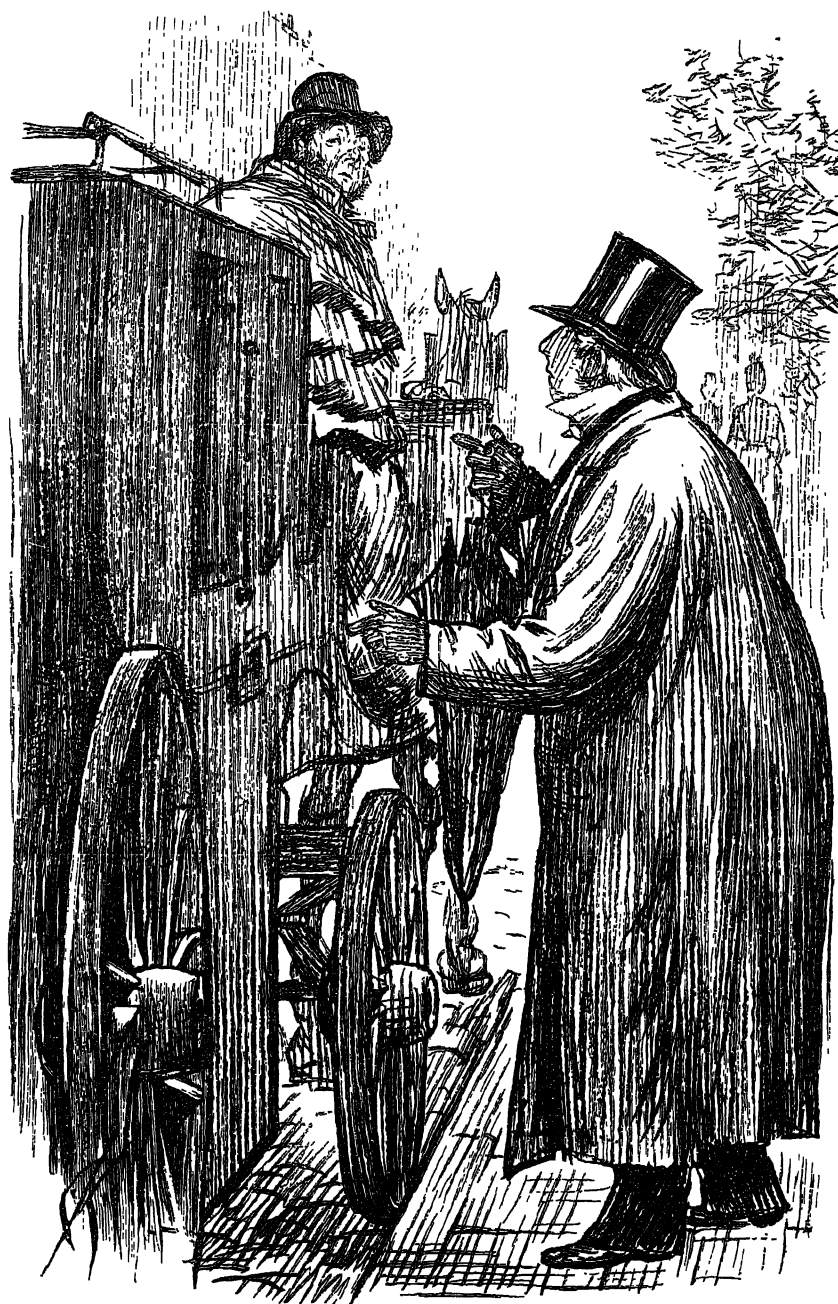
Again in the Lane.—Madame MARIE ROZE gave a splendid specimen of the half-savage petulance of the spoilt *Carmen* in the last Act. She played as well as she sang. What a lovely Act this is from a musical point of view! and how exquisitely fanciful is the ballet-music! *A propos*, Her Majesty the QUEEN has taken a box for the Season, *à la Rosa Bonheur*! but how is she to profit by it in Scotland, unless a telephone is brought into play? She can't do it. Lord RANDOLPH has just telegraphed to say it's a Balmoral impossibility. Madame ROZE's *Manon* was as bright as ever, the drinking song sparkling as champagne, and the *souppçon* of Mr. MCGUCKIN as effective as when this old joke was new, "only a year ago."

NIBBELUNGLET.

P.S.—The Operatic Week wound up with *Un Ballo in Maschera*, excellently given at Covent Garden. Mlle. VALDA, as *Oscar*, was charming. Signor GAYARRE could not be bettered nowadays as the Duke, but he has not the delicacy that made MARIO's *E scherzo è follia* such a memorable triumph. The *Ballo* must be repeated; it was a decided hit. Remarks reserved.



Rentrée of Madame Scalchi as Urbano. She's Scalchi-lated to be one of the most brilliant Pages in Operatic History.



'PLACES OF AMUSEMENT'!

Country Parson (who had been invited to Afternoon Tea with the Archbishop of Canterbury).
LAMBETH PALACE—AND I'M AFRAID I'M RATHER LA—

Cabby. "L'AMBRA PALACE! WHY, TA DOON'T OOPEN TILL 'ALF-PAST EIGHT!"

MR. PUNCH, THE "TIMES," AND THE PRINCES.

In Thursday's *Times* its French Correspondent, presumably M. de BLOWITZ, the Inimitable (whose portrait in the Salon is a speaking and a writing likeness) said:—

"It is stated that among the friends of the Prince living in England, there are some who have already offered him the most cordial hospitality. The respectful welcome which awaits him on the other side of the Channel will mitigate the pain of exile."

And while he was writing this, *Mr. Punch's* Cartoon Junior was being issued *urbi et orbi*, wherein was portrayed BRITANNIA—*Mr. P.* modestly effacing himself—*place aux dames!*—welcoming the Princes, to her shores, should pince-nez'd, shortsighted Madame la RÉPUBLIQUE evict them.

This was BRITANNIA'S "compensation for disturbance." *Mr. Punch* shakes M. de BLOWITZ by the hand—*bonne poignée de main, cher et spirituel M. de B.*—and endorses his sentiments. The last two lines of the above-quoted paragraph *Mr. Punch* will ever remember when he

has to cross from Dover to Calais (by *Invicta* for choice) and will be buoyed up by the anticipation of "the respectful welcome which awaits him on the other side of the Channel"—i.e. at the Buffet with a good half-hour clear for excellent *poulet, haricots verts, et une demie tasse avec une cigarette*,—which "will mitigate the pain of exile" from which, unless it be a remarkably fine and peculiarly tranquil day, *Mr. P.*—though every inch a sailor—suffers con-foundedly.

Of course we shall be delighted to see the French Princes here, and M. LAVEDAN in the *Figaro*—is it M. LAVEDAN who signs himself "X. X.?"—is prejudiced in saying that, "*La reine Victoria a accentué ses tendances anti-françaises et ses préférences germaniques.*" A Republic that is afraid to allow a few law-abiding well-behaved citizens called Princes to remain on its soil, must be in a parlous state. As Lord SALISBURY did more for the chances of the second reading of the Gladstonian Bill by his honest but injudicious speech about twenty years' coercion, than had been effected by all the explanations and arguments put forward on the Ministerial side, so the Republic has, by this stupid act of expulsion, done more good to the Monarchical cause than the Princes could ever have achieved for themselves.

THE THUNDERER TO THE TITAN.

"One fragment of something that bears the appearance of an argument was to be found embedded in the mass of stale historical scraps and witticisms that have missed fire of which the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER delivered himself in the debate on the second reading of the Separation Bill."—*The Times*.

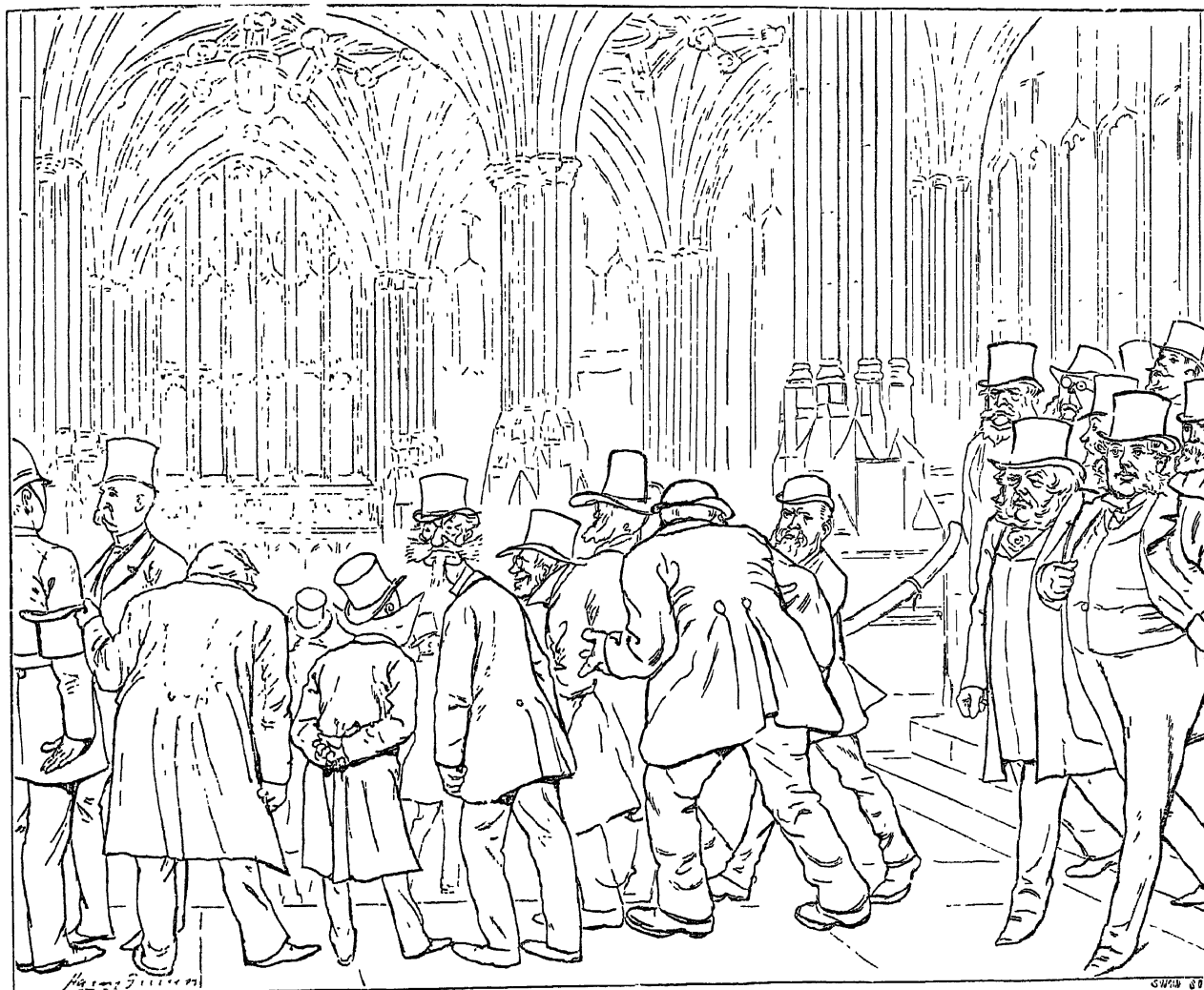
HISTORICUS! HISTORICUS!

Aforetime you were One of Us.
Our readers you would bless—or bore—
With reams of constitutional lore.
Most ponderous of legal sages,
Through our ubiquitous calm pages
The universe you would enlighten,
And, proud to trot out such a Titan,
Of our huge sheet we gave the run
To your large lore and lambent fun.
But now no more your solemn bass
Can in our chorus find a place
With GREY's high intermittent treble.
HISTORICUS is turned a rebel.
The Jovian bolt must fiercely fall
Upon this Rhodian Radical.
A wag, a pundit? Not a bit.
Stale history and stumbling wit,
Rumbustically rampant rudeness,
"A kind of superficial shrewdness,"
Are all your store—since you left Us,
HISTORICUS! HISTORICUS!

A VERY GOOD STOREY.

At the meeting of the National Liberal Federation on Wednesday last, Mr. STOREY, M.P., is reported to have said, "We believe in Liberal principles more even than we believe in Mr. GLADSTONE." Hear! Hear! Liberals should pin their faith on no man, except so far and for so long as he represents Liberal principles. But to be compelled by a Caucus, or by an individual, to vote for a measure because a certain man proposes it, is coercion and tyranny to be abhorred by all liberal-minded men. Yet there are some who like to be so coerced; they take their coercion smilingly, and, surrendering their will, answer to the whip without a murmur. Such men had better lay to heart the words of the very true STOREY we have quoted. Would that the House were constructed with all like this one STOREY.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 35.



THE GRAND STAIRCASE. "WHO GOES HOME?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, May 31.—SPEAKER in Chair; Mace on the table; Members ranged in places right and left of SPEAKER. HENRY FOWLER on his legs, making admirable speech in favour of Second Reading of Government of Ireland Bill. Everything as usual, and yet the real interest of the night centres outside. Lobby filled with excited groups of Members discussing some event. A constant stream flows towards Telegraph-Office. The Conservatives are spasmodically cheerful, though between the bursts of cheerfulness come prolonged intervals of sadness. The Liberals uninter- ruptedly melancholy. Only the Parnellites buoyant. "What's the matter?" I asked WOODALL, coming upon the scene towards Six o'Clock.

"Matter?" he said, in broken voice. "Why, murder's the matter, Dissolution's the matter. One of the best Parliaments ever elected, led by the most effective Ministry of modern times, with a perfect Secretary for War and a Surveyor-General of the Audience, of whom I will not further speak, suddenly, cruelly, smothered in the earliest months of their existence, before they are, as one may say, out of their long clothes."

Turned out, on inquiry, that CHAMBERLAIN and his friends have met and determined to vote against the Home-Rule Bill. That is taken as sealing its doom. The Bill is as good as dead, and with it dies the Parliament which met in January, and the New Member is wrested from a place which he has learned to love. Small wonder that the House itself was for the time the least attractive centre of interest. Nevertheless, there was, as there has been throughout the long debate, some uncommonly good speaking, beginning with

FOWLER, followed by STOREY, cheered, for the first time, through a speech full of point; MACNAGHTEN, whom the House hears too rarely; GRAY, who recalled some awkward reminiscences for the consideration of CHAMBERLAIN; and Colonel HUGHES-HALLETT, who, literally taking off his coat, and disposing of his hat and stick, made a desperate attack on the Bill.

Business done.—Resumed Debate on Home-Rule Bill.

Tuesday.—Another great night. House crowded from floor to topmost range of gallery seats. CHAMBERLAIN to speak. Everyone anxious to hear what he would say, and how he would say it. Both manner and matter uncommonly good. Perhaps, on the whole, best speech he has yet made in the House. Reception decidedly chilling. A few friends below the Gangway cheered him when he rose, but Members on both sides for the most part sat silent, save in the Irish camp, where they jeered and howled. A very difficult position, met with skill and courage. Irish Members kept up persistent interruption, TIM HEALY, in particular, spoiling for a fight. But CHAMBERLAIN went forward undisturbed, with aggravating habit of concluding his sen-



Colonel H-g-h-s H-ll-tt.

tences, broken in upon by deeply-roused TIM. Though unmoved by opposition and interruption, CHAMBERLAIN spoke with more than usual animation. Hotly repudiated the charge of being animated by personal ambition.



D. H. M.-cf.-rl-ne.

SEXTON followed, and Members, recalling many wind-bag performances, began to move away. Those that stayed had the better of it. It was a speech of prodigious length—over two hours—but full of flashing points of alternate humour and pathos. If it had been half as long, it would have been ten times as effective. "A clever fellow, Sexton," said MACFARLANE, listening from his seat below the Gangway. "But he has one fatal fault—he doesn't know when to sit down."

Business done.—More Debate on Home-Rule Bill.

Wednesday.—A quiet afternoon varied towards half-past five by dramatic incident. Discussing for some hours Registration of Voters (Ireland) Bill. Motion for adjournment made in crowded House.

When tellers came back it was evident something had happened. SAUNDERSON, one of the tellers for the "Noes" marched about in excited fashion. Whisper went round that some one had been found in the "No" lobby. Particulars presently added. Mysterious person was carrying a black bag. Later examination spoke of dynamite. Another attempt to blow up Houses of Parliament. Members met and talked in excited groups. Result of division announced and dead silence fell upon the House. All eyes turned upon SAUNDERSON who remained standing at attention, on the floor of the House.

"Mr. SPEAKER, Sir," he said, in tones that thrilled through the agitated audience. "There was one gentleman in the 'No' lobby, who did not vote."

That was a roundabout way to put it, but it served to confirm the prevailing impression.

"The Hon. and gallant gentleman," said the SPEAKER, in terrible tones, "will say who it was."

"Mr. McARTHUR," faltered the Major.

"Let him be brought in," said the SPEAKER; whereupon the Major, calling for volunteers, went in search of the culprit.

They found him under the Gallery. He at once surrendered and was brought up trembling. Turned out, after all, it was not so bad as had been feared. Hon. Member had, he confessed, been in the lavatory when the throng of Members trooped into the division lobby. Lobby door locked, he couldn't get out. Not having heard the question put, he couldn't vote. So here he stood between ARNOLD MORLEY and MAJOR SAUNDERSON, with his hands behind his back conveying a curious impression of his being handcuffed. "I was in the lavatory," he blubbered in explanation, and, amid roars of laughter, the SPEAKER let him off.

Business done.—None.

A. McArthur.

"Please, Sir, I won't do it again."

Conservative chiefs prior to last General Election, and afterwards. House accordingly filled up. But presently went away disappointed. T. P. it turns out, has a private code of honour, to which he made frequent references. This enabled him to tell all about Colonel BRIDGEMAN, contesting Bolton, contributing eighteen hundred penny postage-stamps to maintenance of Home Rule; but when he came to RANDOLPH, "my code of honour" interposed, and he was mum. In vain House begged him to continue.

"No, no," said T. P. "I will not be dragged into departing one hair's breadth from the line of personal and political honour which I have set down for myself."

House rudely laughed. But T. P. not to be moved, even though

RANDOLPH sarcastically besought him to make clean breast of it. At midnight JOHN MORLEY brought the debate up from the low level to which it had for the first time sunk. But House sick and tired of the whole business, and yearns for division.

Business done.—More talk on Home Rule.

Friday.—In House of Lords, Markiss once more "rises to explain." In other House, JOHN MORLEY has been alluding

to his famous panacea for Ireland—the emigration of a million Irishmen, and twenty years' coercion for those left behind. Markiss explains that he didn't mean that. KIMBERLEY manages, in course of a few sentences, to intimate his opinion that the Markiss is endeavouring to wriggle out of an awkward situation. Every noble back on either side is curved, and every head of hair bristles, whilst Liberals and Conservatives regard each other like two rows of cats on the war-path.

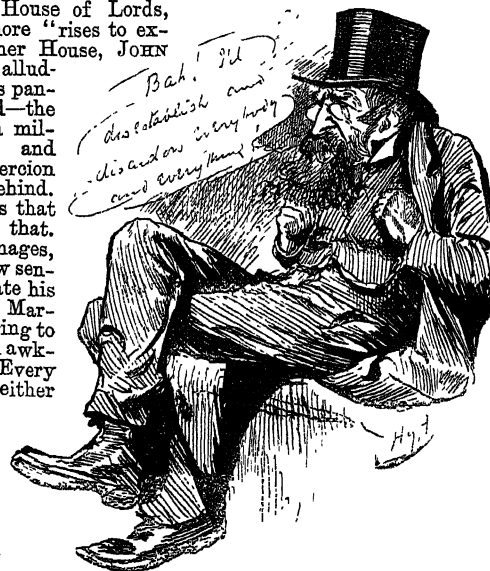
Whilst KIMBERLEY

was speaking, ELLENBOROUGH ventured upon an audible snigger.

"The noble Lord laughs," said KIMBERLEY, fiercely.

"You're another," said ELLENBOROUGH (or, to quote the Parliamentary form of this retort, Lord ELLENBOROUGH said, "As the noble Earl very frequently does"). "Order, order!" cried a mild Peer on a back seat, meaning to reprove ELLENBOROUGH. "I am perfectly in order," KIMBERLEY said, turning upon him with savage glare. And all this because the Markiss had risen to explain!

In Commons, ILLINGWORTH sat through questions, waiting for opportunity to resume debate on Home-Rule Bill. Rose at Five o'Clock, and thereafter, till nearly One o'Clock in the morning, the talk went forward; and this was the *Business done*.



A. Ill-ngw-rth.

SOMETHING LIKE A RECEPTION.

(A Dramatic Contrast in Two Parts.)

PART I.—"THE SUBSTANCE." *A Supper-Room. Miscellaneous Guests discovered carousing. Stranger-Actor in foreground receiving congratulations.*

First M. Guest. Capital food! What a good fellow he is!

Second M. Guest. Excellent wine! A delightful man! Hush! He (*whispers a name*) is going to propose his health!

First M. Guest (awestricken). Is he? (*Stranger-Actor's health is drunk with the wildest enthusiasm. He returns thanks amidst thunders of applause.*) Hurrah! Bravo! One cheer more! Hurrah!

Second M. Guest. Very gratifying, isn't it? Pass the chicken, please.

First M. Guest. The most impressive sight I have ever seen in my life! Thanks—yes, I will take some more champagne.

[Scene closes in upon a tableau of almost indescribable good-will.]

PART II.—"THE SHADOW." *A Theatre. Miscellaneous Audience discovered enjoying themselves thoroughly. Stranger-Actor on the stage receiving hostile expressions of opinion.*

First M. Auditor. What bosh! Never saw anything worse in my life!

Second M. Auditor. Stuff and nonsense! A dreadful bore! Hush! I think the Gallery are going to pelt him!

First M. Auditor (amused). Are they? (*Stranger-Actor's performance is criticised with the wildest excitement. He continues to act amidst roars of derisive laughter.*) Ho, ho! Ha, ha! Oh, it's too good, too good!

Second M. Auditor. Very amusing, isn't it? By the way, I have lost my order. Have we got our right seats?

First M. Auditor. The most extraordinary sight I have ever seen in my life! Very sorry, but can't say, as my complimentary admission had no number.

[Scene closes in upon a tableau of almost indescribable ill-will.]

A TERRIBLE BLUNDER!

WE are a living in strange times,—I think I may possibly have heard the remark afore, but I gives myself the benefit of the dowt, and goes on,—and not only strange times, but dangerous times, because we are a hinterfering with old customs and old hinstitutions. We have just had one serious instance of it, and we are thretened with another. In this one instance, it is trew, the greevous error was maid by a yuthful and comparaytlyf higherant hinstitushun, and so there may be sum egscuse to be made for 'em. But the other, consarning witch the roomer is spreading, has no sitch egscuse, on the contrary, it is, in these himportent matters, the hoberved' of all hobservers, the mold of fashun and the glass of form, as Shakspear says, and it amost draws tears from my hold heyes, wen I only thinks of wot they is sed to contemplate. Praps it may be as well before I goes no furdur to explane what it is as I has in my eye. Well then it's this.

The Metropollyten Bored of Works having got to hopen a new Bridge down at Putney, witch they has bin ever so many years a bilding on, naterally asked the good and Poplar Prince of WHALES, for to cum and hopen it for 'em, and to ask his bootiful Princess for to cum with him, so as to make sure of one brite sunbeam to light all the place up. And with that remarkabel kindness as so extingushes 'em both, they both sed as how they'd cum. So far so good. And there was lots of flags, and lots of Tents, and lots of flowers, and Bands, and gards of honner, and setterer, and the usual speeches. So far so good. And then there was a hawful paws, and ewerybody looked at heverybody else, and ewerybody else looked preshus cold and hungry, for there was a bitter North-Easter a blowing, and then the hawful shock bust upon 'em all, that there wasn't not no wittels, no not even a glass of wine to drink good elth to the new Bridge! And so the Prince and Princess got into their carridge and drove away. And all the rest of the Cumpany did the same, all looking werry cold, and werry hungry, and werry disappointed.

And this the pore Metropollytan Bored of Works thinks is about the rite way for to hopen a new Bridge, poor fellers. But as they're only about thirty years old, there's of coarse ewery hogscause for 'em, but they'll know better wen they gets a little older, if they lives as long. 'Well, if that was all, I don't think as how I shoold ha' cared to ha' troubled myself about it.

But if that was a bad beginning, wuss, much wuss, remains behind. To be sure it's only a Roomer at present, but, as we all nose, Roomers as ain't contradikted grows and grows 'till they becoms Pax. But to my tail. The grand old Copperashun, not to be outdone by any Bored of Works, old or yung, is about for to make a Bridge of their own at the Tower, and they too has arsked the good Prince and the bootiful Princess to cum and lay the fust stone of it. So far so good. They fust thought of asking 'em to drive the fust pile, but won of the werry sharpest of the Thames Conserwatifs told 'em as they mite jest as well, when a bilding of a Church, ask the Prince to drive the fust pole of the scaffolding, as the piles woud all be pulled up agane, so they haltered their hinwitashun accordingly.

But having follered the lead of the Bored of Works were they was quite rite, they are said to be agoing to foller their lead wen they was all as rong as rong could be, and the Prince and the Princess, and the Lord Mare and the Sheryffs, and all the Courts of Haldermen and Common Councilmen, and all the Colonysts and the Indians, and all the other thowsends of Gests is to be sent away without either wittels or drink! I woud, with all due respec, venture to surgest that anythink more hopped to the trew interests of that nobel Hinstitushun, it's hutterly himpossible to conceeve. Wot has always shut the mouths of their loudest and hungriest henemies? Horspitality. And wot is the one speshal hobject as their many Gests, male and female, gladly accepts their invitation for? Horspitality.

No! my nobel Paytrons, this won't do, not at no price! Erbolish if you will the attendance of the City Feild Martial in all his glory, and the Sword Barer, and the Mace Barer in all theirn, don't hang out so many Banners on the houter Walls, silence one of the Bands, and ewen perwent the naybouring Tower Guns from firing a Royal and deffening Salute of kindly welcum, but do not in one fatal day destroy that grand old charakter for true christian horspitality, as you have been a bilding up for seven hundred years, since the time of Lord Mare ALLWINE of blessed memory. Think, oh think, genelmen of the Committy, what your feelings will be, wen, at the hend of His Royal Highnesses address, the same hawful paws ensues as at the late Putney failure, and for the fust time in your long and festiv career, the hominous whisper passes round, "there ain't no wittels!"

There will be assembled on that werry himportent, and should be festive occasion, gests, as I am told, from Urope, from Hasia, from Hafriky, and from Hammerrykey, and this will be their fust chance of partakin of Copperashun Horspitality; they will therefore, out of perliteness to there Hosts, naterally cum hungry, and who nose what fatal consequences may not result to our future relations from their bitter dishapointment!

My last apael I makes, my Lord Mare, to you personally. Your great pre-desesser, ALLWINE, commenced, as his name diktated as he should do, the great career of the grand old City as the promoters of "Horspitality," unlimited, your honored name, My Lord Mare, of STAPLES, likewise diktates as that you should continue to make it one of the City's "chief productions."

ROBERT.

"YOUNG men believe in nothing nowadays," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, with a deep sigh. "Why, there's my nephew, TOM, who was brought up as a Christian, and now he's an Acrostic."

SPORTIVE NOTES.

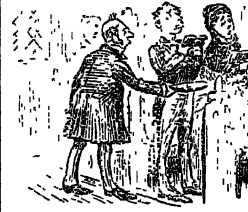
By D. Crambo, Junior.



Ask 'ot?



"Rows" Memorial Steaks.



Visitors' Plate.



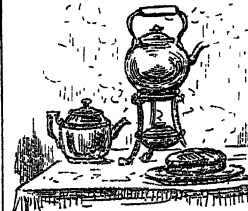
All Aged.



Dispersal of a Stud.



Making the Pace.



Hot Favourites for the Cup.

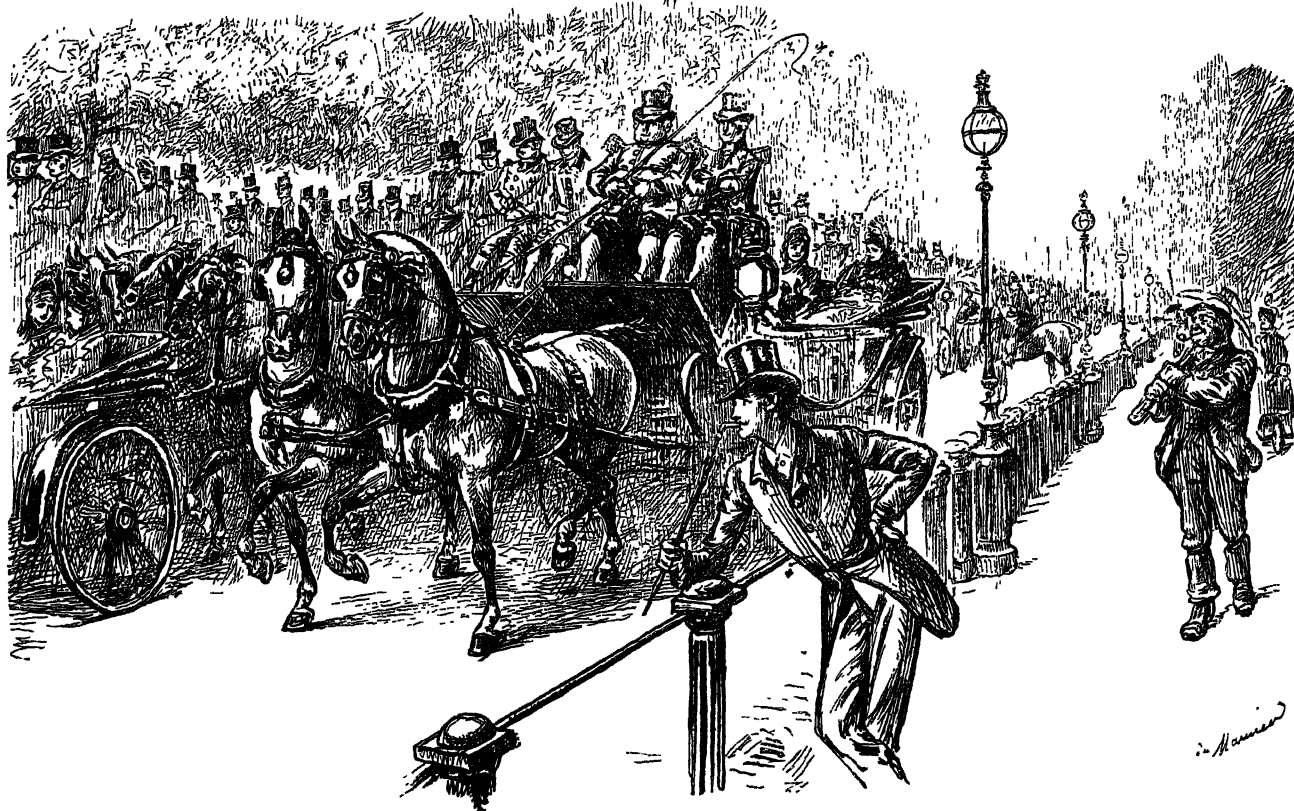


The Off Day.

A NEW CRY.—After the Government defeat, there was a lull in political excitement for a couple of days. The newspaper sellers in the streets found some difficulty in getting off their latest editions. Parliament wasn't sitting, so there was no "Scene in the House," to be shouted out, and the journal-mongers' ingenuity in inventing cries, was well nigh exhausted, when one of them, with the largest stock of papers on hand, was struck by a brilliant idea, and stumped shrieking out in his thorough gin-and-foggiest tones, "Great Panic in the City. . . Mr. GLADSTONE crushed by a Steam-roller!"—off went his stock of papers at a penny a piece, or no change given—and off went the boy as fast as his legs could carry him.

THE ANGEL (OF ISLINGTON)'S WHISPER.—The Military show is on again this week at the Agricultural Hall. It is always one of the best and most popular sights of the season. Captain DANN, the Hoarse Soldier on foot, is the centre of attraction in the arena. Crowds will go from Belgravia, and Bayswater, to DANN. Major TULLY, lineal descendant of TULLY MAXIMUS, known as KIKERO, is in command. There is plenty given for the money, as the Programme is uncommonly full. Major TULLY has bravely tried to cut it down—but this is a feat which defies even his skill—and he has been beaten utterly—or ut-tully. It commenced successfully on Saturday last.

SOCIAL Arrows, by Lord BRABAZON, is to be illustrated by drawings of the long bow.



THE BITTER CRY OF ARTIST LONDON.

Lake Madder Stodge (who, by the way, is not a Titian). "AH, NO WONDER NOBODY WILL GIVE FIFTY POUNDS FOR MY BIG PICTURE, WHEN TIMES ARE SO BAD AS ALL THIS!"

WITH WHOM DID HE SETTLE IT?

Or, Clearing up a bit of Contemporary History.

THE three statesmen stood facing one another in silence. Then the Irish Viceroy spoke.

"You must decide quickly," he said, addressing the noble Marquis, "for I am expecting him every moment. What is it to be? Am I to offer terms, or am I not?"

"Can't we hear what he has to propose?" replied the little Secretary of State for India, parrying the question. "Look here, it won't do for us, you know, to appear interested in the matter. I'll get under the table," and suiting the action to the word, he stooped down and crept beneath the official cloth.

The idea was instantly seized upon by the Marquis.

"Capital!" he rejoined, "Hide me somewhere too. Ha! the cupboard!" and, in another instant the noble speaker was endeavouring to double himself up, not without some difficulty, amid bundles of quill pens and reams of blotting paper. At that moment an approaching footfall was heard in the corridor. He rapidly pulled the cupboard door to, and had scarcely concealed himself before the Stranger entered. He carried a small carpet bag in his hand which he placed upon the table. The Viceroy courteously motioned him to a seat.

"You have had my letter?" asked the Stranger, taking his place with a formal bow, "and, I conclude, have digested its contents?" The other answered by a slight acknowledgment. "Well," he continued, eyeing him suspiciously, "what is it to be? Are you prepared to go as far as complete legislative independence, control over taxation, police maintenance and virtual separation. You see I have brought the flag for your approval." He opened the carpet bag as he spoke, and took from it a large green silk pocket handkerchief emblazoned with a yellow harp. "How do you like it?" he asked, at the same time holding it out and displaying it on the back of the office chair.

A puzzled expression was on the Viceroy's face. The other noticed it. "You hesitate?" he said.

"No—no, not precisely," was the cautious reply. "But the fact is you take me a little unawares. It is very pretty, certainly; but I don't know that I am quite empowered by my colleagues to express

any definite opinion upon the matter. Personally, of course, I should have no objection to the harmless emblem. But I can't say whether the Marquis, for instance"—he looked nervously towards the cupboard. A slight cough of approval encouraged him to continue, and he went on—"I can't say whether he would fully indorse the entire programme. Still, I am inclined to think that, if I submitted it to him, he might be disposed to entertain it." There was a suppressed chuckle from under the table. The Stranger turned pale, and rose to his feet.

"You are laughing at me!" he cried, somewhat angrily.

"Indeed, no!" rejoined the other, much embarrassed. "I think it must have been the wind." He walked round the table, and placed himself in front of it.

"Well, laughing or no laughing, that's what I've got to propose," replied his interlocutor, at the same time refolding the green silk pocket-handkerchief, and replacing it carefully in the carpet-bag. "And you may like it, or leave it. If it is understood that you'll take this platform, well, then, the vote shall go for you solidly at the Elections. But, on the other hand, if not"—

He would have continued, but at that moment the Marquis burst from the cupboard. He was still hot with the confinement, but a fine smile played upon his features. The Stranger started back surprised. The Marquis felt some explanation of his appearance was due under the circumstances. And he gave it. "I did not wish," he said, "to be officially cognisant of this little interview, and so I hid in the cupboard on your arrival. But I have heard what you propose, and, as I consider the flag very pretty, I think I may say—I am agreeable."

"And so am I," continued the little Indian Secretary, still chuckling, and getting out from under the table. "Only, mum's the word. Of course, if it ever comes out, we know nothing about this?"

"Just so," endorsed the Marquis, hastily; "for we are, obviously, not aware, officially, of any proposition not directly addressed to us."

"Certainly," continued the Viceroy; "and I may say with regard to this that has gone on outside the Cabinet, that I have had no communication on the subject, or authorisation, and that I have not communicated with them on that which I have done; and therefore the responsibility has been simply and solely mine."

"That's about it," added the little Indian Secretary; "and if it

A LITTLE DINNER IN ARLINGTON STREET.

(One of those things which are "just so strange, that, though they never did, they might happen."—SHERIDAN.)



Lord S-l-sb-ry. "If you'll come to me, I'll give you my receipt for the dish."

Mr. Ch-m-b-r-l-n. "No, thank you, my Lord, there's such a lot of pepper in it, that it quite overpowers the pleasant flavour of the Union."

should come out some day, you just stick to that, and you'll be all right." The Stranger took up his small carpet-bag, and with a significant bow to the three Statesmen, silently withdrew. They were once more left facing each other.

"Think he'll split?" asked the Marquis, thoughtfully.

"Not he!" said the little Indian Secretary. "If he does—"

"Then leave him to me," added the Viceroy, brightly.

They exchanged a knowing wink; then they separated.

MR. "TRADE" MARKS, R.A., has recently executed a pictorial advertisement for Pears's Soap. It represents a Nigger saying, "Good for um complekshun." As it is not up to the usual mark of MARKS, we can't say that the artist deserves to "take the cake"—of soap.

TWO READINGS.—"We cannot spare a single Irishman," said Mr. PARNELL in his singularly mild and conciliatory speech on the second reading. This has been taken another way in Belfast, by the two opposite factions, which, as each in turn became victorious, adopted the Parnellite motto, "We cannot spare a single Irishman," and, being armed, they didn't. It's a double-edged saying.

HOWEVER uncertain may be the trumpet-sounds in the divided Liberal Camp, there can be no doubt as to what the Lord Salisbury Coercion policy will be. He, at least, among a crowd of vague utterances, has stood out from the rest as "Salisbury plain."

THE GREAT IRRESPONSIBLE.—Lord CARNARVON.

SADLY THE TROUBADOUR."

New Opera. Words by Dr. Hueffer. Music by Mr. Mackenzie.

HIGHLY scientific no doubt is the music of *The Troubadour* by Mr. MACKENZIE, but I shall leave the Expert "NIBBELUNGLET" to deal with it.

What is the dainty subject selected for Operatic treatment by the erudite Dutch Poet, who soars to Wagnerian heights,—the Flying Dutchman, Dr. HUEFFER? Simply the setting to music a repulsive story in which all the *dramatis personæ* are either utterly despicable, or totally undeserving of any honest sympathy. There is a very much ill-used husband *Raimon*, who does not appear to have been guilty of any impropriety, but whose stupidity is almost criminal, and whose subsequent conduct, when his suspicions of his wife are confirmed, is decidedly so. His wife *Margarida*, is an hysterical effusive fool; her sister *Azalais*, a shameless go-between, and even worse; and *Guillem de Cabestan*—so like Cabstand—is, as a professional musician, empty-headed and offensively conceited, and, as a man, he is an unprincipled, sneaking villain, who nowadays would probably be cut by such respectable Troubadours as "Squash" the "Bohee Brothers," or any gentleman who earns an honest livelihood by attending race-meetings with a banjo.

This sneaking professional *Guillem* makes love to *Margarida*, the wife of *Raimon*; and she returns it. *Azalais*, her sister, betrothed to a *Count Robert*, does her best to prevent *Raimon* from discovering the truth, and pretends that it is she herself who is the object of *Guillem's* passion. So *Raimon* is apparently perfectly content that his future brother-in-law should be deceived; but as he doesn't quite believe the story, he uses *Count Robert* as his tool—"Raimon and Robert were two pretty men"—and gets up a fight between him and *Guillem*, in which the latter will probably be killed, unless *Margarida* should rush in between the combatants, and thus betray her secret. This alternative happens, and then, after taking no pains to prevent his wife and her paramour meeting in his own house,—and in *Margarida's* chamber, where, at the opening of Act IV., they have been apparently passing a pleasant evening, protected from intrusion by the ever faithful sister *Azalais*, who wouldn't spoil sport on any account,—*Raimon* orders the assassination of *Guillem*, and would also murder the wretched *Margarida*, but that she prefers the opening offered her by the window, from which she precipitates herself. What becomes of *Azalais*, *Robert*, and *Raimon*, nobody knows, and nobody cares.



The Troubadour playing on the Gooze-Harp. "The 'G' was pronounced soft in the Provençal dialect. This instrument, in a modified form, has been handed down to us as the "Jooze-Harp."—From the History of Troubadours, by Who-effer-Rotit and Who-effer-Redit.

Why on earth did Mr. MACKENZIE accept such a book? The poet is great as a dramatist, especially in writing his stage-directions. Judging from these, I should imagine that he has had some hand in the *mise-en-scène*, as, for the first time in my experience of Drury Lane under the present management, I failed to recognise the stagecraft of AUGUSTUS DRURYOLANUS. Almost all Dr. HUEFFER's stage-directions are worth quoting as models for future librettists who would be their own stage-managers. Here are a few gems, taken at hap-hazard:—"Signs of admiration amongst the crowd." "Shouts and rustic music behind." "They perform a graceful dance symbolic of the vintage." And the Act ends with "CHORUS, promisingly," which is a real flash of genius.

In the Second Act the unprincipled professional *Guillem* is seen progressing in his corruption of whatever there may be left of good in

Raimon's wife, by reading to her an erotic poem, to which no decent woman under the circumstances could have listened for a moment without boxing the dissolute scoundrel's ears. But instead of this honest and energetic action being given in the stage-directions, we only find—"He pauses; they look in each other's eyes; the book drops on the ground unheeded. Long silence." There are two or three "long silences" in the book, but who goes to the Opera to hear "a long silence"?

Here is a good dramatic stage-direction, which exhibits Dr. HUEFFER as a master of construction. All the characters have just gone off, including *Margarida*. But a solo for *Margarida* is required, so this is how the dramatist artfully contrives it:—"Ereunt, &c., &c. MARGARIDA accompanies them for a short distance." As far as the Green-room door? "The stage remains empty for a few moments. Re-enter MARGARIDA hurriedly." Isn't this a triumph of ingenious stage-management? Then Dr. HUEFFER's sportsmen sing,—

"A nut-brown doe we carry here.
Fair was the fight,
But at last we beat her."

What brave sportsmen! And the last stage-direction in the Act is—"Curtain drops slowly on a dark and empty stage." How Wagnerian! But, with much of this sort of thing, it wouldn't be only the stage that would be "dark and empty."



Act III. commences with "Night,"—the greater part of the Opera is played in the dark—and the finest gems of Huefferian stage-directions are in this Act. *Guillem* the unprincipled and rather fat troubadour, and *Margarida*, the hysterical wife of *Count Raimon*, the Troubadour's host, Troubadour period "stand in close embrace." "At the sound of the going out hunting. flourish, the lovers have hastily retreated among the bushes behind the seat (L.)" Isn't that poetic and dramatic! The stout troubadour and the little lady disappear, hugging and going on anyhow all among the gooseberry, or any other, bushes. "After a time"—Dramatist HUEFFER is very fond of pauses and intervals, and likes to give his lovers every opportunity,—"*Count Robert* in lively conversation with several cavaliers, comes from the castle to the front of the stage." And then in an agony lest the actor should be too lively in his conversation,—a fault with which it is impossible to charge the librettist,—Dr. HUEFFER in a foot-note explains, "The actor is supposed to indicate delicately that *Robert*, though not drunk, is excited by wine." Dr. HUEFFER evidently had not much confidence either in the intelligence or the dramatic capability of Mr. BARRINGTON FOOTE who played the part of *Robert*—not a bit like our *ROBERT*, the City Waiter, whom we should much like to see in Italian Opera. At the end of this Act he gives peremptory directions for "Very quick curtain," and so exactly were his orders obeyed, that the rapidity of the curtain's descent abruptly interfered with MADAME VALERIA's singing, and startled the audience, who thought some accident had happened. I did not wait for the Troubadour with his bier in the last Act, but made "a quick curtain" of it, leaving the composer to be publicly congratulated on his cleverness, and Troubadour HUEFFER to be crowned by his friends and admirers. For myself, give me the tuneful *Carmen* and her representative at CARL ROSA's.

"What's in a name? She we call MARIE ROZE
By any other name would sing as sweet."



Operatic "Gardenias" from "The Garden."—Two real good old-fashioned scowling Villains, a Sorceress, the Ducal Tenor, the Heroine who stoutly defends her lover, and a pretty Page—to work out the story of *Un Ballo in Maschera*. A first-rate performance.

From "The Lane" to "The Garden."—On Saturday *Ernani* was



"1886."

(A PLAYFUL ADAPTATION OF MEISSONIER'S FAMOUS PICTURE, "1814.")



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Jones (to Hostess, famed for her Dinners). "OH, BY THE WAY, MRS. HODGKINSON, IF YOU SHOULD HAPPEN TO WANT A REALLY GOOD COOK, I KNOW OF ONE WHO WOULD SUIT YOU TO A T!"

substituted for *L'Africaine*, in consequence of Signor GAYARRÉ'S hoarseness. Mlle. JULIA VALDA and Signor ANDRADE achieved a triumph. To hear ALBANI in *Faust* the Garden was crammed full and every Garden seat taken. Next Saturday ALBANI in *Traviata*; a treat. "*Lago al Factotum del la città, Brrrravo!*"

"NIBBELUNGLET" says:—

The Troubadour, written by Dr. HUEFFER, and composed by Mr. MACKENZIE, is a melancholy work. The story is dismal, and so is the music. Hardly one ray of sunshine penetrates the murky gloom which overshadows the entire Opera. After the festivities in the First Act there is positively nothing but misery in the melodies, which has a naturally depressing effect upon the audience. Mr. BARTON MCGUCKIN sang the *Troubadour's* arduous and, in some places, actually tiresome, music with the most praiseworthy persistency and some obvious effort. His song with "lute" accompaniment was one of the best numbers in the Opera. The prelude to the Third Act is also worthy of especial mention, being a sonorous and refreshingly straightforward *entr'acte*. Mr. MCGUCKIN has some fairly effective love-music with *Margarida*; Madame VALLERIE sang this part to perfection. Mr. LESLIE CROTTY as the "wicked Count" was admirable from a musical point of view, and sang with thrilling effect a drinking song, which Dr. HUEFFER calls a "posy," in the last Act. This number is highly ingenious, recalling by its sardonic ring, and instrumental accompani-

ment, the well-known "serenade" sung by *Mephistopheles* beneath the window of another *Margarida* in *Faust*. Miss MARIAN BURTON employed her rich and round voice with her customary success, receiving a well-merited encore for her solo in the Third Act, "*Beneath a hawthorn on the blooming lawn*." There is an enormous amount of musicianly work in the new Opera, but little inspiration.

The masterly employment of contrasted rhythms in alternation and combination, the fine orchestral colour, and above all, the splendid part-writing of the choruses, inspire the profoundest respect for the composer's attainments, but give little of the satisfaction to an ordinary audience, that a successful Opera should do. The method of WAGNER, is not one to be lightly handled. No one yet has written an Opera in the least like him, though many have essayed to follow in his steps. The sensation of fatigue induced upon listeners' minds by the interminable unreeling of *recitative*, accompanied by snatches of *leit motives* and restless instrumentation, is not successfully combated by the reflection that it is "very clever." Mr. MACKENZIE can certainly claim a lenient judgment on the ground that he was heavily handicapped by his *collaborateur*. Who could write music to such words as these: "Be welcome, fair ladies both, to this our meeting"—just as if the scene were laid at Exeter Hall.

Mr. MACKENZIE'S strong point is the orchestra, which he thoroughly understands.

(Signed) NIBBELUNGLET.

"1886."

(After the Battle.)

RIDE on, great Chief! A mournful ride!
The ebbing and the flowing tide
Of battle now
Sets—for awhile—against you. Doom
Dulls in your eye its light; its gloom
Shadows your brow.

That firm-set face, that forthright look
Tell that defeat is hard to brook,
And heavier thus,
Because old comrades many, brave,
Swell the foes' ranks whose standards wave
Victorious.

Where are the men who many a day
Have fought around you in the fray,
Defying fear?
Ask where the fire of youth now glows,
Where are dead summers, where the snows
Of yester year?

ARGYLL is gone, his cocky crest,
Like Chanticleer's, which ever prest
Straight to the van,
Flames with the foe he late assailed;
Gone HARTINGTON, who never failed
To play the man:

Gone CHAMBERLAIN, gone GOSCHEN, gone—
Of shocks the sorest!—Glorious JOHN.
And these have turned
The tide of fight, and dulled your fame,
And lowered the flag where Victory's flame
So oft hath burned.

Yet some remain; the stalwart, stout,
Swashbuckler HARCOURT; how the rout
Must rouse his ire!
Aramis—GRANVILLE, sleekly strong,
Young ROSEBERRY of the ready tongue
And charge of fire.

Chivalrous RUSSELL, CHILDEERS meek,
MUNDELLA of the eagle-beak
And flowing hair;
High-hearted SPENCER, MORLEY grim,
With—strangest of strange foils to him—
Bland LABOUCHERE:

And many another man of might,
Yet not enough to win the fight,
Or stay defeat.
So, with fixed face and forward glance,
The Chief, best used to brave advance,
Rides in retreat.

Withdrawing, yet considerate still
Of further fight; unshaken will,
Unbated hope,
O'er-ride reverse; yet once again
He'll rally that despondent train
With fate to cope.

It is not yet his Waterloo.
That stern face seeks the shadows through
For coming light,
Though now outnumbered, brought to stand,
He leads a broken, beaten band
Once more to fight.

ALL SMOKE.—A few days since a cabman was punished with rather a heavy fine for discharging a pistol accidentally. The weapon was the property of Lord MANDEVILLE, who, upon being called to give evidence, suddenly disappeared, and treated that very excellent Magistrate, Mr. NEWTON, with contempt. His Worship complained that Lord MANDEVILLE was most "disrespectful" and guilty of "highly unbecoming" conduct. Surely, after this opinion from the Bench, further steps should have been taken. Lord MANDEVILLE ought not to have been let off—like his revolver!



TREAT AT "THE COLINDERIES."

Eton Boy. "GLASS O' SHERRY AND BITTERS, AND SOME MILK AN' WATER FOR THE LADY!"

MAIDENHEAD BRIDGE.

On a river that lazily creeps to the tide—
'Twas the silvery Thames, if you're willing to know—
Where it's pleasant to steer with a girl by your side
As the clever ones pull, or the lazy ones tow,
Her eyes were a dream of forget-me-not blue,
The coxswain elect of our wherry the *Midge*.
"Easy all!" cried a merry young voice to the crew,
"We must hear the old echo of Maidenhead Bridge."

Ha! ha! ha! ha! a dozen times
It gives them back their fun and rhymes.
From coxswain to crew, from maiden to *Midge*,
A laugh was the echo of Maidenhead Bridge!

In a shower that gloomily swept through the arch,
A rower in silence moved down with the stream,
There were tears on the willow and sighs from the larch,
And the bells of the flowers were closed in a dream.
His thoughts travelled back to the merry young crew,
As it floated one summer, long past in the "*Midge*,"
When men seemed so faithful, and women so true,
So he tried the old echo of Maidenhead Bridge.

Alas! Alas! a dozen times,
It gave him back his mournful rhymes.
From flower to field: from river to ridge,
A sigh was the echo of Maidenhead Bridge!

On a morning that carolled the birth of the Spring,
A rower went up from the village of Bray;
And he heard in the distance a pretty voice sing
From a boat that was steering the opposite way.
He had longed to remember, and she to forget,
How their eyes met in love in the merry old *Midge*,
Together they stopped but a minute—and yet
They tried the old echo of Maidenhead Bridge.

A kiss! a kiss! old loves, and rhymes,
It brought them back forgotten times.

From Winter to Spring; from river to ridge,
A kiss was the echo of Maidenhead Bridge!

HARDLY (OR BRET HARD-LY).—May the Division on the Home-Rule Bill be known in future as the "Great Divide"?

DIARY OF AN ANTI-ALCOHOLIC ISLANDER.

Monday.—Capital idea of Lord WOLSELEY to send us to this hitherto uninhabited place, where drink is unattainable, and where, consequently, I cannot indulge in my pernicious but still very pleasant failing of taking too many stimulants. Arrived last night, and had to sleep in a hollow tree. Sorry to disturb something which glided away in the darkness. Never like to be rude. However, consoled this morning on learning I had only started a cobra.

Tuesday.—Not half a bad place, but very primitive. The other colonists, it seems, have gone away in the night. Well, let them; they were sad drunkards. Am very dry. Can't get anything here. Perhaps the departed colonists may have left some liquor, although it is scarcely likely. Have examined their effects, and can only find *Somebody on Domestic Management*. This should be useful. Island wonderfully productive. Lots of bullocks, sheep, and horses, also poultry. Have taken up residence in log-hut left by colonists.

Wednesday.—Woke up in the middle of the night by the whole of my live stock coming up-stairs into my bedroom. It appears that with much animal instinct they had taken refuge there to escape the wolves, who are very ravenous. Got rid of them by throwing my boots and other missiles at them. In the morning consulted my *Domestic Management*, to see how I could get a rump-steak. Had some difficulty in killing a bullock; and although I got what I wanted, fear I must have wasted a good deal of meat in the operation.

Thursday.—Wolves quiet, because they were feeding all night on the remains of the bullock, which I had to kill yesterday to get my rump-steak. In the morning consulted my *Domestic Management*, but could find nothing directly bearing upon "How to clear a prairie or primeval forest for cultivation," which was the question I wanted answered. Cut down a bit of a tree in four hours. Considered that at that rate it would take me months to clear the place, so hit upon the idea of setting the whole thing on fire. It was a magnificent sight. The woods blazed away splendidly. The only disadvantage was that, it started all the wild beasts, who made for my hut as a sort of trysting-place. However they were frightened away by some yelling savages, who it appears are the native inhabitants of the place. After disposing of the lions, tigers, cobras and wild elephants,

they wanted to kill me. Pacified their chief by presenting him with some glass beads and a showy doll from the Lowther Arcade.

Friday.—Native savages not half bad fellows when you know them. They are rather fond of torturing one another—but that is not their fault, but the error of their early education. Most of them had breakfast with me. They didn't seem to care, however, about tea or coffee. They asked for "Bosh." After much discussion, I discovered that this was an ardent spirit, made by the natives. Very shocked, and spent the remainder of the day in warning them not to take it. I tasted some myself, and must confess it was excellent.

Saturday.—Been drinking Bosh all night. Saw ship coming to pick me up. No, six ships—at least I think so. Tell natives mustn't take Bosh—bad for 'em. Am teetotaler myself, but Bosh seems to agree with me. Like this Island—keeps me out o' mischief. Can't get drink here. But don't count Bosh. Am being carried to ship. Am very bad in boat. Remonstrate, and they tell me I am drunk. Want to fight 'em all. Very tired. Shall turn into my berth in my boots. Want to go back to the Desert Island. Bosh!

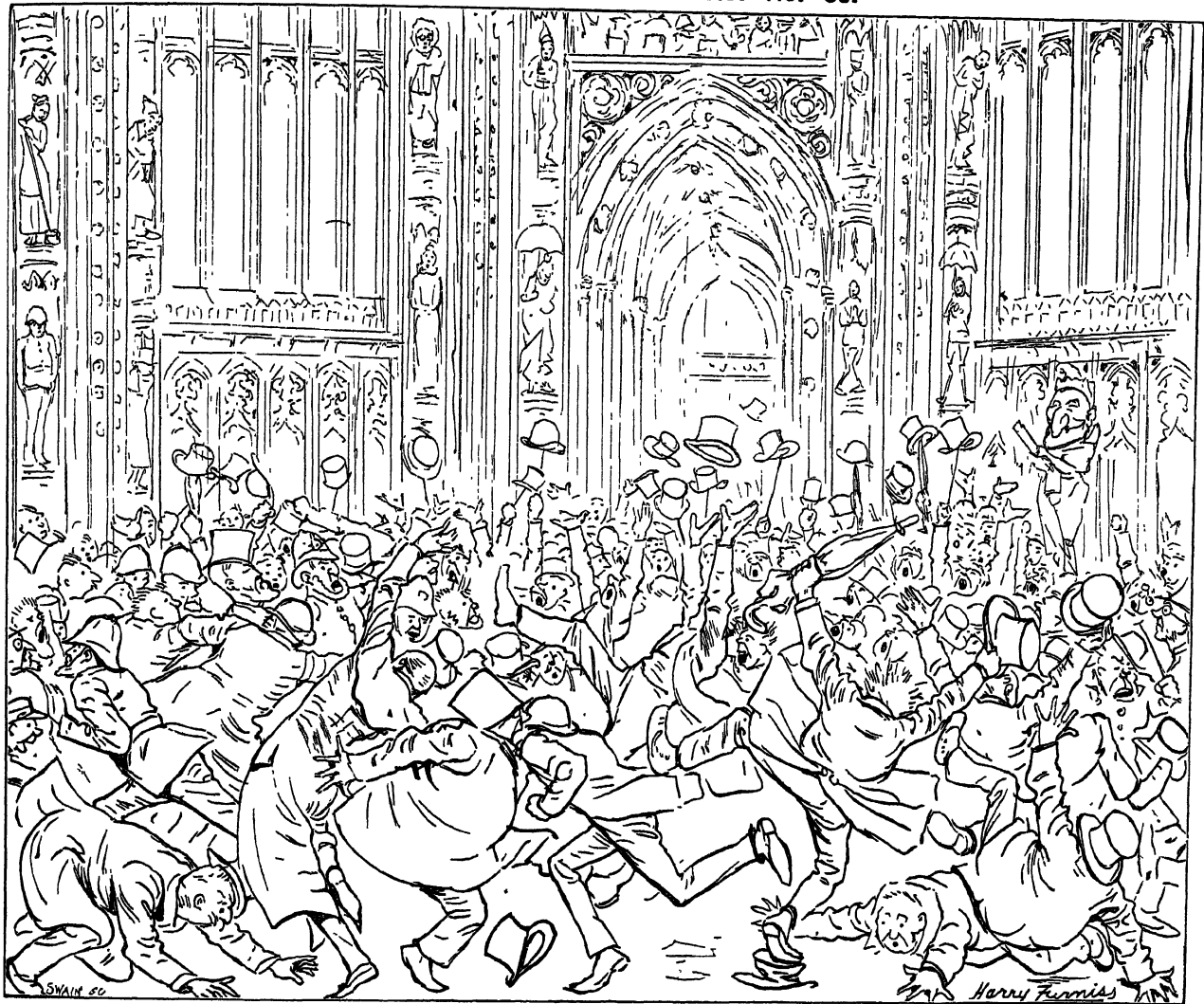
A DISTINCT DENIAL.

IN the article last week entitled "Comparing Notes," NIBBELUNGLET described how our "dear old CHARLES HALLÉ" got a "warm reception," and how "Madame NORMAN NERUDA was present to do honour to her newly-married lord." From which it was very naturally inferred that Madame NERUDA had recently changed her name to HALLÉ.

We are authorised to say that there is no sort of foundation for this report, which, we believe, first appeared in some German paper. It was a case of "writ in error," as NIBBELUNGLET was evidently labouring under an Hallé-cination, and might as well have said that the eminent composer and pianist was wedded to a "Hallé-lujah lass."

We sincerely regret that anything in these pages should have caused annoyance to a distinguished lady and gentleman who at various times have given *Mr. Punch* such real pleasure; and on his behalf, and speaking for the too-confiding but now distracted NIBBELUNGLET, we take the first opportunity of contradicting this statement, editori-Hallé.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 36.



THE CENTRAL LOBBY, HOUSE OF COMMONS. Tuesday Morning, June 8th, 1886.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 7.—"This is our closing day," HARCOURT hummed, as he made his way to his seat, through the crowd at the Bar. Before the House rises, fate of Home-Rule Bill and of the Government will be settled. In anticipation, greatest crowd since Alderman and Baronet FOWLER presided in chair set on floor of House. Every seat on floor taken. Members fill up the Gangways, crowd the Bar, and cluster round the SPEAKER's chair. All the Galleries overflowed. The outside lobbies crowded and a multitude at the gates of Palace Yard.

GOSCHEN, loudly cheered by Conservatives; resumed debate. Unusually animated, gesticulated fiercely, to imminent danger of HARTINGTON's hat.

After this silvery tones of PARNELL, filled the House in strange contrast with the uplifted voice of GOSCHEN. PARNELL on his very best behaviour. Bland to the furthest degree. Even when he disclosed the terms of the bargain made by the late Conservative Government for Irish vote, he did not raise his voice half a note, whilst passion seethed around him, and the House was filled with cries of astonishment, derision and contradiction.

Whilst it was yet the dinner-hour, JOSEPH COWEN delivered an oration full of fire and colour, listened to with admiration by a House again rapidly filling. After him, once more the contrast of level voice and unimpassioned manner. Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH was on his feet. Members straining their necks, to catch what he would say in reply to PARNELL's disclosure. Didn't say anything for half an hour. Then "to the best of my knowledge and belief," declared

amid mocking laughter, that "if any such statement was communicated by anyone to Mr. PARNELL, he had not the authority of the Cabinet."

GLADSTONE appeared at the table at twenty minutes past Eleven. Pale and stern-looking in visage, with a white flower in his button-hole, and the pomatum pot extracted with difficulty from his coat-tail pocket. For an hour and forty minutes he talked; full of vigour and animation, flashing back retorts upon his constant interrupters and winding up with a lengthened, and sustained peroration, in which he pictured Ireland standing at the Bar expectant, hopeful, almost suppliant.

Tuesday, 1.10 A.M.—GLADSTONE just sat down amid vociferous cheering. In slow voice SPEAKER put the question that the Bill be read a Second Time. A roar of "Aye!" was followed by a shout of "No!" Hard to say which sound preponderated. Then, with sudden rustling movement, Members on either side rose, and stepping down the Gangway, mingled on the floor of the House, some passing towards the doorway under the Clock, others making for the exit behind the Speaker's Chair. The House cleared, the doors were locked, and for a moment the place so lately a scene of bustle, was deserted. Then the doors were unlocked, and Members trooped in in level stream from either side, rapidly filling up the benches. A quarter of an hour passed, and still Members streamed in. GLADSTONE picking his way through the throng, was recognised and loudly cheered. At twenty-five minutes past One, MARJORIBANKS and BRAND, who had been telling for the supporters of the Bill, were seen fighting their way through the crowd, and making for the table. All eyes were turned to the other entrance, but there was no sign of ARNOLD MORLEY and CAINE, telling for the Opposition. This told a story without uttered speech. The first in had the fewest to "tell."

The supporters of the Bill were played out, and still the Opposition forces filed through the wicket. GLADSTONE took a paper out of his pocket, and concentrated his attention upon it whilst the murmur of excited voices rose to a roar like that of the sea; and Members still pressed in from the



HUMORISTS OF THE HOUSE.

The Two Drolls, or "Cap-bell-Funnyman" and "Little Labby," the world-renowned Jester, in their celebrated entertainment, entitled "At Question Time; or, The Cold-stream-Grocers and the Restoration of Charles the Second," the cheers from the corner bench below the Gangway, and JOSEPH GILLIS, TIM HEALY, and the rest took the time from him. Now RANDOLPH sat on Front Bench above the Gangway, excitedly twirling his moustache, but successfully resisting the impulse to put on Grand Cross's spectacles, and throw HICKS-BEACH's hat in the air. JOSEPH GILLIS sat below the Gangway, sardonically grinning, and occasionally ejaculating a scornful "Ha! ha!" and a contemptuous "Oh! oh!" TIM HEALY answered Conservative jubilation with ardent groans.

Cheers renewed again and again by Conservatives when figures announced, showing majority of 30 against Bill. Parnellites could retain their seats no longer. They all leapt to their feet, some on to the benches, as of yore, and defiantly answered the cheering of the victors. A moment of terrible passion. A little more, and it seemed that the allies of last year's June would be at each other's throats. But it passed off in sound of fury, and with a ringing cheer for the Grand Old Man, and groans for CHAMBERLAIN, led by REDMOND, Junior, the excited mob dispersed.

Business done.—Home-Rule Bill thrown out by 341 votes against 311.

Thursday.—Shadow of dissolution hanging low over the House. Influence felt in various directions. Members elected for the first time seven months ago, inclined to make hay whilst the sun shines—or rather speeches, whilst Parliament sits. JOHN MORLEY, questioned about Ulster Riots, gives full account of arrangements for maintenance of order. "Constabulary," he says, "were all posted at Half-past Five o'Clock last night."

"Well," said Lord JOHN MANNERS, who is looking forward to reinstatement at St. Martin's-le-Grand, "that was excellent time for first delivery in the morning." Major SAUNDERSON wanted to know whether the man shot at Lurgan was not a Protestant. A shrewd movement this—designed to show up the Nationalists as the aggressors. But TIM HEALY equal to the occasion, "Before the question is answered," he said, "perhaps the Right Hon. Gentleman will say whether the two men shot at Monaghan were not set upon by the Orange Party."



Brutus Roscius Kean R-dm-nd, Jun.

"Yah! Yah!"

So, on the balance, the Nationalists scored one, and the Parnellites madly cheered.

GLADSTONE announces inevitable dissolution, and the House gets to work in Committee of Supply, in preparation for bringing it about. *Business done.*—Dissolution announced.

Friday Night.—House of Lords adjourned for what is humorously called the Whitsun Recess. Commons hard at work on Army Estimates, but Parliament practically broken up. The empty benches to-night stand in melancholy contrast with the animated appearance of the last three weeks. Still a few Members left to make long speeches, worrying at the votes, just as if all other matters were following habitual course. Lobby the busiest part of House. Thronged with ex-Members willing once more to place their services at the disposal of the country. Among them comes WARRON with hospitable snuff-box. But much has happened since he was here last. The new Members pass him by without recognition, and presently he disappears.

Business done.—Army Estimates in Supply.

LYRICS IN A LIBRARY.

IV.—TO ROBERT BURTON.

A QUAIN old store of learning lies
In BURTON's pleasant pages;
With long quotations that comprise
The wisdom of the ages.

'Tis strange to read him 'mid the crowd,
And modern hurly-burly;

The only author JOHNSON vowed
Could make him get up early.

He lived a solitary life,
He said "*Mihi et musis.*"
And put his rest from worldly strife
To very pleasant uses.

He wrote the book wherein we find,
"All joys to this are folly;"
And naught, to the reflective mind,
"So sweet as melancholy."

How strangely he dissects his theme
In manner anatomic;

He's earnest at one time you deem,
Now decorously comic.

And most prodigiously he quotes,
With learning quite gigantic,
Or telling classic anecdotes,
Is pleasantly pedantic.

There's sterling sense in every page,
And shrewdest cogitation,

Your keen attention he'll engage,
And honest admiration.

If any man should vow to live
With but one book, be certain
To him could friendly fortune give
No better book than BURTON.

He lies at rest in Christchurch aisle,
With all his erudition;

The hieroglyphics make one smile
That show his superstition.

His epitaph survives to-day,
As one "*Cui vitam dedit
Et mortem Melancholia.*"
So he himself has said it.

SIDONIUS APOLLINARIS.—An Historian of the first water.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

—The Gentleman who has deservedly earned the title of "the People's Caterer" has introduced a fresh feature into his new venture at Battersea. During the last week a very fair reproduction of the *café chantant* of the Champs Elysées has been the great attraction at the Albert Palace. "Paris in London," as the entertainment is styled, is genuine gold, not Dutch metal, although it is inseparably connected with HOLLAND. Couldn't he induce Monseigneur Le Duc de BLOWITZ, and the Exiled Princes to pay him a visit?

"BUT NOW A KING, NOW THUS!"—The unfortunate King of BAVARIA has been deposed on account of his insanity. The proofs of his imbecility are taken to be his great extravagance and his love for the works of WAGNER. He used to enjoy a performance of this Master's works all alone in a private box. He was welcome to his solitude, poor King, but it is a sad warning to fanatic Wagnerites.

MR. GLADSTONE'S NEW SUMMER ENTERTAINMENT FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY.—"Dissolving Views."



Note of a recently "Established President."

A MIDSUMMER MID-DAY REALITY.

WHATEVER the Crystal Palace is, it certainly is not "No Manns Land," for Mr. MANNS with his band reign supreme. "*The Midsummer Night's Dream*," with Mr. MANNS' excellent band, MENDELSSOHN'S music, KATTI LANNER'S children, Mr. STEDMAN'S boys, Mr. FERNANDEZ'S company, and Mr. OSCAR BARRETT'S assistance, was excellent. The musical portion of the entertainment was



absolutely faultless. Madame KATTI LANNER'S pupils danced as well as ever, and insisted upon introducing their talented instructress into Act II. Miss ALMA MURRAY was a picturesque *Titania*, and Mr. FERNANDEZ as *Bottom*, the amateur player, reminded me of PHELPS, but was not sufficiently idiotic. The representative of *Puck* was perhaps too pantomimic, but on the whole the show could not possibly have been better.

JACK'S DOG; OR, THE MAN WHO SHOT IT!

TAKE *Le Testament de César Girardot* as a sound foundation; scatter over scraps from AUGIER and SANDEAU; add the whole of the will scene, word for word, sentiment for sentiment, and business for business, from BULWER LYTTON'S *Money*; jerk in scraps from *Good for Nothing*, two Bohemians quarrelling over a good-hearted girl; garnish with scenes from immortal dog dramas, and there you have the new and original four-act comedy, *Jack*. There are some pretty bits in it, but they are all borrowed; there are some strong scenes, but they are all plagiarised. The only satisfaction to be derived from *Jack* is the definite discovery of the man who really did shoot the dog. We have got him at last. He is not *Jack*, but *Jack's* friend, a vulgar, low-minded reprobate, who pretends to be a Bohemian, and acts with incomprehensible ingratitude that would disgrace a savage. *Jack* and his friend live together. They rescue *Nan*, and both love her. *Jack's* friend wins *Nan*, and *Jack* wipes away a manly tear. The successful suitor comes unexpectedly into a fortune, whereupon he insults *Nan*, cuts his Bohemian pals, and shoots *Jack's* dog. *Jack*, disgusted, sneaks back to his attic, and finds *Nan* awaiting him. They foregather, and naturally discover that *Jack* is the real heir, and not *Jack's* friend.

The dog is dead—but no matter, for the play is ended. It is interesting chiefly from the fact that Miss DOROTHY DENE has had another chance, and availed herself of it. *Nan*, in *Good for Nothing*, is not her line at all. She is not a simple, quaint, sympathetic actress, fortified with tricks of art that only experience can give. She has heart, she has voice, she has power, as we saw the other day at the Greek plays. A girl who can play *Cassandra* should not waste her time on a diluted *Nan*, or give her fresh, young energy to a programme that begins with plagiarism, and ends with fustian. It can do a clever young lady like Miss DOROTHY but little good to be seen in Dean Street, when such an appropriated original play as *Jack* is followed by one more tedious imitation of HENRY IRVING, and still another empty echo of MOWBRAY MORRIS'S played-out joke of the critics, the chicken, and the champagne! A young actor, or actress, does a distinctly unwise thing when lending influence to any entertainment initiated on frivolity, and based on bad taste. The acting of both EBEN PLYMPTON and DOROTHY DENE is too good to be wasted on dog comedies and doggerel burlesques. Mr. HENLEY was once strong at the Gaiety in a very brief Irvingesque imitation, but is now, in view perhaps of Regatta time, Henley Weak.

PROMPTER'S BOX.

THE STANDARD OF WRONG.—The French Flag at the New Hebrides.

PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

(By Our Special Book-Marker.)

"A FALLEN IDOL."

THIS book you'll read, I'm sure | That ANSTAY finds some mischief
you will. | still
It soon will show to you, | For Idol hands to do!

DICKENS' DICTIONARY OF THE THAMES.

If upon the Thames you go for | 'Tis exact and full of fact and
quiet relaxation, | clever observation,
Dickens' Dic. you'll take with | Crammed with useful River-lore
you, without much hesitation: | and varied information!

"HER MAJESTY'S COLONIES."

MR. TRENDALL'S stout volume is | A Handbook that's handy and
worthily filled | bound to attract,
With Essence of Colonies, deftly | Exhaustive, amusing, concise and
distilled: | exact:
Statistics and history, legend and | It will popular be—there is no
fact, | doubt about it—
You'll find in a nutshell here | The Colinderies crowd cannot well
cleverly packed. | do without it!

DICKENS' DICTIONARY OF LONDON.

HERE DICKENS takes you every- | With information 'tis replete,
where | Concerning show or church or
To theatre, to park and square, | street,
And leaves no point of interest | This comprehensive guide to
undone: | London!

"SOCIAL VICISSITUDES."

F. C. PHILIPS here gives you, in pleasing variety—
A number of smartly told tales of Society.

"GOOD QUEEN ANNE."

ALL about players, the drama, | Soldiers and sailors of vast re-
the stage— |nown,
As found in "England's Augustan | You'll find described, with the
age"— | life in town,
Poets and painters, and sights | In a well-writ book, which you're
and shows, | bound to scan,
With men of letters, and belles | 'Tis DAVENPORT ADAMS'S *Good*
and beaux: | *Queen Anne*!

QUITE A NEW PINT.

Is there any seer who can see into the middle of next week? Then he has insight enough, perhaps, to read between the lines of the subjoined transcript from the "Personal" column of the *Times*:—

"NOTICE.—Burton.—Shakspeare.—ROBERT BURTON having been, in all probability, the author of the writings known as Shakspeare's, all BOOKS, &c., used by him, will have a peculiar value, and should be carefully preserved."

There was good strong ale in QUEEN BASS'S time, but we refuse to believe that the Divine WILLIAMS owed inspiration to draughts of Burton.

Mem. by a Martyr.

(Whilst listening to a long After-dinner Speech.)

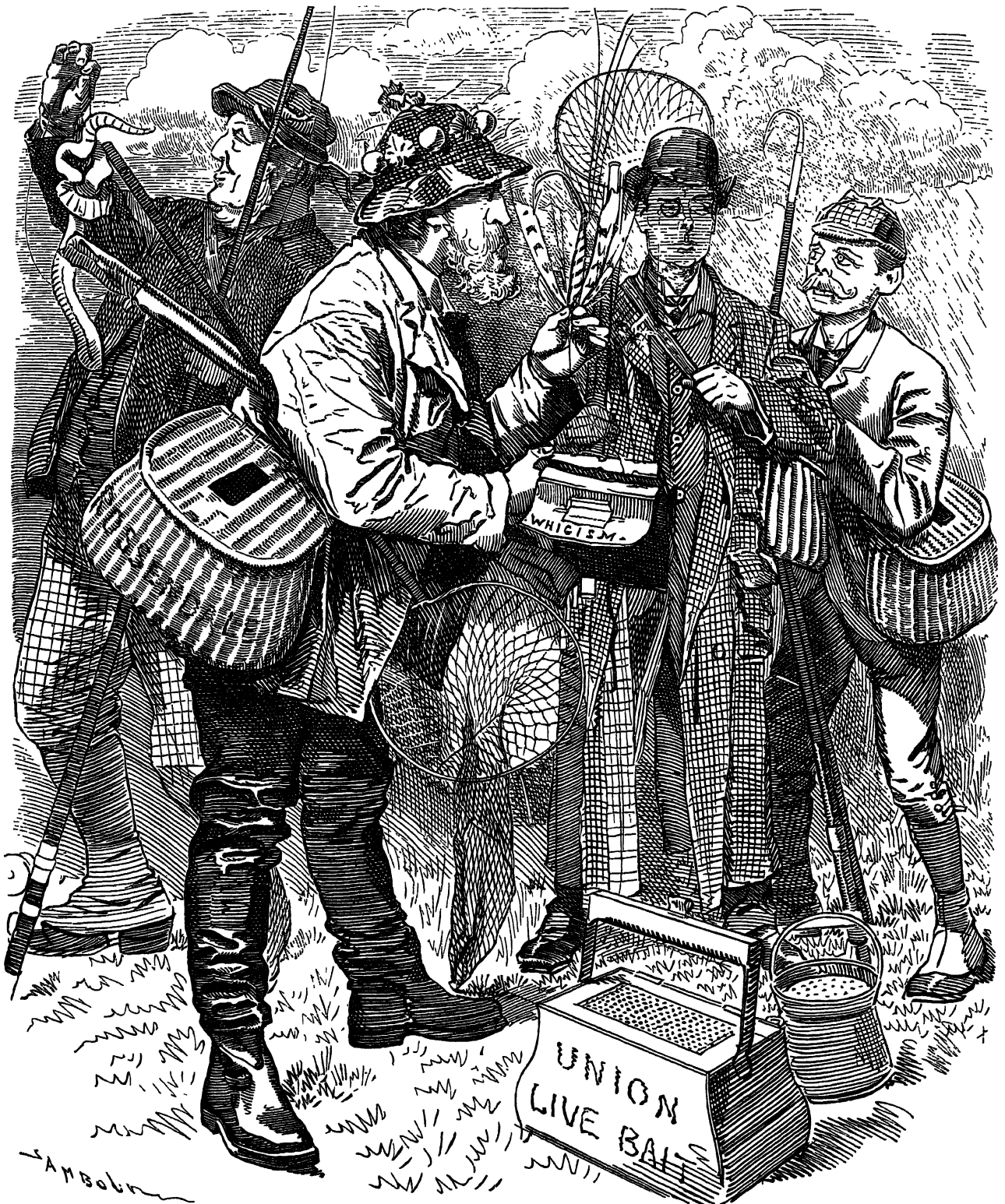
AH me! in life's race, on a Crack or a Screw,
There are chances a many, and tricks not a few,
That keep us as winners from scoring.
For "pulling" and "roping," and other base acts,
The world social penalties sternly exacts;
Oh, would there were one upon "boring"!

NORTH V. SOUTH.—The *Daily News* Correspondent, recording Mr. GLADSTONE'S speech in the Edinburgh Music Hall—it ought to have been a song—on Friday night, says: "It was a sultry June evening." Was it? Not in the Sunny South—meaning London: not a bit of it. We were putting on our wraps and great-coats, ordering Christmas cards, and looking forward to a week's skating.

KING THEREBAW'S "Sacred Hairy Family," now being exhibited at the Pall-Mall Gallery, is an illustration of the respect which that Monarch and his subjects paid to the Haireitary Hairy-stoocracy.

"BAD TO BEAT" is the title of Captain HAWLEY SMART'S latest Novel. The heroine is whacked by her husband, who gets punished. Moral.—It's "bad to beat." N.B. We have not yet read the book.

THE JOLLY ANGLERS.



Churchill (to Chamberlain). "I SAY, OLD FELLOW, WE WON'T INTERFERE WITH ONE ANOTHER'S SWIMS."
 Harcourt (with "Gladstone" lob-worm). "I THINK THE GRAND OLD BAIT WILL CATCH 'EM."

Ch-mb-rl--n. Humph! Didn't expect to go a-fishing again quite so soon, and in *this* weather too. But must make the best of it. All the fault of GL--DST--NE, who has upset our last "kettle of fish" completely--confound him! Wish he would "take his hook," and leave matters to me. As it is I must fish against him. Well, we shall see which of us has the most killing bait. BR--GHT knows a bit about this sort of sport, and he backs my chance. Don't quite like the waters though, they are troubled ones, and the wind seems shifty. Much rather have waited till later in the Season. (Sighs).
 H--rc--rt. Ha! JOE looks a bit bothered. (Chuckles fatty.)

Turning over his flies in a regular tantrum. (*Wags his head.*) Perky Piscator regrets his precipitancy, I fancy. (*Winks.*) Sweet on his new tackle—very, but not quite sure of his basket. Shall stick to the Grand Old Bait myself—for this match. Finer and fatter lob I never saw. *Ought to tickle 'em up.* Fancy it will fetch 'em after all, and then—(*Chuckles.*)

H-r-t-n-g-t-n. Beastly bother, turning out this time of the year. Prefer turf to stream myself, but G. is so impulsive. Don't quite like fishing against him, but really can't stand his style any longer. Wonder how I shall get on with this lot. Rather mixed! Expect I shall have to cut Angling Club altogether, and try my own hook. (*Groans.*)

Ch-rch-ll (aside). Here we are again! And what a company! Who'd have thought, six months ago, of us four meeting as an angling party? Great larks, though they hardly seem to see it, I must say. JOE looks fierce, HARTY uncomfortable, and even JUMBO less complacent than usual, though he is smiling so fatly over his "lob." Fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind. Wonder how much fellow-feeling there is between the four of us. Well, I'm all right. Got a most killing bait of my own, which I shall just keep dark for awhile. (*Aloud.*) Oh, I say, you fellows, it's quite understood that we're not to interfere with each other's swims, eh?

Omnes (gloomily). Hm-m-m-m!!!

Ch-rch-ll (aside). Four Jolly Anglers We! Yes, we look it, don't we?

THE TWO OPERAS.

In "*The Garden*."—*Rigoletto* showed us what Mlle. ELIA RUSSELL could do, and how high she could go when *Gilda* disappears into the attic storey—a most dram-attic storey, in view of what takes place there—in the second scene of Act I. Signor D'ANDRADE played the *Fool* within measurable distance of perfection; and he can sing too, which is much in this part, the thoroughly satisfactory combination of acting and singing being rare.

Signor MARINI was *Il Duca*—a very ill *Duca*—yet he had an exceptional triumph over all other Dukes that I've ever heard, and that was, that his *La Donna è Mobile* fell hopelessly flat. For the rest, it was a good performance; and as to the *mise en scène*, I was able, with deep emotion, to exclaim, "Scenes of my childhood! once more I behold ye!" Can Signor LAGO inform me whether the terms of the leases held by *Rigoletto* and his neighbour *Conte de Caprano* compel them to paint their houses within and without every seven years? If so, neither of them has done it.

Un Ballo in Maschera is to be performed again. It deserved the *encore*, and ought to draw a very big house.

On Saturday *La Traviata* was given. ALBANI's acting as *Violetta*, especially in the Second Act, was very fine. As to her singing, *cela va sans dire*,—though, by the way, if it did, the result would have been songs without words.

In "*The Lane*."—The Expert, "NIBELUNGLEI," says:—"The revival, last week, of Mr. GORING THOMAS's first operatic success, *Esmeralda*, was very welcome. Miss GEORGINA BURNS played the heroine, and Mr. LESLIE CROTTY acted the pathetic part of *Quasimodo* as heretofore. His singing in the last Act previous to his being made 'King of the Fools,' by the merry beggars, was touching in the extreme. Mr. BARTON MCGUCKIN as the military hero, *Phœbus*, and Mr. JAMES SAUVAGE as the evilly disposed monk *Frollo*, were both more than satisfactory, while the music of the opera is fascinating from beginning to end. The critics say it is 'very French.' By that they presumably mean that it is a contrast to the Anglo—not to say Double—Dutch strains of *Colomba* and *The Troubadour*." I may add that, from a dramatic point of view, Mr. MCGUCKIN shone as *Phœbus*, an extraordinary instance of *Phœbus* shining at night; and that Mr. SAUVAGE's *Claude Frollo* is one of the best things he has done, which, perhaps, is not saying very much.

Seeing the patronage bestowed on musical performances everywhere, and the discrimination shown by the mixed audiences, it is a puzzle to me how it seems to be taken as settled, that an Opera Company Limited, with an English and Italian season, would not pay a dividend, and that the shares would soon be going for a mere song? The great experience and the praiseworthy energy of Mr. CARL ROSA, mark him out as the Managing Director of such an enterprise, and with a few good financial names on the



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

The Professor. "HOW SINGULARLY YOU AND YOUR BROTHER RESEMBLE EACH OTHER, MISS ANGELINA!"

Miss Angelina. "IS THAT A COMPLIMENT TO MY BROTHER, OR A COMPLIMENT TO ME?"

The Professor. "OH, A COMPLIMENT TO NEITHER, I ASSURE YOU!"

Board, a good company on the boards could be started. If Mr. ROSA can make a profit year after year, surely a well conducted commercial company working in town and country, ought to be a paying concern. Madame PATTI might leave her Welsh rabbits, and take a large interest in such a scheme!

NIBBS.

A GREAT BOON.

"THE Lord's Day" in London has come to be exclusively "The Day of the Lords;" that is, of the Upper Classes, who have only to spend their money and command their amusement. But for the Artisan, for the respectable Working-Man and his family, it is indeed a day of rest from labour, but it is a rest without recreation, wearying rather than refreshing. The *Daily Telegraph* of last Saturday proposed the opening of "The Colinderies" free of charge on Sundays. What possible objection can there be to this? A simple organisation will provide that this boon to the genuine Working-Man shall not entail extra compulsory labour on a single official, nor offend a single conscientious scruple. Mr. *Punch* has not, just now, the space at command to allow him to go into the *pros* and *cons* of the question, but he refers his readers to the plea for the millions in the *Daily Telegraph* of June 19th; and to that proposition therein contained he begs to say ditto.

PUNCH.

THE VICAR OF BRAY REDIVIVUS.—There was a difficulty last Sunday among the Churchmen, for it was a Double Festival. The anniversary of the QUEEN's Accession fell on Trinity Sunday. Church and State Clergy were mightily perplexed. The *Æsthetic* Archbishop did his best to serve two masters, but the Rev. E. A. HUMPHREYS, of Cambridge, triumphed over all obstacles by composing a Hymn which celebrated the dual festival in one devout and loyal verse. This Reverend Gentleman is a real Unionist, not an Unitarian, and, when pre-ferment is about, we hope he will find his reward.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Wednesday, June 16.—House met again to-day, after Whitsun holidays. Remarkable improvement visible in appearance of Members. Bronzed cheeks, brighter eyes, more vigorous action. This only to be expected. Whitsun holidays have been two days long, and, judiciously spent on land and sea, have wrought this marvellous and happy effect. Comparatively few Members back. In the division, 162 voted, but something less than the odd sixty-two kept their seats throughout debate. The rest already entered upon electoral campaign.

A crowd of Bills on the paper, and report of Supply to be dealt with. This last involves the trifling expenditure of Twelve Millions sterling. But Members, fresh from holiday, not inclined to be cantankerous.

Sage of Queen Anne's Gate moves rapidly in and out and round about the House. The other morning, when dawn was stealing over sleeping Metropolis, he managed to tack on to quite another Bill a clause throwing costs of returning officers upon the rates. Bill comes up to-day on motion for Third Reading. Conservatives muster in all available force to throw it out. But the Sage is too many for them; the Bill passes, and the Sage smiles. "Let him laugh who wins," said JOHN MANNERS. "Thank Heaven we've a House of Lords!"

Business done.—Appropriation Bill brought in, and read First Time.

Thursday.—Here's The O'KELLY looking for CHAMBERLAIN. But that's the only sign of animation about the House. It appears that CHAMBERLAIN's been having a little correspondence with The O'KELLY, which he regards as concluded. The O'KELLY takes another view of the situation. Has a few more words to say if he can only get at CHAMBERLAIN's ear, which, in truth, he is prepared to pull. In the meantime stalks through the corridors, looking for him in the Smoking-Room, Reading-Room, and on the Terrace. Rather encourage this enterprise. Will in time work off superfluous energy. Afraid if he were to sit down now, he would spontaneously explode.

As for the House, it reaches lower depths of dullness. Winding up business of Parliament; getting ready for decent death and burial. Some inquiry about French action in New Hebrides. But Scotch Members not to be drawn into the controversy, which fades away in question and answer. JOSEPH GILLIS, taking note of the near approach of the end of all things, makes spasmodic effort to resume his older form. JOEY B., himself still clothed with the radiance of later youth, has a grievance against venerable age. "A vain old gentleman," he once called GLADSTONE, in those far-off days before peace reigned in the Irish quarter. Has now discovered a much older gentleman, who has seen fourscore years, and still draws a salary in the Irish Administration. How many hours a day does he give to the office? JOEY B. asks, with something of the old gleam in his eye, and a shadow of the old smile hovering about his lips. But it was a poor, weak effort; and having shot his dart, JOSEPH slunk away, a little ashamed of himself.

The new order of things illustrated again in respect of Appropriation Bill. Second Reading now moved. In good old times this the great opportunity for Irish Members. What long days of contention we used to have in good old times! what all-night sittings! what Saturday afternoons! and what shock to the lamented PHIL CALLAN when we sat into Sunday morning! All this changed now. Not an Irish voice uplifted in opposition to the stage. LYON PLAYFAIR has it pretty well all to himself. Delivers to scantily-attended class one of those luminous lectures he sometimes interposes in the round of barren political discussion. Most excellent and eloquent disquisition on Education. "A wonderfully able little fellow, PLAYFAIR," said WILLIAM AGNEW, listening with rapt attention. "Always reminds me of what SIDNEY SMITH said of JEFFREY: 'Hasn't body enough to cover his mind decently with. His intellect is indecently exposed.'"

Appropriation Bill read Second Time, Members thought they might

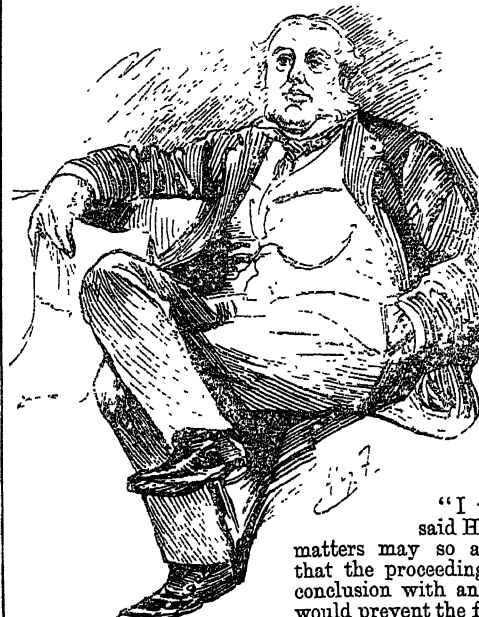
depart. But Whips were on sentry at the door. A dozen Bills were dealt with, and Members didn't go home till morning.

Business done.
—Quite a lot.

Friday.—House again more than half empty, and altogether dull. HARCOURT, smelling rats, took the opportunity of moving at question-time that the House, at its rising, adjourn till Monday.

"And pray why do you do that?" said HINGLEY, a New Member, anxious for information.

"I take that course," said HARCOURT, "because matters may so arrange themselves that the proceedings might come to a conclusion with an abruptness which would prevent the formality of moving the Adjournment."

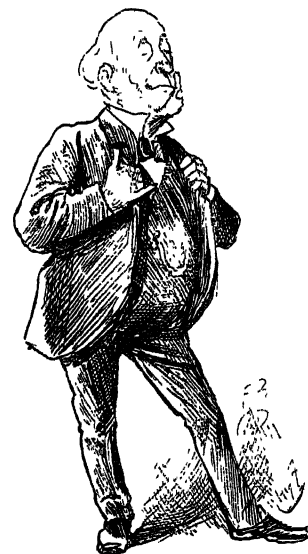


W. Agn-w.

Precaution not without justification. A lot of Bills run through. Law of Evidence Amendment Bill reached. This in charge of HENRY JAMES, who voted against Home-Rule Bill. *Argal*, HENRY JAMES must not prosper with any measure of his own. So Irish Members oppose. Move Adjournment—37 for adjourning, just 40 in favour. Happy Thought. If the 37 walk out, and even two of the 40 "ail to remain in their places, House can be Counted Out. So MOLLOY gets up and discusses the Bill. A mysterious movement takes place. Members glide out from all the benches. A Count is moved. A quorum not made. House adjourns at Five Minutes past Eight, and HENRY JAMES and his Bill vanish into space.

Business done.—Appropriation Bill read a Third Time.

"And, pray, why do you do that?"



THE THREEPENNY SERIES.—Since our Messrs. B. and A. initiated their "Handy Volume Series," which has had many rivals but no equal for portability and legibility, the biggest books have been getting smaller and smaller, and the price diminishing proportionately. Messrs. CASSELL's "National Library Series" has lately given us the *Castle of Otranto*, *Sir John Maundeville's Travels*, and other valuable works for the "ridiculously small sum" of three-pence apiece. The old proverb was "Every Englishman's House is his Castle;" in future this will be, "Every Englishman's house has his Cassell."

PROBLEM—HOW TO SUBSCRIBE TO THE LONDON HOSPITALS FOR NOTHING.—1. Tell the Hospital Collector that you now give your subscription to his hospital, and others equally deserving, in a lump sum when you go to church on Hospital Sunday. 2. Don't go to church on Hospital Sunday. Q. E. D.

CHARLES DICKENS has made a successful start with his readings from his Father's works. He will go on tour. We wish him success. "Read on, we follow thee!"—*Shakespeare, Revised Version.*

ELECTION MEM.—It's one thing to stand for a place, but quite another to sit for it.

COMPARING NOTES.

THE grand Wagner Operatic Concert given last week by the Richter Orchestra at the Albert Hall was a decided success. Such pieces as the Overture to *Tannhäuser*, and the *Walkürenritt*, or "Ride of the Walkyries" (sounds contradictory, though "The Walkyries" might do for the name of a new South Kensington Exhibition—say of fishing-tackle and pedestrian appliances, such as sticks, umbrellas, alpenstocks, &c.,—and call it "The Hookey Walkyries"), have already become old favourites. The Musical "Ride" would certainly have been ridden over again if Herr RICHTER had consulted the expressed wishes of the audience instead of his watch. The "Prize Song" from *The Mastersingers* would almost as surely have been encoored had it been sung; but Mr. EDWARD LLOYD was attacked by what Mr. HERMANN FRANKS termed a "sudden cold" (a cold in a Ned is a troublesome thing), and both this number and the prayer from Act V. of *Rienzi* were cut out bodily. Madame VALLERIA sang the Ballad from Act II. of *The Flying Dutchman*. It is a sea-song, introducing the German equivalent of the familiar "Yeo-ho." Mr. GEORG HENSCHERL (why Mr.? But I suppose that's neither Herr nor there) gave a fine rendering of *Wotan's* farewell song to *Brünnhilde*, whom he leaves to sleep surrounded by flames. The Funeral March at *Siegfried's* death was splendidly and impressively played by the band, as was also the exciting and enthusiastic closing scene of *Tristan und Isolde*.

Nadeshda, Mr. GORING THOMAS's beautiful Opera, which was produced last year by CARL ROSA, was revived on Thursday last before a crowded and enthusiastic audience. There is a good deal of inherent improbability in the story, but the main plot is a romantic and interesting one, while the music is simply magnificent. The Second Act, which introduces a merry-making of peasants in the hall of *Voldemar*, is one continuous flow of gracious and exquisitely fanciful melody, *Nadeshda's* song, "As when the Snowdrift," with its chorus by the "assistants," being as good as anything in the Opera. Mr. BARTON MCGUCKIN (*Voldemar*) in thoroughly grateful music surpassed himself, as did Madame GEORGINA BURNS in the title rôle. Mr. LESLIE CROTTY, as the wicked brother, *Ivan*, was realistic in his acting besides forcible in his declamation. The Contralto, Miss DICKERSON (*Princess Natalis*) was the least deserving of praise; her voice was not agreeable, and her ideas of dramatic gesture were apparently limited to a raising of the arm like a railway signal. The applause throughout the opera was freely accorded and richly deserved. Nothing better has been written for CARL ROSA since *Esmeralda*, also by GORING THOMAS. The story being a Russian one of serfs and masters, may be described as a regular knout-an'-knouter. I congratulate CARL ROSA on a splendid performance of a splendid work.

Mr. JOHN THOMAS (Harpist to the QUEEN) gave a concert of harp-music on Saturday afternoon in St. James's Hall, when the price of the best seats was one guinea each. He harped a good deal on his own works, the programme of sixteen items containing no less than thirteen of his compositions or arrangements. Perhaps it was natural for him to be his own trumpeter, as Mr. HARPER was not there to blow for him. About a dozen and a half other harpists assisted Mr. THOMAS in some concerted pieces—their performance should be noticed by the *Band of Harp Review*—and a regular bouquet of vocal talent, including the names of Miss MARY DAVIES, Madame EDITH WYNNE, Miss GRISWOLD and Mr. WINGCH, contributed to make the concert pass off harpily.

If importance is to be gauged by price, the Concert of Chevalier B. PALMIERI, on Monday last, at Steinway Hall, where a guinea was charged for Stalls, should not pass unnoticed. Signor ERBA, a really conscientious and capable violinist, led the string quartette, and the Chevalier manipulated the piano. This youthful Gentleman—only twenty-three in his stockings—is nephew of the Italian Astronomer who has an observatory on Mount Vesuvius. He is, besides, a very clever pianist, and has already performed before "the principal crowned heads of Europe."

Herr JOSEF LUDWIG (violinist) and Madame FRICKENHAUS (pianist) are the people to hear if you want a Concert of good chamber-music. For instance, at their last recital two pieces were performed for the first time in London—a Violin Sonata, by OLIVER KING—(evidently not a Radical, or he would have changed KING into CROMWELL)—and a Septet, of exceeding interest, for the unwonted combination of oboé, clarinet, horn, violin, viola, and piano, by STEINBACH.

NIBELUNGLET.

CATERING FOR THE COLINDIANS.

Random Pages from the Diary of any one of them extracted during the course of the current Week.

3. A.M.—Roused by deputation from Court of Common Council to come and see the sunrise from the top of the Blackfriars Railway Station. Up and accompany them. Soon as it is over am hurried off to the Borough Road to attend the early washing of the Greenwich Tram Car Omnibuses, and then on to *Rotherhithe*, to see how it looks before five o'clock in the morning. Do it, and being overpersuaded am shipped on board a tug, and taken down the Pool, being finally landed at Billingsgate in time to witness arrival of first consignment of fish for the day's market. Am thinking of getting away, when I am met at the entrance by the Alderman of Dowgate Ward, who invites me to breakfast with the Beefeaters at the Tower. Cannot but accept, and we sit down, six-and-thirty at table. Health proposed several times, and am booked by several City officials to visit in turn the West Indian Docks, the cellars under the Bank, the Main Sewer at Barking, the Thames Tunnel, and the Stepney Baths and Wash-houses. Make the best excuses I can and slip away, when no one is looking, and get back to my hotel slightly out of breath, and much fatigued.

9. A.M.—Find correspondence awaiting me. Fifteen invitations to City Companies' dinners, five being on the same night. Write to accept all of them. Am also asked to Garden *fêtes*, at nineteen country seats, and to attend the laying of seven foundation stones, the opening of a new break-water, and the inauguration of a popular Palace for Inebriates. Say "Yes" to everything, and am about to turn in to get a little rest, when the LORD MAYOR is announced with the City Maces. Have him shown in. Wants me to lunch with him in the Ball at the top of St. Paul's, but first show me the City from the knife-board of a Road Car Company's Omnibus, accompanied by the Corporation, with the stringed Band of the Royal London Artillery Company inside. Drive up and down Cheapside several times, ascending the steeples of all the City churches we come across, and finally pull up in Columbia Market, stopping on the way at the Mansion House to have the loving cup, and the statues of Gog and Magog handed out to us. Getting very tired, manage again to creep away and get back to my hotel unobserved and prepare once more to turn in.

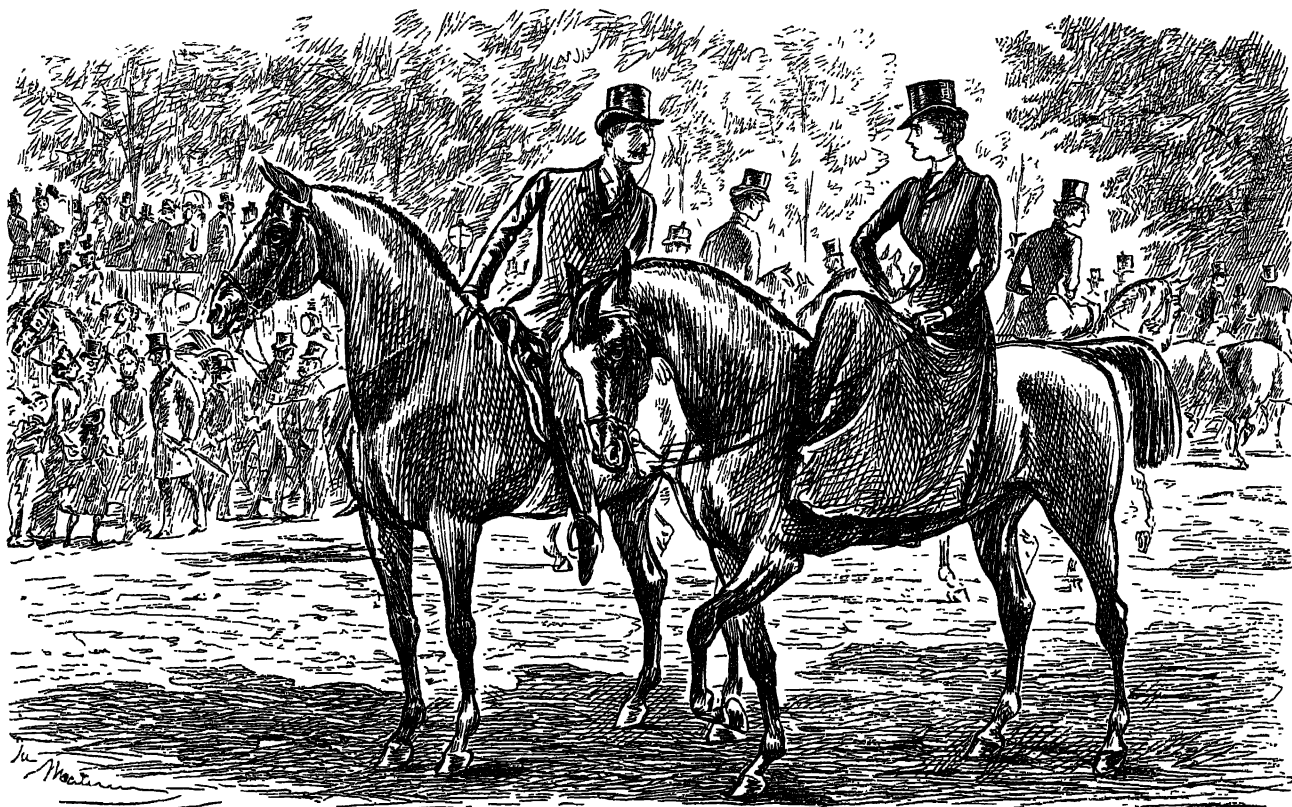
3 P.M.—Am just turning in when arrivals of Committees of several learned Societies are announced. Am invited to attend lecture on blasting powder and other explosives at Royal Institution; enter the Bengal tigers' cage, at feeding-time, at the Zoological Society's Gardens, Regent's Park; visit dissecting-room at South London Hospital, and be present at adjourned meeting of Recuperated Male-factors' Association. Am about to start to do all four of these, when I am suddenly set upon by Deputy-Chairman of Anglo-Colonial Federation, and carried off to take part in Inaugural Centennial Fête at Agricultural Hall. On the way there try to dodge the Deputy-Chairman, and escape, but can't manage it. Am no sooner there than I am spotted once more by the LORD MAYOR, who insists on my coming to five o'clock tea at the Mansion House, and am driven back in his State carriage, with his Chaplain, the City Remembrancer, and a posse of Aldermen on the roof. Shows me over Newgate, the Law Courts, *Daily Telegraph* Office, Metropolitan District Mansion House Station, and the crypt of St. Clement's Danes, as we go along. Contrive to "miss" him as we are going up the Monument stairs to see the sun set, and once more hurry back to my hotel, and, locking my door, prepare to turn in, this time dead beat.

9 P.M.—Have just settled down comfortably into a quiet doze, when I am stirred up by thundering knocking. A special Deputation from the Corporation has come to insist on my coming at once to a Fancy Ball at the Guildhall. Very sleepy. Urge that I have nothing to go in. They say, "Nonsense!" and lend me an Alderman's gown, and Sheriff's hat. Can't get out of it, and am obliged to go. LORD MAYOR immensely civil—takes me out on roof, and shows me stars through an astronomical telescope. Gives me place of honour at supper, and makes me stand up for a *Saraband* with the LADY MAYORESS, and asking me just to try a quadrille with the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, introduces me to the Authorities at the Horse Guards, the members of the Steel Institute and the Governor of Bedlam. Says I ought to see London by night, and the way to do it is to take a through ticket all round the Metropolitan Railway. Thank him for the hint, and say I'll do it. Wait till he's not looking, then bolt. He sends the City Remembrancer, and three Liverymen after me to see that I don't get out of it. Give my Alderman's gown suddenly to a Policeman, then double. Manage to escape them. Get back to my hotel more dead than alive, and reach my room at last. Lock my door, and vow, whatever happens to-morrow, to avoid the "City." Drop off to sleep, and dream I'm once again a free and unhampered man—in New Zealand.

SOLUTION OF THE CRISIS.—A Dissolution.



John Thomas at the Welsh Harp taking a Bar's rest.



A BUSINESS-LIKE OFFER.

The Marquis (to the Beauty). "A—LOOK HERE, YOU KNOW, IF YOU THINK YOU WOULD LIKE TO ADD MY NAME TO THE LIST OF THOSE YOU HAVE ALREADY REJECTED THIS SEASON, I'VE NO OBJECTION TO PROPOSE ON THE SPOT. BUT LET US UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER. THERE SHALL BE NO MISTAKE ABOUT THE OFFER; BUT, I SAY, BY JOVE! THERE MUSTN'T BE ANY MISTAKE ABOUT THE REFUSAL!"

"SCOTS WHA HAE!"

WILLIE GL-DST-NE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

SCOTS, wha hae wi' WILLIE sped,
Scots, wham GLADSTONE aft hath led,
Welcome! Strike the Tory dead!
'Twere a glorious victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud SALISBURY's power—
Twenty years o' slaveryie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha will swell the Liberal "Cave"?
Wha'll help Erin to enslave?
Traitor! Let him join JOE C.!

Wha for Erin, brave and braw,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
He's the lad to grip my paw—
Caledonian! on wi' me!

By HIBERNIA's woes and pains,
By her sons in landlords' chains,
We will drain our dearest veins
But she shall—she *shall* be free.

Blow the pibroch—boldly blow!
Lay the motley muster low,
CECIL proud, and artful JOE!
Forward! Let us do, or die!

ADVICE GRATIS.—Rush to the REEDS! Go and hear CORNEY GRAIN's new song about the Henley week, at St. George's Hall. It will save you the trouble of going to Henley, and give you all the pleasure at a fraction of the expense.

A HEARTY WELCOME.

Notes of it—by the way.

ARRIVED at St. Pancras to find two hundred thousand people surrounding the station in every direction. Enthusiasm tremendous. (*Is my hat-box all right?*) Horses taken out of carriage, which is swept by the surging multitude right into the first-class waiting-room. Am met by the Chairman and Directors of the Company, who, waving their hats on the top of their umbrellas, form a line for me to reach the pigeon-hole to pay my fare. Do it, and have my hand seized by the ticket-clerk, who refuses to let it go till I make a speech. Address him for five minutes, and tell him I must be off, because I am engaged in a great, noble, national, and Imperial undertaking. Drag myself away from him. Crowd wild with excitement. (*Hope Wife has not forgotten the pomatum—pot with voice mixture.*) Whole front of booking-office pulled down. Am carried on portions of the debris, on shoulders of porters, to my saloon-carriage. Terrible scuffle to get in, coat very nearly torn off my back. Twenty others instantly offered by crowd. Select six, and take them into carriage with me. Pressure outside indescribable. Doors give way. Carriage invaded. Climb up into the netting, and shake hands with everybody defiantly, in self-defence. Floor eventually cleared by military. (*Wife can't find sandwiches or sherry.*)

Line opened up at last, and train begins to move slowly out of the station. Appear at window, and do a few steps of Highland fling as an appropriate farewell. Rouses enthusiasm to fever-heat. Chairman of the

Company rushes along the platform, and throws a bag of buns at me, hitting me on head. (*Useful, however, if Wife has forgotten sandwiches. She can't find them. Thinks they're with the boots in the bag.*) Bow acknowledgments, and indicate, in dumb show, that I shall eat them on the way. Disappear in the distance, waving my open umbrella, and singing "*Scots wha hae!*" at the top of my voice. (*What does 'Wha hae' mean? Where's my Homer? 'Home Rule' and 'Homer Rule' might work into something, so Harcourt said. How? Not in Scotland.*) When fairly out of sight, collapse. Slowly come round, and wonder whether it will be like this all the way. Rest for a little while, but find we are nearing Leicester. Prepare myself for reception by putting on a clean collar.

Train enters station amidst a free fight between the Local Authorities and Railway Officials to get at the carriage. Local Authorities carry the day, and burst in all the doors at once. (*Wife thinks the sandwiches must be in the dressing-bag. Where's my umbrella?*) Harangue them to keep them off, and tell them that importing liberal principles into Leicester is like carrying coals to Newcastle.

In middle of big speech—whistle—train off. Just saved it, but barked my shins. (*Where has Wife put my books of reference, the pomatum-pot, and the sandwiches? Where's the Secretary? Left behind. And he's got my bag!! and umbrella!!!*)

Deputation at next station. Enthusiastic—no—dear me it consists of my fellow-travellers protesting against the stoppages, loss of time, and the inconvenience they suffer from being unable to get into any refreshment rooms on account of crowd. Their fault, not



THE GLADSTONE BAG-PIPES.

"SCOTS WHA HAE," &c., &c., &c.



PUBLIC ENTERTAINMENT PUZZLE. HOW TO SEE THE STAGE?

mine, I am explaining,—would offer them sandwiches if Mrs. G. could only find them. Very annoying. Station-master comes to say he can't delay train. Bouquet hits my nose—but I grasp it and am able to bow from the window—half of me being seen like a doll in a Punch show. Ask newspaper boy for *Spectator*. Have never read *Spectator*. Give boy sixpence. Train off; he throws paper into carriage. It is *The Field*. Appear at window with paper in my hand, and express in pantomime that I “still hold the Field.” No voice left to speak of, or to speak with.

Fall into a sweet sleep. Woke by a tremendous roar at Galashiels. Say a few well-chosen words to the crowd, and excite them to frenzy. All the windows of the carriage smashed. Strike attitude at window. Would quote *Lay of Last Minstrel*, but Wife doesn't know where she put the book. Pantomimic action does as well. Off again. Edinburgh in sight. Noise of train drowned in shouting of human voices. (*At last moment found pomatum-pot among my collars. Horrid mess. Stuff melted. Sandwiches with patent leather boot varnish.*) Great enthusiasm. Ovation overwhelming. Off to bed.

Shakspeare in Bavaria.

THE immortal WILLIAM has something to say even to the unfortunately over-confident Dr. GUDDEN, who perished in his attempt to prevent his royal patient drowning himself:—

“I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.”

Merchant of Venice, Act III., Sc. 3.

CONFINED TO HOLLOWAY.—Not satisfied with establishing a semi-private Lunatic Asylum—we beg pardon, “Sanatorium”—at Virginia Water, the trustees under the will of the late Professor HOLLOWAY, of happy Pill-and-Ointment memory, have built a College for the better education of women in its near neighbourhood. No doubt the idea in the revered founder's mind, when he bequeathed the twin blessings to a grateful world, was that a female, if unwilling to enter one of his institutions, thereby declared herself fit for the other. A lady will now be able to spend her entire existence in Virginia Water—say six years for learning everything in the College, and the remainder of her life, for digesting the knowledge so acquired, in “the Sanatorium.” Thus the old sequence will be still preserved—first the bitter pill, and then the soothing ointment. May the Holloway venture flourish in all its branches!

THE ISLINGTON CAMPAIGN.

(From the Front Seat of War.)

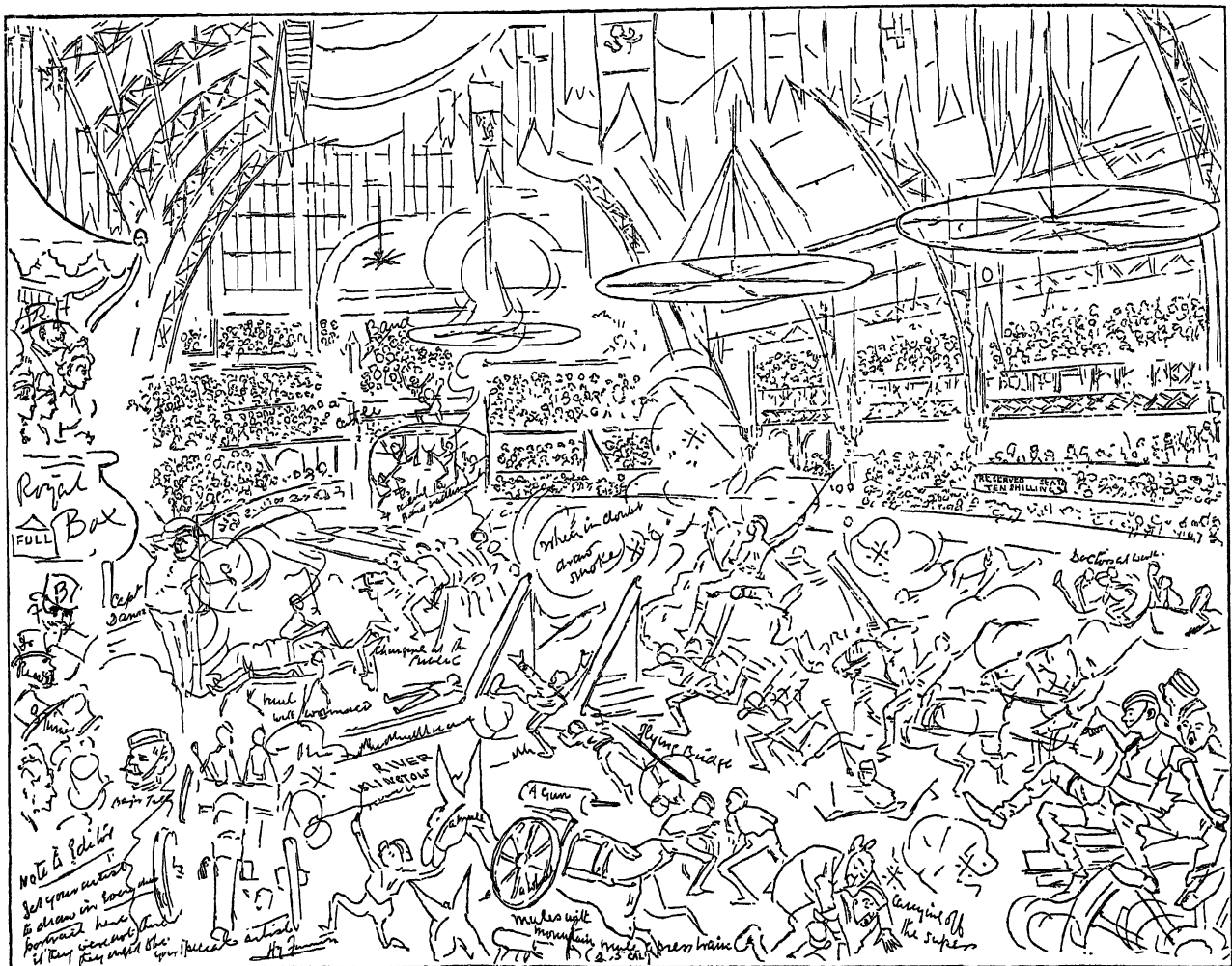
BRAVO, B. Battery of B. Brigade! They can do it—rather! Dashing at a hand-gallop with their cannon not to left of them, nor to right of them, but behind them, right between the gate-posts, without touching either. All the attractions were as great as ever. On one day there were two accidents, and in each case Captain DANN ran down the tan and back to salute the Prince and Princess, and report, “No one hurt, your Royal Highnesses,” and on we goes again. From the Musical Ride of the Second Life Guards, the civilian would be able to gather how our Household Troops behaved in Egypt. The Musical Ride in time of war must be a most useful accomplishment—that is, if the enemy has learnt it as well; but if not, they would rather put our men out.

The Cavalry displays delighted everybody. To commence with, in came furze-bushes, stuck on hurdles. I suppose these are always carried about by our troops for the purpose of hiding behind them and firing. Who was the furze't to introduce this? By the way, they won't serve for “firing” in cold weather; but that, I take it, is not their primary object. The soldiers get their horses to lie down, the audience, representing the enemy, applauding. Then the soldiers also lie down on the tan, and fire at the audience. This naturally made a hit, and that portion of the audience who were not being fired at, applauded vigorously. Up got horses, men on them, bugle sounded, off they galloped, and that scene was finished.

The Third King's Own showed how their horses were trained to carry two outside. This must be very useful after many a dinner-party. By the way, after which “Third King” were these heroes called? I ask as a civilian, and a civil question demands a military answer.

The Fifth Royal Irish Lancers came in riding gallantly—mighty fine are the O'Blazers, be dad, Sorr—apparently practising how to spear black-beetles in the tan, and then doing something with their lances as if they were fishing. Afterwards they charged; then they charged again. The Fifth cannot now adopt the proud motto, “No Extra Charge.” Then some of them sat down to tea and tobacco—which raised the audience to an unprecedented pitch of enthusiasm, for an audience is always deeply interested in any eating and drinking on the stage—it is “the one touch of nature which,” &c.—and one soldier walks up and down, guarding them during their repast, all the time casting hungry and thirsty glances at his messmates, while another rides away with his lance, perhaps to spear a muffin, and toast it on the spot. Not succeeding in this, he

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 37.



THE GREAT BATTLE OF ISLINGTON.

(Fac-simile of Sketch by Our Special Artist on the Spot.)

fires a blank cartridge at nothing in particular, and returns to his comrades to tell them what he has done, which so disturbs them, that they hurriedly pack up their tea-things, mount, ride away, and then hide behind the furze, and take pot-shots at a densely crowded part of the audience labelled "Refreshment Contractors."

I did not see the Refreshment Contractors retaliate, but I think they must have done so, as one of the soldiers fell over, evidently in great pain, perhaps from a Bath-bun which had caught him right in the middle, and lodged there. What were his companions to do? No doctor or surgeon handy; still as they are Lancers, the evident answer is, "Lance him." But they don't. They take off their jackets, they make a stretcher with them and the lances, and they carry off their unfortunate companion, who all this time has been squirming about, face downwards, in the tan, in agonies of pain. He was only purtendin, and is evidently a born actor. Now, on the stretcher he is a borne-off actor. Exit the Regimental Roscrus. Great applause.

Then Captain TANN—I should say DANN—announces “the Tenth Prince of WALES’s Own Hussars”—whereat the people cheer lustily, and great curiosity is expressed to see what tricks H.R.H. has taught his own Hussars to perform. If they had brought out ten chairs, and H.R.H. had walked into the circus, carrying a silver-mounted riding-whip, and followed by his ten highly trained Hussars, no one would have been much surprised, and the cheering would have been redoubled. However, what did happen was, that eight out of the ten Hussars (where was “the Tenth?” he was certainly announced by Captain DANN, at least, so it struck my civilianised ears) enter, and are pitted against one (that makes nine—still, where’s the tenth?), and this one has charge of a gun—

a cannon, I should say. Like *Mr. Snodgrass* out shooting, he "lets it off," and then, not to put too fine a point upon it, hooks it. Is this what *H.R.H.* has taught him? Then the eight clever Hussars, observing that there is no one about, not even a policeman, bravely gallop up to the gun, capture it, and ride off with it amid the enthusiastic plaudits of the audience. Where was the tenth of the Hussars? nine were accounted for. Oh, of course *H.R.H.* himself is the tenth, and he taught them all this. Very pretty. But how *H.R.H.* finds the time to do it is a marvel to everybody.

The grand finish, the "Combined Display of all Arms," invented and arranged by Lieut.-Colonel ONSLOW, Inspector of Gymnasia for Great Britain, is so remarkable for the celerity of the performance, that Lieut.-Colonel ONSLOW ought to be properly re-named "Lieut.-Colonel On-quick," as he has trained the soldiers to camp, strike, fight a battle, build a bridge, bring in a mounted battery, scatter our enemies, confound their knavish tricks, and storm the fortress to the tune of "*Rule Britannia*" all in something under seven minutes. Wonderful! Back I go from DANN to Belgravia, not exclaiming that all is barren, and am yours,

CIVIS WESTENDENSIS.

It was supposed that Mr. GLADSTONE's candidature would be successfully contested in Mid-Lothian by a Conservative party of the name of WALKER. Where is that party now? Is there any opposition? And the Liberals, not the Conservatives this time, answer with a shout of "WALKER!"

DIVORCE COURT DANCE MEASURE.—Old Tunes revived! The "*Hannen Polka.*"

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